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SCIENCE AND ETHICS

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SCIENCE impinges upon ethics in at least five different ways. In the first place, by its application it creates new ethical situations. Two hundred years ago the news of a famine in China created no duty for Englishmen. They could take no possible action against it. To-day the telegraph and the steam engine have made such action possible, and it becomes an ethical problem what action, if any, is right. Two hundred years ago a workman generally owned his own tools. Now his tool may be a crane or steam hammer, and we all have our own views as to whether these should belong to shareholders, the state, or guilds representing the workers.

Secondly, it may create new duties by pointing out previously unexpected consequences of our actions. We are all agreed that we should not run the risk of spreading typhoid by polluting the public water supply. We are probably divided as to the duty of vaccinating our children, and we may not all be of one mind as to whether a person likely to transmit club-foot or cataract to half his or her children should be compelled to abstain from parenthood.

Thirdly, science affects our whole ethical outlook by influencing our views as to the nature of the world, in fact, by supplanting mythology. One man may see men and animals as a great brotherhood of common ancestry, and thus feel an enlargement of his obligations. Another will regard even the noblest aspects of human nature as products of a ruthless struggle for existence, and thus justify a refusal to assist the weak and suffering. A third, impressed with the vanity of human efforts amid the vast indifference of the universe, will take refuge in a modified epicureanism. In all these attitudes and in many others, there is at least some element of rightness.

Fourthly, in so far as anthropology is becoming scientific, it is bound to have a profound effect on ethics by showing that any given ethical code is only one of a number practiced with equal conviction and almost equal success, in fact, by creating comparative ethics. But, of course, any serious study of the

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habits of foreigners, whether scientific or not, has this effect, as comes out plainly enough in the history of ancient Greek ethics. Hence, science is not wholly responsible for the ethical results of anthropology.

Finally, ethics may be profoundly affected by an adoption of the scientific point of view, that is to say, the attitude which men of science, in their professional capacity, adopt towards the world. This attitude includes a high (perhaps an unduly high) regard for truth and a refusal to come to unjustifiable conclusions which expresses itself on the plane of religion as agnosticism. And along with this is found a deliberate suppression of emotion until the last possible moment, on the ground that emotion is a stumbling block on the road to truth. So a rose and a tapeworm must be studied by the same methods and viewed from the same angle, even if the work is ultimately to lead to the killing of the tapeworms and the propagation of roses. Again, the scientific point of view involves the cultivation of a scientific æsthetic which rejoices in the peculiar forms of beauty which characterize scientific theory. Those who find an intimate relation between the good and the beautiful will realize the importance of the fact that a group of men so influential as scientific workers are pursuing a particular kind of beauty. Finally, since the scientist, as such, is contributing to an intellectual structure that belongs to humanity as a whole, his influence will inevitably fall in favor of ethical principles and practice which transcend the limits of nation, color, and class.

Personally, I believe that the second of these relationships between science and ethics is that in which science is most beneficial. By complicating life science creates new opportunities of wrongdoing, by altering our world-view it may lead us into one form or another of ethical nihilism; it can never do us harm by pointing out to us the consequences of our actions. But the enemies of science will claim that just because at present, in so far as it concerns itself with human beings, it deals with their bodies rather than their souls, it will lead us to neglect the higher forms of duty to our neighbor. On the whole, I accept this indictment, and glory in it, although, since I do not believe in a detachable soul, I regard the good of the body as the good of the soul too, each being the whole man looked at from a particular point of view. But I welcome this apparent debasement of ethical aims for another reason.

As long as my services to my neighbor are confined to feeding him when hungry, or helping him to raise his wages, and tending him when sick or preventing future sickness, and so forth, I am probably following the Golden Rule, for I do not want to be hungry, poor, or sick, and few of my neighbors are good enough Christians to do so. But if I soar above the mere claims of the body I shall try to educate my neighbor against his will, convert him to my particular brand of religion or irreligion, or even to psychoanalyze him. As I do not personally want to admire Gertrude Stein, worship a biscuit, or remember the moral lapses of my infancy, these forms of charity are very liable to be breaches of the Golden Rule; and if they are carried too far they may well develop into missions to the heathen or even crusades.

I confess that I am not appalled at the thought of an ethical system in which the only goods with which we attempted to provide our neighbors were of the most material character and in which hygiene took the place of salvation. So much nonsense is put about in the name of hygiene that the idea is naturally repugnant to many people. For hygiene has furnished a new weapon to the numerous persons who either desire to interfere with the lives of their fellows or to exploit their fears. As religion declines, the man who would have sold relics in the past turns his attention to pills, and the belief in the danger of Sabbath-breaking is

replaced by that in the danger of bad smells, although tanners and glue-boilers are healthier than the average population.

In view of such facts it requires considerable education to preserve one's health, and, since the education in question is biological, and I am a biologist, it is natural I should like to see it universally diffused. If the great aim of education is to know yourself, it is essential to begin at the beginning, namely, with anatomy and physiology. If an almost equally important aim is to promote human solidarity, it is in the realm of hygiene that this is most completely displayed. On the political and economic plane my neighbors' misfortune may be my advantage; in that of hygiene this is never so, as Carlyle pointed out long ago. As long as we maintain slums and dusty occupations we shall have foci from which the tubercle bacillus can attack the well-to-do. As long as we have families of six in a single room we shall be unable to prevent the spread of diphtheria or measles. This solidarity against pathogenic micro-organisms extends beyond the boundaries of nationality, race, or even species. Every Roumanian infected with infantile paralysis, every Indian with smallpox, every rat with plague, diminishes the probable length of my life. The pessimistic psychologists tell us that men can only be combined in large numbers by hate and fear. As long as a single infectious disease remains in existence there will be suitable objects of hatred and fear for humanity as a whole.

I am not a materialist, but I do not think that the influence of materialism on ethics is wholly bad. Not only does it banish many imaginary goods and evils, but it calls attention to a case where egoism and altruism are the same. And a materialistic criterion, such as health, has the immense advantage over a hedonistic one, such as happiness, that the health of two men can be compared while their happiness cannot.

II

To my mind the greatest danger to which our ethical system is exposed from science is not a debasement of values for such reasons as I have sketched, but the deliberate exploitation of scientific ideas in the interests of unscientific prejudice. I cannot choose a better example than the recent lecture on "Scientific Ethics" delivered by Dean Inge to the British Science Guild, a body which, I may remark, represents applied rather than pure science. I should be surprised if the Dean had devoted as much time to the study of science as I have to that of Christianity (for I attended two Christian schools), yet I fear that a lecture by myself on Christian Ethics would be regarded by the Dean as, at best, blacklegging, at worst, blasphemy. For he has done me the honor to state that I am prejudiced concerning religion; though agnosticism, being a refusal to make up one's mind at all, is surely the very opposite of prejudice, which is the making up of one's mind before hearing the evidence.

A fair proportion of the Dean's discourse was devoted to diatribes against the Roman Catholic Church, which, it appears, is in several respects less scientific than the Protestant organizations. I confess that, as an impartial outsider, I hope that as long as there are an appreciable number of Protestants they will be balanced by some Catholics; for while both bodies have been about equally hostile to truth, the Catholics have on the whole been kinder to beauty. And as long as the Anglican Prayer Book includes prayers for rain and for the satisfactory functioning of the organs of the royal family, for a Dean to animadvert upon Lourdes is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

In so far as the Dean exalts truth, attacks supernatural dualism, and realizes that evolution implies the rights of animals, I think that everyone will be in agreement with him. How little impor-

tance is attached to truth as such in our society appears very clearly in a recent judgment of Mr. Justice Humphreys, in a case where a beauty specialist sued a rival for using a phrase which he had invented to advertise his business. The Judge held that the phrase was arresting and original—for one thing, because it was obviously untrue—and that it came within the copyright act. I do not think that he would have adopted so complacent an attitude had the phrase been obscene or seditious, and I doubt if a state permeated by scientific ethic would lend the support of the law to private property in lies. But with regard to the more detailed applications of biology to ethics, and especially in regard to his views on eugenics, I am afraid that I am a better Christian than the Dean. Perhaps I may be excused for writing at some length on this subject because I have a considerable first-hand knowledge of animal and plant breeding, and have to some small extent advanced knowledge concerning heredity.

Let us first turn to the facts which are known with certainty. We know the laws which govern the inheritance of a number of defects. Some of these, like color-blindness, are trivial, provided locomotive drivers and navigators of ships can be so tested as to exclude color-blind men from these occupations. Others, such as short fingers, are unsightly, and may be a serious handicap. A third class, such as hæmophilia (failure of the blood to coagulate) and some types of deaf-mutism are dangerous to life or make a normal and useful life impossible. Now these maladies are inherited in several different ways, and the type of inheritance determines the possibility or otherwise of eugenic action with regard to them. If all short-fingered persons were massacred to-morrow this condition would be pretty completely abolished. But if all the hæmophiliacs were killed off it would take hundreds of generations before the proportion of them in the general population would be halved. Now I think that bearers of such hereditary complaints should be warned as to the type of children that they are likely to beget, and given every possible opportunity to avoid doing so, but I do not think that in the present state of public opinion any compulsion should be exerted on them. The time for that may come if attempts spread over several generations to persuade them to limit their families are a failure. But about the same time public opinion will perhaps be ripe for the discouragement, in the interests of hygiene, of deans and others who spread the view that any but a very small class of diseases can be cured by prayer.

The inheritance of other desirable and undesirable characters is far less clearly understood. Feeble-mindedness is fairly strongly inherited, but unfortunately it is generally inherited in such a way that the segregation or massacre of the feeble-minded, even if continued for several generations, would not stamp it out. The feeble-minded, unless they mate with one another, do not necessarily produce feeble-minded children. If, therefore, the feeble-minded are to be segregated, it should be in their own interests, and because they are unfit to bring up a family, quite as much as on eugenic grounds.

But the most controversial, and to my mind the least scientifically grounded of the proposals of the Dean and other eugenists who think like him relate not to a few small groups of the population, but to large numbers. In the first place, he congratulates the United States on stopping the flood of immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe. Now politically this may be a wise measure. The countrymen of Lenin and Mussolini probably do not make such good Babbitts as the races of Northwestern Europe. And on the whole, they do not score as highly in so-called intelligence tests of the particular type current in the United States. Whether such a failure has any significance could probably be determined by the scientific methods which

are being applied to such tests by Spearman and his pupils in England. But even if the average Italian is stupider than the average Swede—which may be the case—either or both of the following facts may still be true: genius of certain types may be commoner among Italians than Swedes, and as the result of crossing these two peoples a type in many ways finer than either may be produced. This is certainly the general rule with animals and plants, and history suggests that it is true of men. Until these possibilities have been disproved, the exclusion of Southern Europeans from the United States cannot be justified on eugenic grounds. And if, as is very possible, they are better adapted than the inhabitants of Northern Europe for life in the Southern States it may be an extremely short-sighted measure.

III

The same criticism applies to the question of the differential birth rate in different social groups within the same state. It is true that in England the rich breed more slowly than the average, and the skilled than the unskilled laborer, and that infantile and other mortality does not compensate for this difference. This phenomenon has only gone on for about two generations, and it is very probable that with further social progress it will cease; for in Stockholm where the poor do not live in slums, and birth-control is pretty universally practiced, the rich have rather more children than the poor. Although it is certainly not scientifically proven, it seems likely that there is a correlation between wealth and the hereditary factors determining intelligence, because the well-to-do include many families of the professional classes in whom intelligence is undoubtedly hereditary, and the unskilled laborers include the majority of the feeble-minded. We do not yet know enough about the inheritance of mental ability to be able to say that a few generations of selection against it would weed it out to an appreciable extent, though this may quite probably be the case. But if we grant the case of the extreme eugenist, what is the remedy? The Dean would like to penalize the slum-dwellers who still produce large families, and other eugenists (though few, if any, scientific students of heredity) have condemned the spending of public funds to ameliorate the lot of the poor on similar grounds. If such is really the teaching of biology there is a serious conflict between science and the dictates of the conscience of most enlightened men and women. And this alleged conflict is one ground for the distrust of science and its teachings which is very widely felt.

In my own opinion the dictates of biology are exactly opposite, and on the whole in line with those of humanitarian ethics. If a difference in effective fertility exists between the rich and the poor, it seems to me profoundly illogical to attempt to remedy it by making the rich richer and the poor poorer. It is true that such an attempt might succeed if the poor were made so poor as to bring their infantile mortality up to about fifty per cent. But that would lower their physique and also create foci of disease which would attack the rich. It would be better to send armored cars through the slums from time to time, with special instructions to fire upon women and children. The correct remedy for the differential birth rate would seem to be such a raising of the economic standards of the poor as would give them the same economic incentives to family limitation as exist among the rich, and such an equalization of educational and other opportunities as would lessen these latter incentives. The example of Stockholm shows that the differential birth rate need not exist in a highly civilized community. I have stated elsewhere my personal views on the economic and other measures which would serve to equalize the birth rates in different classes. As they have perhaps a somewhat political flavor, I shall not repeat

them here. Suffice it to say that they do not commend themselves to the Dean of St. Paul's.

Other self-styled eugenists take a still more extreme view of innate human inequality. They suppose that moral qualities are inherited to much the same degree as physical and intellectual. It is true that brothers resemble one another in these respects about as much as in physical and intellectual qualities, but this is probably largely a matter of environment. It is, after all, a matter of common sense that it is easier to make a bad boy good than a stupid boy clever. Human experience has agreed to attach the social sanctions of praise and blame to qualities on which environment has a fairly large influence; and on the whole, scientific observation goes to confirm common sense. There is probably such a thing as an eradicable moral imbecility, just as there is an acquired moral imbecility due to lethargic encephalitis, but these would seem to be a good deal rarer than hereditary stupidity. Science does not, of course, support the doctrine of human perfectibility. But it does tend to uphold the view that this doctrine is much more nearly true in the sphere of ethics than in that of intellect —in other words, that mankind is more readily modified by moral than intellectual education. And of the principles of moral education we know very little. We know, indeed, that such an education based on religion is by no means an infallible guide to conduct, even in an age of faith. In an age of reason it often results in young people, who generally lose their faith at a critical period of their lives, supposing that there is no rational basis for right conduct. We know, both from individual cases elsewhere, and from the great example of the Third French Republic, that such an education can be successfully conducted on purely secular lines. But it should, I believe, be one of the principal functions of an ethical society to investigate the relative efficacy of different types of ethical propaganda. My own small experience suggests that there are great individual differences between different children in this respect; some, for example, being greatly moved by the stories of noble lives, others, who may yet readily absorb example or abstract precepts, being very little so.

But to return to eugenics, if a great deal which to my mind is both unscientific and immoral has been advocated in its name, I am certain that it has a very great future as an ethical principle. The more we learn as to what desirable qualities are inheritable, the more we should seek these qualities in our own spouses. Now, one does not fall in love as the result of a system of marking beauty, intelligence, virtue, and so on, each counting for so much. But one does so as the result of the weight which one has given in one's appreciation of the other sex to these various qualities. As a biological outlook becomes commoner this weight will tend to vary. Length of pedigree will seem less important than soundness, wealth than health, education than intelligence. But just because eugenics is an ethical principle, it should begin at home, like charity, and influence individual conduct before public policy.

Hygiene and eugenics are, in all probability, only the first of a series of new spheres of duty which biology is opening up. To take only one example —at the present moment our only clear duty to animals is to spare them obvious physical suffering. As we learn about their psychology we shall know better. It is quite possibly as cruel to keep a pet rat in a light and airy cage as to lock a dog in the cellar all day; and it is already the duty of everyone who keeps animals to acquaint himself with the elementary principles governing nutrition.

Ever since the utilitarian movement ethics have become more and more a matter of the calculation of consequences. We may reject the criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, either because it is incalculable, or because happiness does not appear a

sufficiently noble goal; but we are all or nearly all agreed that actions must be judged by their probable consequences, and not by any code which does not envisage such consequences. We have not yet gone very far towards calculating these consequences scientifically. In the doubtful cases only scientific method will help us. The question, for example, whether I should subscribe one pound to the Cancer Hospital or the Cancer Research Campaign depends on the value which I attribute to research. As a careful study of the paths by which cancer cells migrate from the breast has been largely instrumental in reducing the mortality from breast cancer to about ten per cent in the early operated cases, I am personally in favor of research, but I have not got the quantitative knowledge of how far a pound goes in research and treatment respectively which would enable me to form a definite judgment on the question. And in the present state of affairs any statistics available would be directed to proving a case rather than arriving at the truth.

If it is our duty to envisage, so far as possible, the consequences of our actions, it follows that we must deliberately attempt to suppress our emotions until this investigation is completed. Bentham attempted to do so, but with the passing of utilitarianism and the growing realization of the importance of the emotional side of the human mind, few have tried to follow his example. Yet only on such lines can scientific method be applied directly to ethical problems. Such an application can hardly be said as yet to exist. We do not realize how largely a scientifically based code of ethics would depend on statistical data. The moment we begin to study statistics new duties appear. Let us take an apparently trivial choice—shall I buy a glass or pottery bowl for my flowers? I turn to the occupational mortality statistics and find that though the mortality of glass workers is above the average, that of potters is still higher. Other things being equal, I ought to buy glass. If we knew enough no choice would be trivial, and it is our duty to acquire the knowledge which will enable us to moralize our every-day actions, both by the study of available statistics and by encouraging statistical enquiry elsewhere.

IV

But does science reduce ethics to mere calculation? It is true that science from its nature can only say what is, was, or will be, and not what ought to be. It cannot, of course, give an answer to the question, "Why should I be good?" There is in the long run no answer to that question, for a previously good action ceases to be good in so far as it is directed to any non-ethical end. But our views as to the status of good action are profoundly affected by our views of the universe. If good corresponds to nothing more objective than our individual preferences, the good life appears to us more heroic perhaps, but also rather futile. Now the tendency of science in its early stages, as it cleared away the jungle of mythology, was to leave the human individual apparently isolated. Eighteenth-century rationalism, which did not succeed in replacing Christianity, though it affected human thought profoundly, was such a philosophy of isolated individuals.

It seems to me that modern science makes this isolation far less plausible than it seemed two hundred—or even fifty—years ago. The older science either supposed that the universe and the human body were mere machines, or that they were machines to some extent guided by God and the soul respectively. No facts are known to science which give any serious support to the latter view. But it does not follow that the former is correct. The human body is composed of cells, and the cells of atoms. Many of the cells can be cultivated outside the body. They have a life of their own, and can live a Robinson Crusoe kind of existence in suitable surroundings. Hence they do not derive their life from the

soul or anything outside themselves. But their co-operation manifests itself in the life of the whole man, and more particularly in his consciousness. A study of the effects on the mind of brain injuries makes it fairly certain that consciousness depends, not on any one cell, which might be the seat of the soul, but on a very large number. Yet every attempt to find forces other than those of ordinary physics operating within the organism has been a complete failure, and the success of modern medicine and animal and plant breeding are at least pragmatic justifications of that point of view. The mutual relations of the atoms constituting the cell seem also to be describable in terms of physics and chemistry. Nevertheless, life, organic unity, and consciousness are facts a good deal more certain than the existence of cells and atoms. It is clear that aggregates of a certain kind do manifest qualities which we cannot observe in their components.

The doctrine of emergence, which is widely held to-day, is that aggregates may have qualities, such as life or consciousness, which are quite foreign to their parts. This doctrine may conceivably be true, but it is radically opposed to the spirit of science, which has always attempted and has on the whole succeeded to explain the complex in terms of the simple. We do not find obvious evidence of life or mind in so-called inert matter, and we naturally study them most easily where they are most completely manifested; but if the scientific point of view is correct, we shall ultimately find them at least in rudimentary forms, all through the universe.

Now if the co-operation of some thousands of millions of cells in our brain can produce our consciousness, the idea becomes vastly more plausible that the co-operation of humanity, or some sections of it, may determine what Comte called a Great Being. Just as, according to the teachings of physiology, the unity of the body is not due to a soul super-added to the life of the cells, so the super-human, if it exists, would be nothing external to man, or even existing apart from human co-operation. But to my mind the teaching of science is very emphatic that such a Great Being may be a fact as real as the individual human consciousness, although, of course, there is no positive scientific evidence for the existence of such a being. And it seems to me that everywhere ethical experience testifies to a super-individual reality of some kind. The good life, if not necessarily self-denial, is always self-transcendence. This idea is, of course, immanent in the higher religions, but the objects of religious worship retain the characteristics of nature-gods or deified human individuals. It was more satisfactorily expressed by Comte; but there is much in positivism as originally conceived by him which seems unnecessarily arbitrary.

Just because any formulation of the nature of such a being has ultimately fallen below the best in our own moral consciousness, religions, though at first a help, later become a hindrance to ethical progress, and we too shall do no good by premature theorizing. But just as, starting from the basis of chemistry, biochemists are gradually explaining the phenomena of life, so from a basis of psychology our descendants may build up a scientific ethics which may be at the same time a scientific theology. Much of modern psychology is, I suspect, mere cerebral physiology. I do not see, for example, why we need postulate any "Unconscious" other than certain parts of our own brains. It may well be that the main psychology of the future will be social psychology, just as I believe that in fifty years the most important branch of chemistry will be biochemistry. In this way we may hope that ethics will ultimately be brought within the sphere of science.

At present the only branch of science which is concerned with moral conduct as such is anthropology. One branch of that science is concerned with human societies, and analyzes the various factors

influencing conduct in them. Most of these analyses, of course, bear on the simple institutions of primitive peoples. The anthropologist can observe them from outside, and need not take sides in a dispute, say, between a witch-doctor and a witch. Anthropologists are generally agreed that the magic and religion of primitive peoples are essential parts of their social system, and hold that missionaries destroy the very foundations of society when they introduce Christianity or Islam. Now the same argument is applied by certain anthropologically-minded persons to our own society. They hold that, although most of Christian dogma is untrue, the Church is as essential to the stability of European society as the fetish-house to that of West African. We cannot dismiss this point of view because it is somewhat derogatory to human nature. If science does not indorse the prophet's view that "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," it is equally far from regarding it as perfectible by a change of environment.

The first obvious point that arises is that, while the anthropologist might regard the Church as essential for the stability of society, he would certainly not regard its moral code as correct. For the behavior of Christians, like that of other men, has always been a compromise between that dictated by their moral code and their private inclinations. But that moral code has never, at least among those Christian peoples who have advanced civilization, been purely Christian. The governing classes in Europe have generally kept before them the ideal of honor in one of its many forms. This is an ideal based on pride rather than humility, on self-realization rather than self-denial. It has generally been linked with some form of family pride or patriotism. It has, of course, had its aberrations, but they have been a natural reaction against the abjection into which the Church has attempted to force the spirit of man. In the somewhat modified form of sportsmanship this code is current among all classes in England today. I am not a sportsman myself on week days but, as I do not call myself a miserable sinner on Sundays, I can at least attempt to practice a more rational morality during seven days a week.

Our anthropologist, then, would have to demand the existence of a non-Christian moral ideal beside that of Christianity, trusting to human weakness to see that neither was too strictly enforced. Now the present moral crisis is due, among other things, to the demand for a moral code which shall be intellectually respectable. The existence of that demand, encouraged as it is by the success of rationalism in the sphere of science, is no doubt a serious matter, but the demand is growing daily. And it comes at a time when applied science has created so many new moral problems that the morality of our ancestors must in any case be drastically revised. Until now poverty and disease have been enevitable evils to be palliated by the exercise of the virtue of charity. With the means at our disposal to-day we could abolish all poverty and most disease. But the moral energy required for these purposes is still directed into less efficient channels. In the same way our sexual morality has been adjusted to produce the high birth rate demanded by a high death rate. It is now being rather painfully altered to meet the new social demands upon it.

If, then, our moral code must, in any case, be recast, we are justified in demanding that it be recast on a rational basis. The impossible demands attributed to the Christian god made it necessary to create the devil to counterbalance him. A morality based on science would be quantitative, as was Greek morality. The ideal of the Greeks was τὸ μέτριον, a word often translated as *the mean*, but perhaps more accurately as *the measured*. But this ideal only applied to social conduct, for example, to spending one's income on the pursuit of pleasure. In this sphere it is quite clear that science will be able to help us. Economics and

hygiene are already beginning to do so. But even Greek morality, as we find it codified, for example, in Aristotle's ethics, was not merely quantitative. A man might eat too much, or expose himself to too much danger, and so on, but he could not have too much knowledge or too much moral intuition. And Christian ethics replaced those of the ancients largely because they made unlimited demands on the human spirit, and it does somehow respond to such demands. I doubt if any morality which does not do so will get the maximum response from man.

A scientific morality which proclaimed that man existed as part of a greater aggregate could yet admit that he had claims as an individual. The cells in our own body co-operate in its life, but yet live, so to speak, very comfortably as compared with individualistic protozoa. And as long as I act, in general, as a member of society, I believe that I shall do so the better, and not the worse, for having a good dinner and taking holidays. If the Great Being is wholly independent of individual men, their well-being must be disregarded in its service. If it exists through them and only through them, their rights are its rights. The morality of the future will, I believe, contain elements of both Greek and Christian moralities. The vague conception of the mean will be rendered exact by quantitative science and the ideal of self-sacrifice will be rationalized as co-operation in a real and intelligible super-individual reality.

But to-day we are very far from any such blessed condition. Yet we can begin, as I have shown, to apply scientific method both to individual moral problems and to the problem of morality itself. The time required for so great a task must be measured on a historical, perhaps even on a geological, time-scale. But it represents the unification of human effort, the marriage of the mind and the heart, the moralization of science, and the rationalization of ethics. Let us be thankful if we can play any part, however small, in so great an enterprise.

NEVER ANYTHING THAT FADES . . .

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

BERYL SUMMERHAZE loved pretty things, and things are prettiest when they are new. In the garden at Wood Island Crossing where she and Marta Summerhaze, her mother, lived all the warm months of the year, the pageant of bud and bloom was almost more, some weeks, than the child's heart could bear; almost like the buds themselves it swelled and was in her throat, so that she could hardly breathe enough to follow fast enough to keep on the heels of the wind of quickening; no more had she caught it one dawn opening the eyes of the rose-mallows, than there it was the garden's width away at evening, painting the buttons on the delphinium spires the little blue of promise; and no more that than Disstan would be saying, "You must keep an eye on the crimson gaillardia, young Miss; they'll be blazing away fit to blind you any day now."

Disstan, the gardener, clod-footed, bright-eyed fellow, as shrewdly as any violinist with million-dollar fingers, he knew his craft of keeping the new note flying. Long in advance, deep in autumn, early in springtime, he composed his processionals and fingered his runs, his trills, and chromatic caracoles, previsioning with a pure gusto, as a great-great-grandfather might of inheritors not yet born, the held breath and lighted eyes of this pair that peopled his aging summers, Marta, a reed blown and singing in a sunny wind, and Beryl, as like as like, exquisite tiptoe nine-year-old.

Sometimes, worship as he might, he was moved to smile at them with an indulgent wist. They never saw the garden he made for them. Like the man who couldn't see the woods for the trees, they could never see the blossoms for the buds. For the triumphant full chord of his contriving, the panoply of massed and blended bloom, they seemed never to care to wait. At the full of any flower, already one petal will be drooping, already a worm may be lying secret in its heart. And so, long and long before that danger, almost before it was dry of the dew of its first unfolding, Marta must have it cut and carted away, giving room for another to bud and breathe its pale, beginning sweetness a moment before it too went into the barrow and out to the humus pile.

"But, Lady!" Disstan was never through protesting, however humbly.

The slender white-and-golden woman with the drinking lips would hush him there with her own protest, quick sadness in her smile. "You can't love them as I do, Disstan, or you couldn't bear stand by and watch them fade."

No, he couldn't have loved them in Marta's and Beryl's way. To him their fading was their ripening, their beauty but come to its tide then; in withering corolla and fattening seed-sack *his* eyes saw showering already the ten thousand buds of next year, and those two on tiptoe, enchanted again.

Woman, child, without ever seeming to know it, they gave Disstan the best of it all for his own; they gave him the

autumn to do with as he pleased. It took a little of the desolation out of their going away, the thought of the garden left to run riot to its heart's content through a last month or so of frost and flame. It made it easier to say to Marta one day in September, "The russet chrysanthemums are out this morning, Lady," knowing as he did that she knew that after them there was nothing more new to come.

Then Disstan could look to see a business in the house, a turbulence of strong men in overalls spinning trunks like tops over his wincing turf plots, and then perhaps, days later, rueful, one of the regimented gentlemen who would have been but too happy to lay themselves down for Martin Summerhaze's widow and child to walk on, halted between the cedars outside the nailed-up gate to read the sign about trespassing which he, Disstan, had hung there.

Disstan gave the garden its way now. For a while he never touched trowel, rake, or shears, but he would idle for hours, nodding from time to time like a benignant tree, content to see his prim borders gone vagabond, his hedges swaggering in the rags and feathers of a jungle holiday, his massed perennials glutting themselves with blossoms, quick and dead scrambled together and no matter, all the way from ashes of umber to bloody crimson and shouting gold.

Sometimes his conscience troubled him a little, though, for there was no way of remembering Marta and Beryl in this saturnalian setting; in these gorged footways there was no room even for their immaculately passionate shadows to pass. But still there was one place where when he was lonely he could go and stand and reinvoke, if not the woman perhaps, the image of the child.

Spring, summer, autumn, Beryl's "grave-yard" never changed. The weeping-willow, the black grass, the lilies of the valley, they seemed to subsist in that somber nook with hardly more respect for the seasons than had the "tombstones" themselves—the pieces of board that Disstan was asked from time to time (and always with the same queer wince of wonder) to inscribe with his whittling-knife.

So the old man could recollect the little girl coming on one or another of those rare days, out of the dazzle of the summer wind into the dank shadow, as vivid as ever but in a changed way, her eyes jewelled with brief, eager tears, her mouth straight and unquivering to the point of sternness, her trowel in one hand, in the other her dead. A pearl-gray elephant, passed away of a ripped felt. A woolly lamb, worn threadbare by squeezing. A blanched pickaninny. And once a hundredth, perfect rose, just opened, which the girl had torn from the Etoile-de-France bush herself, to save it from its tragedy of "going by."

To-day it was June. But to Beryl it was not June; "J-u-n-e" means nothing. Rather it was "Dianthus." It was "White Columbine." It was yellow warmth beneath a blue tent; cloth of gold under deep heaven.

By the clock it was afternoon, but "aft-er-noon" is only so many syllables; what Beryl wanted was a word that meant "flat on one's back on a rug on the grass on the sunny side of the laurel brake with Bellinda Angelica, and both half drugged by the flower-scents that ride low when the sun rides high, and half dazed by the chaffering of bee and beetle, and half hypnotized by the dissolving patterns of leaves that stir in the wind when there is no wind at all." And the word must mean too that Disstan was knocking old manure out of a barrel, away and away back by the tool-house, and the sound that that made. And that mother was in her room having a beauty-nap, along with the rest of creation. And that to-night, all the way from the City, for dinner, for the first time out here, John Bent was coming.

It occurred to Beryl, with one of those thrills that she took as a harp does, all sorts of wild strings vibrating, "I suppose, Bellinda Angelica, I ought to be

napping, myself, to be at my brightest and prettiest, oughtn't I?" As her nature was, the child was yawning already.

But Bellinda had to spoil it by talking.

"You're very, very fond of Mr. Bent, aren't you, Beryl?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly *silly* over him."

"And seeing you've only known the man so very—"

"Well! I knew him, I guess, before *mother* did. Didn't I?"

"Mmmmm. I suppose—in a way—"

"Who was it he introduced himself to first, on that boat, right on that deck there, *hours* before he ever even *saw* mother? Tell me that."

"Mmmmm. Mother's very, very fond of him too, don't you think, Beryl?"

"Fond! Goodness! Have you ever *seen* her *look* at *anybody* so—so—"

Words are feeble things. Beryl could say it in nothing less dazzling than a hug. Bellinda knew those hugs; poor doll, she knew what was coming to her. Slowly, as the sawdust mounted to her head, her eyes "bogged" out; then one (the one that had been bothering her of late), parting the last of its strands of thread, fell off, bounced from fold to fold of the rug, and was lost in the grass.

As always, Beryl was startled and dismayed. "Oh, you poor darling!" With a ferocity she rocked her. "You poor *thing!*" With a wild penitence she embraced her, harder than ever. . . . Consternation afresh, "Oh, dear, now look; there's *another* rip in your frock *now*. Oh, dear me!"

Beryl lay and brooded. But not for long. She sat up gasping. Her eyes, which chance had fastened on the palings of the distant gate, popped wide. Of all things! Scrambling from the rug, Bellinda Angelica by one arm riding the wind behind her, she ran. She unfastened the gate and stood there beatified.

"*Oooooo!* How *nice* of you to come so *early!*"

John Bent grinned in the way he had. "How do you do, Miss Summerhaze? Words fail to express my joy at laying eye on your sweet self again."

Weakness thrilled Beryl's knees. "Do you honestly, truly mean that?"

"Swear! Am I awfully early, Beryl? I suppose I should have wired—"

"Nonsense. But why *do* you stand there; why don't you come *in?*"

"I wonder . . ."

Wondered what? For pity's sake! must Beryl skip out and leap like wings into his tweed-prickly arms and fling her arms around his neck and tell him to his long, line-bitten, homely-handsome face how welcome and ten-times-welcome he was at *any* hour? Must she squeeze *him* till *his* eyes "bogged out" too?

Still, that very thing was partly what made John Bent so exciting, that everlasting mystery as to which he really was—as set in his ways as his jaw made him look—or as shy and wary and sad as the shadows in the bottoms of his eyes could sometimes be.

"I wonder," he repeated, studying. He wasn't studying Beryl though now, but the flowered and bowered space behind her, inside Marta Summerhaze's wall.

"So this is the Garden—the Garden of—" He left it at that, and swallowed his Adam's-apple several times. He blew. Then he chuckled.

"I suppose, Beryl, you're sure I'm an idiot now. But it's only because I've been looking forward so—so—" Again he left it. He recommenced in the tone he had of telling stories.

"Did you ever hear about—well, about—let's see—a fine young colt named Jack—no, 'Prince' is better. About Prince and the bridge? Well, the first time Prince ever set hoof on a bridge, what did it do but go crash right under him. Hurt him a good deal, but scared him much, much worse. So, after that, you may be certain, it was 'No more bridges in mine, thank you!' for *Prince*. No, sir! But by and by

that began to seem silly. The casual way the other horses talked about bridges made him begin to doubt. So finally he asked them, 'Do you suppose there really *are* bridges sound enough to carry a fine, loyal, ardent young man-horse across the river?' They snorted, 'Heavens, yes!' . . . 'To the Promised Land?' . . . 'Heavens, yes! Be sure if you come to a bridge without a bar, that bridge will carry you safe across to the Promised Land.' . . . Well, do you know what? Prince started out again. He came to a bridge again, and though he would have liked very much to turn tail and bolt away, he remembered all he had heard. So he said 'Pshaw!' and tried it. Sound as sound! (What could have seemed sounder than Ethel, and those three years?) And there beyond, straight ahead, the long, bright road to the Promised Land. So— Do you like this story about Prince, Beryl?"

"I think it's *beautiful*." (What Beryl thought was beautiful was that John Bent should stand here telling it to her, no matter what rigamarole it was.)

"Well, so, out across that bridge young Prince went prancing. Prancing! And then, Beryl, my dear, what did *that* bridge do but go crash—crasher even than the other—and Prince down through the hole, and out of sight in the black river. . . . Do you wonder he was no good for anything but wild woods and waste pastures after Ethel—after *that*? A mean beast with a white eye for any hand that might have oats in it, and a black heart, and burrs in his coat?— More than burrs, I guess. Have a look, Miss Summerhaze."

With that John Bent did a funny thing; he bent down to give her a sight of his dark hair in which there were a few gray strands, not unbecoming.

"I suppose you understand all this about Prince, Beryl, perfectly?"

"Perfectly." Beryl nodded, her gaze luminous, not with comprehension, but with the thought, "Now that he's through with all *that*." Her intuition was right. Laughing aloud, dropping the brown-paper package he had on the grass, he swooped her up in his arms. And so, before they knew it, they were in at the gate and into the garden.

"Prancing!" he cried, with the queerest catch in it.

"Your package," Beryl had to remind him, "that you dropped."

He set her on her feet. "Scat and get it for me, that's an angel."

It was like a long box wrapped up, such a box in the city as flowers come in. If it *was* flowers for mother, out here, that *would* be humorous. But it was heavier than flowers when she picked it up.

She found him standing, studying, around and around him. "By Jimmy Jove!" His face of a sudden was all undone, like a boy's. "This time it's *so*! I don't know why, but I just feel it. It's going to be as true as the Pole Star, here, and as everlasting as the Promised Land."

"Mother's having a nap," Beryl explained. "I'll run and tell her."

"Please, no, don't. Not just yet. Give me— Wouldn't you like to sit and talk with me somewhere here just a little while? Just you and me?"

Marta and Beryl were so close, so nearly identical, that there never could slip in between them any feeling of comparison, competition, or jealousy. Still, if John Bent *insisted*. (Bellinda Angelica nearly lost her other eye.)

There may have been conscience after all. For as soon as ever they were ensconced on the bench under the wistaria trellis in face of the oval pool with half a hundred spikes of foxglove and snapdragon up-side-down in it, Beryl began to talk of mother, mother, and nothing but mother.

"She'll be perfectly wild when she knows; *don't* you think I'd better *go*?"

"Patience, lamb. I've simply got to have you a little while, as a kind of— kind of preface-to-mother, you see. You don't see. Well, as a kind of Marta-Summerhaze-in-words-of-one-syl-

lable, for the simple reader to begin on." He wrinkled his eyes and nose. "It was so in the very beginning, remember? And so now, to *re*-begin on—" His laugh was pure exultation. "And how scandalously you do give Marta Summerhaze away! It's low of me, I know."

Mother, daughter, neither had ever known how to look anything but what she thought and felt. So Beryl looked mystified. John Bent pointed.

"For instance, that young person you have there."

"Bellinda Angelica?" Beryl flushed one shade of pink as she cornered an eye down at the doll in her arms. "I know, Mr. Bent; you may think she isn't very pretty now. But when she was newer—younger, I mean—"

"She's quite old, isn't she?"

"Let me see. Oh, terribly. She looks especially old though since she lost that eye, and that happened only just this afternoon."

"How?"

"From me hugging her, I guess, too tight."

"You see?"

"What?"

"Well, here's the Beloved. *I* may think she's quite old; in my eyes she may be tattered, lop-sided and half blind. But in *yours*, Beryl, she is still the—well, look at her—still as shining-beautiful as the day she was born, and still tight in your arms against your heart."

"But who else would I—"

"Who else, indeed!" John Bent was funny, he gloated so. "That, precisely, is what I wanted to be told for sure and double-sure, before I—" He slapped his thigh with a mysterious vehemence. "What I wanted Prince to know, about a certain bridge." Bending forward he dropped a kiss on Beryl's hair. "Child, I love you."

Thank Heaven! here at last was something without any mystery to it.

"And mother? Do you love mother too?"

The startled man swallowed. But then there came a light into his eyes.

"Well—" The light was dare-devil. "I'm here."

"Have you brought something to give to mother?"

"I'm afraid I have—no, by the Lord, I'm *not* afraid—if she wants it."

"In that package?"

His jaw sagged. But then how he did chuckle.

"No, *that's* not for *mother*. You blessed simpleton, that's for—" With his mouth shaped for the word, he checked it, and his whole look changed.

Beryl couldn't stand it. All heart-in-the-throat she prompted him.

"For *me?*"

But there he went on staring at Bellinda Angelica, who was naturally at this moment almost a pulp in her arms. And the shadow, which was half like embarrassment, half like self-derision, darkened on his face.

"That's just like a man," he muttered. "Yet how was I to realize?"

"Is it—is it a—*is it a doll?*"

"Forgive me, Beryl. It is."

"No, no, no!" he protested, grinning, when the whirlwind of crumple and crackle was over and the girl was enthroned once more, with the crisply curling, brittly glittering creature in her embrace. "No, Beryl, no need. That's more than enough for thanks now, sweet thing. You know, and I know, that, pretty a doll as she is, after all she's only a doll. She's not Bellinda Angelica."

"I adore her! I love her to *death!*"

He shook an indulgent head, grin widening. "We're too good friends. And now you'd better whisper in the true-love's ear and not leave her there on the grass too long; it's easy for true-loves to misinterpret—the amenities—toward strangers."

The man was impossible sometimes. Was it because he was afraid she wasn't sufficiently, completely, altogether-utterly *overwhelmed?* Hadn't he *eyes?* Beryl's own eyes, helpless, fell on help.

"Mother!" she screeched, and leaped up, and held her treasure high. "See!"

Marta Summerhaze came across the lawn, treading not on earth but on the tips of the grass-blades, it seemed, so luminous with surprise, so light with gladness. This woman had never known what it was to have to hide her heart. As she neared them her hands, like flowers to the sun, came out.

"John!"

John Bent took the hands as they were given. "Marta!"

"Why wasn't I—"

"Mother! Please do *look!*"

"I see, yes, isn't it too lovely. Weren't you a brick, John, to think of it? But, John . . ."

For a while (was it minutes, was it hours, in that cooling, coloring afternoon?) they roamed the garden, not going anywhere, not caring, caught in more magic mazes than one. Now Beryl was gone, on her own enchanted errands; now she was back with them again; but this, or that, it made no difference; when Beryl was the third three was never a crowd.

A garden never yet on land or sea. A walled acre of beginnings. The first pale flush and wonder of peonies uncrinkling. The soft wind of excitement a-tremble among the honeysuckle buds. . . .

Where were the lines in John Bent's face now, the shadows in his eyes? Once there was a memory of them, only once and only for an instant. In passing the rose bank Marta paused to pluck one flower, a marvel of loveliness, full-dowered, uncovering its heart. Beauty for a king. Eyes bright, John Bent held out his coat-lapel, his thumb behind the buttonhole.

Marta looked confused. "Oh, but no. I wasn't going to—John, I hate flowers in buttonholes. They—John, they fade."

For an instant he was the confused one. But then when his eyes, searching for something to fasten on, fastened on Beryl who walked aside, and when he saw that it was the wretched Bellinda she was carrying in her arms (perish him! if he would only give her a *chance* to *explain*) he swallowed and seemed to see a great light, and he grinned a grin.

"Flowers," he agreed with mother, nodding sagaciously, "*do* fade. Mmmm. Marta," he said, "let's *us* never have anything that fades."

"Never, John." It was as simple as a clear spring that has never known the roiling of a wonder or the muddying of a doubt. Disstan's barrow was there in a cross-alley, half full of wilted prunings. And saying, as simply as though for all the world she thought she was but echoing John Bent's own words, "Never anything, John, when it has begun to fade," with a quick, clean toss Marta sent the blossom in. . . .

Dinner. What did they have for dinner? If Beryl hardly knew, then mother and John Bent could not have known at all. It wasn't anything like dinner anyhow. It was much more like a picnic, served out on the unscreened veranda, at that necromantic hour before the summer dusk when light turns into an actual substance, a thing you can catch in a tumbler and trail your fingers through. And Nelly and Polly in and out soundlessly, their caps and little aprons all changing colors, like ministrants from Faërie.

Then, "Beryl, dear, very presently, you know. . . ."

"Yes, mother."

The sun was gone, the moon was there. The perfume of growing things became an inundation. Old flowers, old gardens, sleep at night. Young ones, never.

Again, "Beryl, child, skip to bed. You must. Be a dear."

"Yes, mother, yes."

But Beryl had something to do before she slept to-night.

She would have given anything to have had not-happen what did happen, by accident. Because she saw that John Bent still did not (and could not) understand.

She was passing across the open turf beyond the barberry hedge that walled the walk to the marsh-garden. If she had kept *on* passing it would have been all right; the trouble was that she loitered to gaze at the moon. She simply had to. Mostly her moods were daylight, the color of the sun alive in the warm sky. But now and then there came times when she must think thoughts the color of the cold moon dead and brilliant in the night. So she was standing, bathed in melancholy, when she became aware of John Bent's eyes in a gap in the hedge-top, fixed upon her in that same grinning, gloating way.

Not a sound. If he had chuckled he would have had to explain to mother, who was evidently there, and it was not for him to give the truant away. So just that flash. And now Beryl saw that behind that grin there *must* be a wince, and under that gloating, mockery. As real as if it had been uttered aloud, "I thought you said you loved her, adored her, that beauty-doll I gave you. Now I *know* it was simply politeness, seeing which one you have there in your arms."

He was gone so soon there was no way of explaining, even in gesture. Even if she could have explained. If he couldn't see for himself why it was Bellinda Angelica she had in her arms out here alone in the night. If he couldn't see with his own eyes that poor Bellinda was *dead*.

Beryl's mood was so upset by this chance that for a moment, as she walked on, she forgot she was grieving, and had only that look about the mouth which made Disstan, whom she found awaiting her by the chopping-block with a bit of board in his hand, ill at his ease altogether.

Disstan could never understand.

"That there dolly," he hazarded in protest, "she's been a sweet dolly to you, little Miss."

He was built that way, and there was no use in trying to explain to him. Beryl contented herself with saying, "Thank you, Disstan," as she accepted the whittled "tombstone" with an elbow. "And the trowel?" she added.

He found it for her in the shade of the stump. He shook his head and rubbed his ear, and as she went on her way toward the silvered dome of the weeping-willow she heard him muttering behind her, "I give it up."

Tears, swollen, glittering and brief, wet her eyes as she entered the heavy lace of shadows under the tree; a few, grown too big before they dried, fell into the grave she dug. After all, when you've loved anyone for any length of time, profoundly . . . But her mouth kept its line, unquivering. There was something about its straightness as clean as mother's quick, clean toss had been, when she flung into the barrow of past things the rose she would not see begin, even by a little, to wither.

After it was all over, Beryl came out of the graveyard skipping. All finished, all done. The moonlight was another thing *now*—cords of silk and silver to swing on, up to heaven. And up in heaven, in the nursery, with her fainting loveliness, her golden hair that curled and her brown, brown eyes that shut in sleep, was "Gloria Rose," the new love, the true love, waiting.

As Beryl went floating across the dance floor of the open lawn she heard at a distance voices speaking in the marsh-garden walk. One was mother's, interrogative. Another was Disstan's, telling as little as it might:

"But she's gone in to bed now, Lady, so that's all right . . . ma'am? . . . Why no, just another of her playthings dead, and she's been giving it burial. Such a sweet dolly too, ma'am. . . . I give it up."

There was a gravelly tread, crunch, crunch, crunch—Disstan on his way, leaving a pother behind him. Out of it mother's voice, distinctly, "You idiot, John!" And then, in a hail, "Disstan, what doll—what kind of a doll?"

Crunch, crunch, crunch. He could be stubborn, Disstan could, deaf and dumb.

But forget Disstan, forget them all. Remember the moon-ropes to swing on.

Mother and John Bent wouldn't let Beryl forget them. They still discussed, and she simply had to stop to try to hear. Too late. Now, in place of words, there sounded a perfect fusillade of crunchings, going the other way.

Beryl should have danced on, climbed on among the moonbeams. But curiosity destroys more than cats, and when she heard that mother and John Bent were in the hollow under the weeping-willow it was too much for her; five seconds, and she had her eyes and ears in the outer leaves of the drooping branches.

Something almost as real as a cold hand grabbed her by the throat. She had never in her life even heard of ghouls, but the sight of ghoul-work struck at instincts older than any life of hers. To dig up the dead! It was the first time she had ever been really and truly frightened.

John Bent was on his knees in the spotted dark, digging, as a dog digs with its forepaws. And mother was standing. And mother was making it doubly weird, trebly sacrilegious somehow, by thrilling in her throat like a turtle-dove —pooh-poohs, nonsense, angelic indignation.

"Crazy man!" she carolled. "And did he take my child for a *simpleton?*"

The digger's voice too was like a dog's, full of teeth, "I've got to see."

"That love of a doll, John, and all shining new, too? Do you dream for one second it would be *that one* the babe would be *burying?*"

"I've got to see."

Mother was heavenly. "You will see, O Idiot. You'll find it's just some old, worn-out— Ah, but I know now. It's that ragamuffin, Bellinda. And high time it is, too. Why, the child's had that doll for—let me see—"

The dog-paws stopped. "How long, Marta?"

"Let me see. Bob Gregory brought it to her— Oh, it's been months."

"Only *months?*"

"Heavens, dear man!" Mother could have kissed him for an innocent; you could tell by the husk in her laugh. "You can't have any notion how that child runs through dolls. Look about you. Why, there must be *dozens* of them buried here. I tell you, when that child hugs she means it."

The ghoul-work recommenced. There was no sound but John Bent's breathing.

He came out through the branches into the moonlight, where he could see what he had in his hand, so quickly, and mother so close behind him, that they caught Beryl petrified. Happily, however, they seemed to have no time to be aghast at finding her there.

John Bent took one look at the remains of Bellinda Angelica, lopped in his hand and already dank with the grave-mold. Then something had happened to his face. (Why? It wasn't Gloria Rose; he knew that now.) Worse happened to his eyes. Beryl had a view of them first, then mother, then Beryl again.

He was by all odds the queerest man. By the look of those eyes you would have thought that Beryl Summerhaze was a bogey jumped out of a corner at him, and that Marta Summerhaze was a skeleton from a closet.

Mother wasn't used to being puzzled. It was funny to hear it now:

"Well, sir, you can see for yourself, can't you? . . . Beryl dear—(what *are* you doing out here, you bad child?) . . . but this silly man was actually afraid it was that darling of a doll he gave you—"

Beryl let out an elfin shriek. "Gloria *Rose?* Why, I'm wild about Gloria *Rose,* Mr. Bent. Why, I—I—I've only just *begun* to love her."

Mother laughed a sweet witch's laugh. "John, I do believe you were jealous. You *were* afraid, crazy fellow, it was yours."

"Afraid? You mean I was hoping—hoping against hope—it was. Hoping against hope it would be anything, anybody, but this old one."

"But Mr. *Bent*, dear me, I've had her *forever*. And I've only just *got* Gloria *Rose*."

"Can't you see?" The man's voice sounded all lost.

"John, you wouldn't have my baby be a little *idiot*?"

"Can't—can't *either* of you see?"

And when he saw that they couldn't see, there he stood. Once Beryl had seen a tree just after lightning had struck it. Now John Bent looked like that tree. There had been two squirrels in it, Beryl remembered, not knowing what had happened to them, but by some freak not killed. And those were John Bent's eyes.

He thrust the dead doll into Beryl's hands of a sudden and started off, mother behind him.

Beryl had to reinter the body. Of course there were no tears this time; you only do that once: all she put into the earth now was sawdust, buttons, and rags. Then she hurried away to find the two.

She found only one. Mother stood alone by the front steps, and there was something new and strange about her. It was the hands, Beryl decided. She had never seen mother with her hands pressed to her cheeks before.

"Where's Mr. Bent, mother? In the house?"

Mother started as if she hadn't heard Beryl come. Her answer was no answer. "I'm sorry, but still I can't seem to understand." She was so honest in her simplicity that she didn't even try to hide the wail in it. "If it had been his doll—but it wasn't his doll at all."

Beryl's mind jumped. "Do you mean he's gone? Home?" Dismay. But then her eyes jumped. "He's *not* gone, mother. There he is, down by the gate. See? Leaning. Mother, I think he must have eaten something."

Then, pinching mother's elbow, calling shrilly, "*Mother, he's coming back!*"

Beryl had heard people say of so-and-so, "I shouldn't have known him." Well, such things could be. She wouldn't have known John Bent when he came up the path between the rhododendrons. Not like his walk at any rate.

He used his feet, somehow, as if of a sudden he no longer cared what they trod on or what they crushed. His shoulders were set at a swagger and his face in half-grin, half-grimace.

"What the devil!" It was beyond Beryl why he laughed so recklessly. "*Let* the bridge crash. What's the difference, so long as I know this time, sooner or later it's going to."

It was beyond mother too. "John, I thought for a moment you were really, truly going."

"I was. But when I got to the gate, somehow it stuck; somehow I hadn't the muscle; and the walls are too high for me to climb over at my age. So I stood and threw a kiss—"

Mother's sigh turned into a catch of laughter. "So long, John, as it wasn't a kiss for good-by."

"It was. Good-by to something that you two would think was— Oh, nothing, forget it, never mind. Here I am."

Mother was good; she forgot it and never minded. Now how beautiful she was, her hands gone out again, her lips parted a little, in that way of hers that was like a flower in the morning, drinking.

"Here you are, John—"

"With open eyes," John Bent finished, why, nobody knew.

But whatever "open eyes" meant, it reminded Beryl suddenly of china eyes that closed in sleep. So everything now was dear.

"Good-night, mother. Good-night, Mr. Bent; I shall love Gloria Rose forever and ever and *ever*."

"As long as for months, Beryl?" There was something in his merriment the least little bit wry, like the taste of choke-cherries.

"Oh, for months and *months*. Till the very end of summer, really, Mr. Bent. Way till my birthday comes."

And Beryl flew for the stairs.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SYSTEM

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH OBSERVER

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

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NO POLITICAL system has ever been so vehemently assailed as that of the United States; nor is there any upon which criticism has produced so small an effect. Its large outlines have hardly altered since Bagehot, some sixty years ago, analyzed its deficiencies with a subtlety and penetration which remain unsurpassed. Yet there seem no signs that a foreign observer can detect which indicate any widespread desire for alteration. The constitution as a body of working rules is still, for the average American, too remote from his daily vocation to arouse a profound interest. The very prosperity of America tends to make him belittle their significance. So few politicians have anything like a national significance, so many are politicians because they have failed in other walks of life, that the inhabitant of Main Street is easily tempted to venerate where it seems an extravagant luxury to comprehend.

Yet, if we assume that democratic government is desirable, there is hardly a canon of institutional adequacy against which the American system does not offend. It is desirable that the source of responsibility for governmental error or wrong should be clear and unmistakable; the American system so disperses responsibility that its detection is approximately impossible. It is urgent that the working of institutions should be conducted in the perspective of discussion which educates and clarifies the public mind; but the essential tasks of operation in America are almost wholly concealed from the public view. It is important that the occupants of high office should be chosen upon the basis of ability and experience; yet both the President and his cabinet are selected by a process which, if it resembles anything, is akin to a dubious lottery. A governmental system, moreover, should be sensitive to the opinion of its constituents, and maximize the opportunity of translating a coherent body of doctrine into statute; yet it seems the purpose of American institutions deliberately to avoid that sensitiveness, on the one hand, and to prevent the making of coherent policy upon the other.

America is the most prosperous of modern states; and its riches conceal from the public view the cost of its institutional inadequacy. It has hardly emerged from planning the development of a continent; and the possibilities of its natural resources have served to obscure the price it may one day have to pay for neglect of the elementary maxims of good government. For the test of a system comes only in times of crisis, and since the attainment of permanent unity no problems of European magnitude have had to be faced. Yet the permanent hold of the Democratic party upon the South, the deliberate refusal of much that is best in American life to think of a political career, a financial system that, both upon the side of supply and estimate, is a woeful absurdity, the almost total failure to conserve natural

resources, the invisible stranglehold of wealth upon the two great parties—these are only some of the major consequences of the system now in being. America, in fact, is applying eighteenth-century ideas and institutions to the problems of a twentieth-century civilization. Prosperity may postpone the gathering of the harvest; but one day, assuredly, a new generation will reap its fruit.

II

It is worth while to apply these hypotheses to the institutions themselves in detail. The Presidency is the most outstanding, for it has become the most powerful lever of authority there is in the modern world. Yet what is startling about its character is the haphazard way in which its occupant is chosen. An English Prime Minister serves a long apprenticeship before he reaches the pinnacle of a political career. Mr. Gladstone was thirty-five—Disraeli thirty years—in the House of Commons before he was so chosen; both had been for long years essential figures in public life whose qualities had long been tested in the House of Commons. Even Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, who arrived at power through accident, had been members of Parliament for nearly twenty years. And each was able to retain office only on the exacting condition of being able to satisfy in debate a legislative assembly deliberately designed to maximize the consequence of his mistakes.

The American President is in no such position. No one knows who he is to be. He is only too often the product of a series of accidents in which what is most important is not his possession of quality or of ideas but public ignorance about him. He may well be quite unknown to the nation; he may even, like Mr. Roosevelt or President Coolidge, become President by the act of Heaven instead of by the choice of the American people. He has to assume the leadership of a party without, at least necessarily, being trained to that delicate function. He has to influence a legislative assembly where each chamber is active and powerful; and, at the worst, he may have a majority in neither, or, at the best, be compelled to purchase acceptance of his policy by shifts and expedients which destroy its logic or weaken its application. He has never any assurance that his will must prevail. He lacks the exhilarating experience of defending his policy in the full light of day. He has not grown up in fellowship with the instruments he has to use; and the knowledge that a second term is almost certainly the maximum period of leadership does not make for that continuity of allegiance to him upon which the shaping of a great policy depends. He has even to gamble in a large degree upon the quality of his cabinet associates; and since they are rather his servants than his colleagues, he must inevitably bear the burden of their mistakes. Because, moreover, tradition has made the main embassies the reward of service in his election, he will be compelled to rely upon a diplomacy largely amateur in character; no American ambassador in Europe in 1914 had any previous experience of foreign affairs. He has to accept the personnel of Congress through which he must seek to work it; and, even then, he may find that the election in mid-term destroys the men whom he employs. Nor is this all. His period of office is so short that he has hardly become used to its exercise before he is driven to think of re-election; and if he is attracted by this notion, the price he must pay in complaisance and bargain will be well-nigh intolerable. And even if he is successful in forcing a policy upon Congress, he may well find that the exigencies of the spoils system, improved though it has been of recent years, fail to give him the instruments which might secure its successful application.

This, at least, is the logic of the system; and it is not an adequate defense of its deficiencies to urge that, despite

them, men like Lincoln and Cleveland and Wilson have all been Presidents in the last seventy years. The fact is that anyone who studies in detail even the greatest of Presidential careers can hardly but be convinced that the necessary result of its environment is to minimize the best qualities of the occupant. He is fettered where he should be free; he is set apart where he should be in the midst. The absence of a clear organic relation between him and the legislature erodes his power while it destroys legislative responsibility. The rigidity of the system in which he is enclosed, the knowledge that his power is fugitive, the checks and balances which surround him on every hand, these serve only to illustrate the basic thesis that the separation of powers is the confusion of powers. No executive in the world disposes of greater authority; no executive, either, is so deliberately or perversely hampered in its fruitful exercise.

Nor is the position of an American cabinet member so much more attractive. It is only by presidential favor that he attains his office. Service to the party, outstanding ability, long experience in affairs, none of these things give him a prescriptive right to his position. He is a personal nomination of his master. He can make his policy effective only as he convinces the President on the one hand or placates Congress on the other. Resounding success may bring him no credit if President or Congress be jealous; and he has nothing to hope for from the prospect of resignation. Nothing, indeed, in the context of the cabinet has been more significant in recent years than the fact that Colonel House was able to do more than any member of the cabinet of his time without finding it necessary to assume office. For the work of a cabinet member is too little in the public view to count in any final way. Like a sudden tempest, they are come and gone. To occupy a place gives no lien on the gratitude of the party. The relationship to Congress is too tenuous and indirect to make it easy for them to impinge at all concretely on the public. A few men, like Mr. Hay and Mr. Root, have been significant in modern times; but, in general, neither long experience nor outstanding qualities have been necessary for the tenure of cabinet office. The requirements of sectionalism, moreover, act as a deterrent to possible aspirants; the need to represent the West may check the ambition of youthful ability in New York or Cleveland long before cabinet office has become an object of conscious desire. The process of selection is far too haphazard; the prospect offers no such measure of reasonable certainty as parliamentary systems afford. The power of the office, moreover, is only dubiously attractive as against some of the alternative political positions. A senator, for instance, need never resign in order to express dissent; and where he differs he can speak from one of the few political platforms in America to which attention is paid. But a cabinet member in retirement is, with rare exceptions, one of the unburied dead; and it is seldom that public opinion desires his emergence from the tomb.

Much, doubtless, would be altered if, as so many have desired, the cabinet member were to speak upon the floor of Congress. But, in that event, the whole character of the American system would necessarily change. For the articulation of the cabinet with the legislative assembly would compel the development in America of parliamentary government. To-day it is impossible to assess the qualities of a good American cabinet official. But if he were to sit in Congress, even to the limited extent that Chief Justice Taft has desired,[1] the basis upon which he is selected would have to be completely changed. The ability to speak, the grasp of the subject, the knowledge of men, the instinct for administration, all these would become at once essential qualities. An outstanding secretary in Congress would immediately challenge the position of

[1] *Our Chief Magistrate*, p. 31–32.

the President himself. Collective cabinet responsibility would automatically develop; and the resignation of a secretary whose authority in Congress was recognized would have important consequences upon the administration and its policy. The habit of debate in the House of Representatives would be restored, and, with its restoration, there would be both an increase in the significance of opposition, and a growth of public interest in the process of politics. A secretary charged with corruption, like Mr. Daugherty or Mr. Fall, would have to meet his accusers face to face—a fact which would, at a stroke, raise the level of political morality in America. Such a development as this, of course, is contrary to the whole tradition of the American system; and the possibility of its occurrence is obviously remote if only because, in a period of calm, peoples can rarely be persuaded to prepare themselves for times of storm. Yet it would be a service if an American statesman of authority were to remind his people how largely the present system was born of accident; had Madison and Jefferson taken a different view of Hamilton the lines of institutional evolution in America might have moved swiftly towards a neo-parliamentary form.

III

To any critical observer trained in the legislative experience of France and England, the House of Representatives must necessarily seem unworthy of a great people. It commits every fault against which the canons of political science can utter warning. The first business of a legislature is to illuminate great principles in debate; but the House has long since ceased so to discuss public questions that the electorate can be persuaded to follow their analysis. Its essential proceedings should be conducted in the public view; but the main work of the House is done in the dark recesses of committee-rooms whence only rumor and legend emerge for the edification of the press. A legislature should be so organized that the opponents of government have a clear and full opportunity to make their case against its policy. But the deliberate purpose of the organization of the House is to reduce opposition to a speechless nullity. The private member of the House of Commons is already a sufficiently pathetic figure; but he is a giant by the side of the American representative. For the rule of residence starts by limiting the political stature of most American representatives to that of natural parish councillors; while the shortness of the term and the amazing complexities of Congressional procedure mean inevitably that before the congressman has begun to master his work the grim problem of re-election confronts him. His quality, too, necessarily deteriorates under local pressure. A congressman cannot attain a perspective about national issues if his constant thought must be about patronage in, and appropriations for, his district. When he arrives at Washington, there awaits him no creative opportunity. The chance to sit on a committee with no big issues to debate, the prospect of introducing bills which will never be reported, the opportunity to write speeches that will rarely be delivered—these are not horizons towards which an able man will strain.

The proper commentary upon the system is the simple fact that most congressmen are unsuccessful lawyers. Even if they stay long in their seats—and the degree of congressional wastage is startling—the career that awaits them is not a very attractive one. Very occasionally, with McKinley, it is a path to the Presidency, or more frequently, to a senatorship; but, in general, it is a life filled with frustrations. No congressman has ever exercised the influence over the nation that Bright or Cobden did in England; nor does he make the impact on public opinion of an eminent educator like Dr. C. W. Eliot or a rich manufacturer like Henry Ford. As a career, indeed, or a source of influence,

it is not unfair to describe the House of Representatives as a refuge for the mediocre in national politics.

The Senate is a very different institution. With the Supreme Court, it has been the outstanding success in the American system. Its numbers remain small enough to give individuality to its members and to make possible a debate that is almost always real and not seldom instructive. It has real and coherent authority through its power to ratify treaties and to share with the President in the making of appointments; though the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Myers case has done something towards rendering ineffective the real value of the appointing power. The members of the Senate have a long enough term to enable them, if they can, to create a sense of their personalities among the electorate. They are thus able, as congressmen have never been able, to act as the embodiment of ideas. Webster, Calhoun, La Follette, Senator Borah, have all been able, in their very different ways, to make the Senate a platform from which to mold the opinion of the nation. A senator, moreover, just because the area of election from which he is drawn is wider, tends to be a more considerable person than a congressman. He plays, as a rule, a much bigger part in his state; Calhoun and South Carolina, Wisconsin and La Follette, were, for years, almost interchangeable terms. He tends, also, to be a person of real significance in the party. He can shape its destinies in a way hardly open to members of the House.

Not, indeed, that the Senate as an institution is free from grave defects. Its very power—greater than any other legislature possesses—makes it a rival to the President; and it too often yields to the temptation to destroy the coherency of legislation as an exercise in the use of power. Its authority has too often drawn to it men notable either for the wealth they desire to protect or the corrupt state-machine they are anxious to preserve. It stands a little stiffly on its dignity; and this too often makes it both debate for the mere joy of debating and legislate without due regard to the facts involved in its measures. It is altogether free from that grave defect which brings the new House of Representatives into being long after public opinion about its character may have changed; but it suffers gravely from the fact that the system of partial renewal—while it makes, of course, for stability—prevents it from being subject to a total expression of popular judgment. Where, therefore, as is frequently the case, it is at odds with the President, the latter has no real opportunity of forcing matters to a decisive issue at the polls. The time-table is always on the Senate's side. And this inevitably means that the Senate is tempted to seek a policy of its own without too close a regard to the wants or needs of the executive. Because, as a legislature, it never dies, because, also, it shares so largely in the executive power, it tends less to correct the deficiencies of the latter than to absorb its authority. Almost always it will control a weak President; almost always, also, it will destroy the effectiveness of a strong one. It is, by the definition of its place in the institutional scheme, a permanent alternative government to that of the administration; and, of this, it is the necessary consequence that American legislation will rarely be intelligible to those affected by its results.

IV

But the American legislature must be judged less by its internal character than by its external relations. Here, of course, the Fathers proceeded upon assumptions which, in their own day, were judged exigent; and it is difficult to blame them for a construction which Montesquieu and Blackstone had canonized. Yet to-day it is supremely difficult for a foreigner to understand how Americans can remain satisfied with the institutional contact between executive and legislature. Here, once more, the

system offends against every reasonable canon of political science. The separation of powers means that both legislature and executive must have fixed terms. Each lives a life in large part independent of the other, a life, indeed, that may well be conceived in antagonistic terms. Neither, as a result, has an interest in the other sufficient to secure a coherent and responsible policy. The legislature cannot get the executive which it wants; the executive is never sure of a legislature to its liking. The result is to dissipate the energy and impair the efficiency of each. The legislature never has its proper work to perform, which is to make a government to its liking; and the executive can never do its proper work of applying a policy which it fully approves. Each has a certain interest in the failure of the other. A President who always had his way with Congress would completely thwart its personality and purpose. A Congress which trampled on the President would —as the example of Andrew Johnson shows so well—make impossible a logical body of reasonable legislation. If either is to figure successfully in the public view, it must be at the expense of the other. And nothing that either can do will affect the life of the other. Each derives its power independently from the people, and each, whatever its character, must await the fixed period for a refreshment of power. The exigencies of party may, to some extent, mitigate the viciousness of the principle, but it can only obliterate in part the magnitude of the evil.

Nothing so well illustrates this radical defect as the realm of finance. In a parliamentary system, the minister has a plan and he stands or falls by it; if the legislature will not accept his proposals either it seeks a new government, or he demands a new legislature from the people. Whatever the choice, the result is at least logical and coherent. But in the American system nothing of the kind occurs. The minister makes his proposals; he seeks to placate the chairman of the appropriate committee. But the latter, however well intentioned, will not fully endorse the ministerial plan. He is himself, to begin with, a kind of quasi-minister, with a reputation to make. He has members on his committee who must be placated in turn. The member for Jacksonville thinks that something must be done for his constituents; and the member for Lincoln was promised a new Post Office. When the measure has been sufficiently mangled in the House, the process will be repeated in the Senate. A thousand competing interests, rarely related to the needs of efficient administration, must be conciliated. What emerges may even, as a total, look not unlike the original proposals of the executive; but it will be rare to find that the itemized details are the same. The truth is that for every subject, from finance downwards, the United States has at least three ministers; and neither the interest, nor the point of view, of any of them is identical. And since the cabinet lacks any collective responsibility, since the party caucus is far too big to give integration to policy, the result is a partial chaos in all that is done. The Presidential system, in brief, makes the executive and the legislature independent at exactly the point where dependence is required; and it secures their inevitable antagonism of interest where public policy requires a unity of interest. Nor can either, by the fact of independence, bring home responsibility effectively to the other. The power of punishment is outside in the nation; and the latter can speak, only not when the event requires, but when the constitution permits. But it may then be too late.

Other consequences of importance follow from this separation of Congress from the executive. No verdict can be sought from the people at a time when a verdict should be taken; and when the fixed epoch of judgment arrives events will have done much to obliterate the material upon which a verdict should be rendered. To an Englishman, for in-

stance, it is literally incredible that no serious penalties should have been visited upon the Republican Party for the scandals of the Harding administration; but it was of the essence of the American system that when the American people, as here, was wanted, it could not be found. The result is an inevitable diminution of the popular interest in politics. The work of government requires a perspective of drama. The knowledge that grave error will precipitate a catastrophe keeps not only its members and the opposition alert, but also creates an active public opinion outside. For the latter feels that its influence may be creative. It may, by its approval or its antagonism, destroy the work in hand. It inquires into what is being done because it may affect what is being done. In America, that is only partially the case. Public opinion is special and interested rather than general and disinterested. It is a trade which wants a duty on the goods it manufactures, and the road to its wants is not through the channels of opinion but the avenue of the lobbyist. There is hardly a great subject of general import upon which an agitation in America can hope effectively to influence the government; for the maximum obtuseness on the part of the latter will not advance by one day the period of judgment at the polls.

Experience, in other words, seems to demand that the executive and the legislature should never be rivals for power. If that be the case, the mind of the public is confusion, and its confusion is destructive of its interest. Nor is that all. Their antagonism means that neither can perform its work effectively; each is continually tempted into regions outside its proper competence. A strong executive either reduces Congress to the level of a formless debating society, or is himself reduced by conflict to the position of an angry, if energetic man, declaiming, like Mr. Wilson in 1919, in a vacuum of futility. A weak executive becomes, almost necessarily, the creature of Congress; and there is never sufficient integration of purpose in the latter to make it a desirable master. The main business, indeed, of a legislature cannot be performed under American conditions. For that business is to find a suitable executive which the opposition can criticize, if occasion offers, to the point of defeat. A body of some four hundred and fifty men, like the House of Representatives, or even ninety-six, like the Senate, cannot hope to interfere successfully with the administrative process. The thing is too complex and delicate for anything more than general oversight. Yet it is to this that, under the given conditions, they are perpetually tempted; and the result is that they merely irritate and hamper where they should criticize to clarify. Nor can such a body legislate if it is able to substitute anyone's proposals for those submitted to it. Chaos is bound to result if the formal source of legislation is multiple in character. The executive ceases to be responsible because it does not create; and the legislature disavows responsibility because it does not apply. This has been the result of the American system, and increasingly the result in recent years. It is certainly difficult to reconcile its character with the possibility of adequate government.

V

A word is necessary upon what is the outstanding failure in the American federal scheme—the Vice Presidency. Tradition here has utterly undone the original purpose of the Constitution by reducing the Electoral College to a nullity. The result has been that every Vice President since the Civil War has been selected for reasons even worse, and more obscure, than those for which a President is chosen. No Vice Presidential candidate has ever been nominated with a view to his accession to the Presidency, though this has occurred on five occasions; and in each instance there has either, as with Andrew Johnson and

Roosevelt, been a complete reversal of his predecessor's policy, or, as with Chester Arthur, an attitude of complete uncreativeness. The position, indeed, is utterly anomalous; and no experiment, like that of President Harding with Mr. Coolidge, which seeks to keep the Vice President in touch with policy has had any value. It is bad enough to have Presidents nominated systematically by interested wire-pullers; but it is surely worse to have Vice Presidents chosen by wire-pullers who are not even interested. Nothing in the working of the Constitution shows more lamentably the little respect of the system for the quality of men.

That is, indeed, throughout its capital defect. Granted the premise of the separation of powers, its formal aspects are logical enough. They are, indeed, politically dubious in the light of historic experience; but, more, they are politically vicious when they operate in the psychological penumbra of Jacksonian democracy. For the essential quality of the system is that it necessarily fails to elevate the temper of public life. The Presidency, of course, is an office as great as any in the gift of a democracy; but the terms of its conferment are, save by accident, fatal to its being occupied by the man who is fit to exercise its powers. To be a member of Congress, even to be a Senator, will not often attract the highest talents in the Republic, for the simple reason that the separation of powers insulates the senator or representative from reasonable hope of any large and concrete achievement. The best members of the House of Commons go there because it is the highroad to the Cabinet, and a seat therein means that they put their hands upon a big machine of which the capacity for influence is enormous. The American legislator lacks almost entirely that prospect; and the American administrator is, on his side, similarly hampered by the knowledge that the machine he is to drive must run along a road largely indicated by others. There is not enough in such an outlook to attract from men of first quality their whole energy of mind throughout their lives. And it is, indeed, noteworthy that since the Civil War, at least, politics has rarely been the permanent vocation of the outstanding figures of American life. As with President Wilson, it has been the end of one career; or, as with Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes, it has been an interlude in another. There is, doubtless, the exceptional instance of Mr. Roosevelt; but it is the general rule that the career of politician as a life-adventure is in America ample enough only to attract the men of routine mediocrity.

And the influence of this, in its turn, upon American social life is notable. The real leadership of America is rarely found in political circles. The influence of politics upon the national consciousness, the part played by them in the mind of the average man, is curiously, even pitifully, small. An American is less instinct with the sense of the state than the citizen of any first-class European power. He feels less related to, less responsible for, his government. He is cynical about its activities and its personnel in a way to which only long residence in America can habituate a citizen of Europe. It affects notably the political speculation of America; there has not been since the Civil War one political philosopher of first-rate eminence in America. Yet in economics, in metaphysics, in the natural sciences, in jurisprudence, America has been on an equal level with the best of European achievement. It affects also the press. American newspapers give a volume of information to which, perhaps, that of only two European journals can compare. But the comment on that information is, as a general rule, notably inferior to the comment of the European press. For the latter writes always with the knowledge that the effect it produces on public opinion may well unmake a government. The power to produce action of a decisive kind is the great motive-force of the finest journalism.

The American journalist has no such power even when the opportunity of a Presidential election is counted in its full force. Articles which leave men where they were are not likely to be scrutinized with care; and they are, therefore, not likely to be written with care. There exists always a sense of remoteness between the act and the written word which is fatal to the influence the latter might exercise.

It is worth while, perhaps, to illustrate the small part played in American life by the sense of the political adventure by a concrete example. One of the acid tests of a political system is its ability to gain the interest of youth simply because, as a career, it demands a lifetime of service. The observer who visits the universities of Europe will find in them a significant body of students already devoted to a political career. They will find there an active party-life, with its journals, its meetings, its debates. The politicians themselves naturally look to the universities as an essential recruiting ground for their future colleagues. Yet, save in the presidential year, there is no such vivid political life in an American college. The habit of political debate is hardly existent. The eager disputation, the desire to take an active part in the conflict in the field, the desire consciously to adopt a political career, these are unknown. One cannot meet a body of English trade unionists without finding men to whom a political career is an object of ambition; one would have to search far among the labor-unionists of America to discover one who consciously desired to be a member of Congress. Yet, as Disraeli said, the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. The future of any system, the quality it will have, depends, in large degree, upon the interest it can awaken in their minds.

It is, of course, true that the power of politics in America to influence or to alter the national life is less than elsewhere. It is true, also, that leadership, in the European political sense, has been notable in industry and law in a significant way; certainly, on the Bench men like Justice Holmes have given an impetus to creative action such as a great statesman in Europe contributes to political effort. Yet none of this gives to the national life that purposive integration it is the business of politics to supply. We have to plan a modern civilization in terms which necessitate collective habits of thought; we need then the institutions to give the fullest expression to those habits. It is the business of government to-day to preserve for all citizens the minimum basis of life deemed adequate for men who would realize in conscious co-operation the eminent worth of their humanity. Presidential institutions in America were created when government had a very different end in view. Their retention now serves rather to thwart than to secure the great ideas of which America was in its origins the sponsor.

THIS STRANGE LUSTER OF KINGS

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

This strange luster that surrounds a king conceals him, and robs us of the view of him. Our sight is thereby repelled and dissipated, being engrossed and dazzled by this glaring splendor.
—MONTAIGNE.

ONCE upon a time, and that not so long ago either, there was a famous princess who wished to write the story of her life. Nothing is easier in these days of organized literature and applied art. A literary agent in London made a contract for her with an American magazine, and the magazine made a contract with a "ghost writer" whose name, let us pretend, was Anderson, and there were parties of the first part and parties of the second part and signatures before witnesses and little red wafers pasted on the final pages of formidable legal instruments. An agent of the literary agent, duly bound and bonded, received the ghostly Anderson in Paris, legally sealed and delivered. The agent of the agent was an impressive and efficient-looking lady. "Her Royal Highness," she said, "will see you to-morrow. I'll take you to her apartment and present you." And Anderson began to wonder whether he had not been rash.

He had written the autobiographies of several celebrities of the democratic scene—preparing their effigies for exhibition in the contemporary waxworks of American literature—but this was his first attempt to do a royal figure, and he was worried. He had an ambition. He wrote to make his musée pieces look as though they were alive. To do that he had to know his subjects intimately. How was he to achieve an intimacy with a royal highness? And was it likely that a majestic princess could be anything, anyway, but a feminine stuffed shirt, as you might say?

He knew that she had lived her whole life beside a throne. She was the favorite sister of a king who had relied on her for counsel. Her ancestors had worn the crowns of Western Europe for hundreds of years, marrying and intermarrying and succeeding to royal estates as a rich American family marries or inherits stocks and bonds. What kind of mind did centuries of court formality and anointed power produce? Anderson had been curious to find that out, but now that he was about to know it he was anxious. Suppose it produced a kind of mind that nobody could make interesting in print. Suppose he failed to get a story that any self-respecting editor would care to publish—much less pay for—now that his magazine was legally bound to publish and to pay for it. A royal princess was a royal princess, but a bore was a bore.

These were not thoughts that he cared to utter. He buttoned them up in his breast, put his hat on his bald head, took his literary walking-stick in his hand, and went, in silence, with his chaperon to face his royal fate. They taxied to somewhere near the Avenue du Bois. They stopped before a modern apartment house in a uniform of red brick with white stone facings. They ascended in a tremulous French elevator that was slow and feeble and effete. An elderly French maid admitted them to the satin hush of a reception room that was furnished, to Anderson's apprehensive eye, chiefly with photographs of

crowned heads in silver frames. He was too absent-minded to give up his hat and his stick. He sat down with them in his hands and, staring at the carpet, he began to poke at a Brussels flower between his feet. How was he to make his approach to Her Royal Highness? In a job of this sort the attack was so important. It was likely to set the terms of their literary intercourse unalterably. And if he started formally, calling her "Your Royal Highness" and all that bull . . .

A lady-in-waiting had come in, a rather stiff and silent person, quite unfashionably dressed, in a gown so outmoded that Anderson suspected her of wearing her mistress's old clothes. His chaperon said, "This is Mr. Anderson." He made his bow indifferently, and when they all sat down he continued poking at the carpet. If he started formally, calling the princess "Your Royal Highness" and all that bull would he ever be able to get her to talk about herself intimately enough to make her story human? If he couldn't make it human could he ever make it interesting? If he didn't make it interesting? . . .

At this point in his speculations he noticed that his chaperon was addressing the lady-in-waiting as "Your Royal Highness." He looked up, surprised. Could it be a sister? Or an aunt?

He found her studying him, obviously puzzled by his absorbed indifference to her. "If Mr. Anderson has come here thinking that I'm typically royal," she said, "I'm afraid that he'll be disappointed."

Here was the crucial moment. Here was his zero hour. He smiled at her as cheerfully as he could under the circumstances. "Well," he replied, "I came here thinking you were an interesting personality. And if you're not we're both in a hole."

She looked at him, perfectly blank. In the horrible silence that ensued his chaperon reddened to the brim of her hat. He held his smile with all the American effrontery of which a foreign princess could think him capable. And slowly her royal eyes widened with delighted understanding, and she began to laugh.

It was a miracle. And yet when he got to know her the explanation was simple enough. She was royal but she was in revolt. All her life she had been chafing at the formal falsehoods in which she was imprisoned by court etiquette. What she wanted more than anything else in the world was a rough contact with reality. She wanted someone to tell her the truth once in a while. And here was a casual, indifferent, and entirely informal person who evidently didn't know any better than to tell her the truth the first moment that he opened his mouth.

As soon as they were alone she began to question him eagerly, "Do people have any real respect for royalty any more?"

"No," he answered. "I don't think so. Do you?"

"No," she cried. "That's what I tell them! That's what I tell them. What do you suppose brings out such crowds to see us?"

"Curiosity, I should say."

"There! That's what I tell them! That's what I'm *always* telling them!"

She was as pleased as if he were confirming all her dearest prejudices. She had the point of view on royalty that any intelligent realist might have, and Anderson could make no unromantic answer at which she would not clap her hands. Royalty to her was a little family of brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, cousins and relatives by marriage, who sat on the thrones of European countries by virtue of an absurd superstition in those countries that their thrones could be occupied only by men and women of this special family. It was a stupid family. It was a family with an outlook on life, a type of mind, and a sort of psychology peculiarly its own. When she found that Anderson proposed to make the story of her life a study of this royal family, its mind and its morals, she entered into the game with

gusto. His plan seemed to her amusingly intelligent, and intelligence was the only thing in the world for which she had the slightest respect.

"Do you consider me intelligent?" she asked.

He assured her that he thought her amazingly intelligent.

"Yes," she said. "That's where *you* stop telling the truth."

As a matter of fact, she was not only intelligent, she was keenly shrewd. "We royalties," she said, "why shouldn't we be stupid? How should we be anything else? When we are small no one dares to make us study, to correct us, to tell us we know nothing. No. Because we shall grow up, and then the person who was stern and unpleasant to us when we were little, how shall he get preferment in our court? When we are small they must all flatter and indulge us so that we may like them when we are able to give powers and titles. How shall we even learn good table manners? But we don't. Our table manners are disgraceful. Truly! Have you never seen us eat? How then shall we be taught anything else? Seriously to study? To be educated, which is not easy? To learn anything of art or music even? No, no. It is not possible. And they *wish* us stupid. If we were clever how troublesome we might be."

"Troublesome?" Anderson asked. "In what way?"

To answer *that* required the explanation of a lifetime. It came to this: the princess had discovered that in every modern country, though royalty might be on the throne, royalty did not rule. There was a ruling class in power behind the royal figurehead. "They keep us out in front of them," she said, "so that when someone throws a bomb, it will be sure to hit the wrong person." To make the game easier they did not allow royalty to know what was going on in the country at large. Everybody in the royal circle lied and flattered and evaded. "We are surrounded," she said, "by a Chinese wall. You cannot fancy how impossible it is for us to know anything whatever. We become so bewildered that we cannot distinguish the truth among all the lies in which we live. Everyone deceives us for his own purposes. We do not know at all what is going on among our people until, perhaps, we drive out one day and the crowds do not applaud. Then— He is like an actor, a king. He is worried. He summons his government. 'But what is it?' he asks. 'What is going on? The people do not come to see me, and those who come—they are cold. What is it? What have you been doing?'"

And here Anderson got a sidelight on royal psychology which he never could have seen for himself. In most of the modern countries the ruling class was the moneyed class that governed industry, and controlled prosperity, and promoted the national wealth. Royalty had to have money as well as anyone else, and royalty could not work for it. They were really pensioners of this ruling class, and they hated and envied it. No one could compete with them in birth, but money might easily outshine them in magnificence. Hence, royalty was sympathetically socialistic. In any quarrel between capital and labor the royal heart was with the working man. The plain people dearly loved a king, and the affection was returned, but necessarily their mutual love was doomed to frustration. They could never arrive at an amour, much less a mésalliance. What the socialist calls "economic determinism" kept them forever apart. They could love in secret, discreetly, and at a distance, but they could never unite in a capitalistic world—nor in a socialistic one either.

It had never occurred to Anderson that there could be such a spiritual liaison between royalty and the common people against the rich middle classes. He found some of the psychological results of that feeling quite as unexpected. Many of the princess's most contemptuous distastes were animated by this surprising emotion. Fashionable dress, for

instance, was altogether a middle-class affair in her eyes. The bourgeoisie made themselves conspicuous by the amount of money which they spent on their clothes, having no other distinction on which to pride themselves. It was they who dictated the fashions, changing the mode every season so as to keep always ahead of the poorer people who could not afford new clothes before their old ones wore out. As a royal person, she was not to be controlled by any bourgeois nonsense of this sort. She wore her clothes till she was ready to discard them, and if they were not fashionable, what matter? Hence the gown in which she had received Anderson.

Much of the current religion and morality of the day was similarly bourgeois to her. The throne and the established church were both used by the ruling class to camouflage its rule. Well, that was a game which royalty had to play, with the religious hierarchy as a partner. But was royalty duped by the stage appearances that it had to make in all sorts of silly rituals? True religion was not a joke. She had a religion of her own, and it was her own affair. But these silly "monkey tricks" that had to be performed in church as if in a circus? How could one act in them except with a secret contempt?

And middle-class morality? "But imagine," she said, "a king must marry a stupid princess for whom he cares nothing. It is insisted upon. He has no choice. The people must have animals of this special blood on their thrones. Ask me why! It is nonsense, but *there* it is! We are to be bred like prize animals and marry where we do not love. They call it a love match whenever the miserable couple do not have a real aversion for each other. And we must not merely marry; we must have children. I! I have to do that! For what they call reasons of state I must give myself to a man whom I dislike. It is unspeakable. So! What life a king has, what love he has, must be outside of marriage. Everybody knows it. They ask only that there be no open scandal to offend their middle-class morality. But imagine in what a hypocritical tragedy a queen must live if she is not so stupid as a cow!"

More than the tragedy of it, the hypocrisy infuriated her. That was the terrible thing about the life of royalty—the hypocrisy of it. With all these pretenses and sanctified conventions and formal make-believes, it amounted to a life of sustained duplicity, a completely double life. And it resulted in a sort of dual personality that made royalty baffling and treacherous. "We are all two persons," she said. "We have this public personality which we wear like a mask, but when we take it off in private among our families we are quite different. I remember a rich American who had a private audience with the German Kaiser. Of course, before the War. He was delighted with the Kaiser. 'But he is charming,' he told me. 'He is like someone I might meet at my club.' And then I saw him speak to the Kaiser at a court reception, and the Kaiser had on his royal mask, and he froze that friendly American with a horrid look, because you must not speak to royalty till you are spoken to. What nonsense!"

She had known only one royal person who never wore a mask. That was the late Tzar of Russia. "He was the same," she said, "whether he was reviewing troops, or sitting in council, or having dinner with his wife and children. He had the one face always—a kindly, sweet soul. He meant so well. He was so anxious to be wise and just and to help his people. But how could he find out what to do? He, too, was surrounded by our Chinese wall. And if he could know what to do, how could he have it done? They all lied to him and evaded him. He was only a kindly simple man alone in a conspiracy of many powerful men who were neither kindly nor simple."

There were monarchs who came to believe in their royal masks, to live in them always, and to accept all their pretensions as real. "It is so funny," she said, "but at the family dinner table you will

hear a man like that suddenly begin to talk to his own mother as if she were some inferior order of animal. He is the ruling king; with all the flatteries, and his mother is only a dowager queen, which is nothing. He is, of course, a stupid, pompous idiot, but he has been made so by the people who feed him on lies."

When the agents of the Kerensky revolution arrested the Tzar, he said to them, dumfounded by the unexpected turn of events, "I have been deceived." That sounded to the world like a cowardly attempt to blame his advisers for the mistakes that had destroyed him; to the Princess's way of thinking, it was a pathetically simple statement of the truth. "But imagine," she said, "I once came into Portugal in a motor car, incognita, on a tour with an American lady, and as soon as I crossed the border I heard on all sides talk of a revolution. Everybody knew of it. It was everywhere decided and agreed upon. It was coming at once, to-morrow, right away! So, when we arrived at the capital I hurried to the palace to see the royal family, and when they heard what I had to say, they looked at one another as if they thought I had lost my mind. 'But no,' I said. 'It's true! Everybody knows of it. Everybody's talking of it. Ask someone! Ask anyone!' So they called in their ministers and their advisers, one after another, all of them, before me. And they all said, 'Revolution? But impossible! There must be some mistake, Your Majesty. Her Royal Highness has perhaps misunderstood. Nothing is farther from the minds of your loyal subjects.' And so on. Over and over. All of them. Most convincingly. So I said, 'Very good. I have done all I can. Goodbye!' And I hurried to my motor car, and we drove as fast as possible back to Spain, and we were scarcely out of Portugal before the revolution came and the King was exiled!"

Because of such incidents as this she saw royalty as something stupid and pathetic. Related to almost all of them by centuries of intermarriage, she thought of them as an unfortunate family of men, women, and children who had got themselves cut off from the rest of humanity by a fatal superstition. They had inherited thrones and authority in nations who were alien to them, since they were seldom of the same race as the people whom they were supposed to rule. Actually, they were as far from ruling as a ventriloquist's dummy from making a speech. They knew nothing whatever of the business of ruling. "You should hear them when they are at some family gathering that brings them all together—a royal wedding, a funeral, a coronation. They talk the gossip of any family that might meet for Christmas. Cousin So-and-so is going to have a baby. Uncle So-and-so has not been well. One relative is having trouble with his debts, another with his mistress." It is a little family isolated from the whole world by a sacred etiquette, interested mostly in itself, busy with its own gossip, its own scandal, its own jealousies, its own quarrels. Do they never discuss the problems of the countries which they rule? "But how should they? For most of them these are problems of which they know nothing. The princesses are forbidden ever to talk of such things lest it embarrass the crown. And the crown is placed, so to say, well down over the eyes of the king, so that he may not see too much. When the revolution begins he is made a sort of sacramental scapegoat to be sacrificed for the sins of the men who are behind him. That is the fate of royalty. It may not speak. It cannot do. It must play the game and take the blame. And I think that at least we are not what you call poor sports in the way we play a losing game and pay our penalty."

II

She herself had been saved from the worst effects of court life in her childhood because her branch of the family

was not in power when she was born. She was allowed to go to a convent school in Paris, where she received a more democratic education, and it was not till she was in her 'teens that her brother succeeded unexpectedly to the throne, and she took up the formal life of the court, as his favorite sister. Consequently, she had always had a skeptical eye for what she called the "monkey tricks" of royalty and a suspicion of the atmosphere of flattery and pretense in which they lived.

Even Shakespeare had not convinced her. As a girl, when she read the speeches in which he declared that kings were hedged about with a "divinity" and all that flub-dub of the Elizabethan era, she protested to her governess, "But Shakespeare was making fun of us. He knew we were not like that. He was not such a fool. He knew what stupids we are, but how could he say so and not be put in prison? No. He was not allowed to tell the truth, so he makes fun of us by having us say such ridiculous things about ourselves that we are absurd."

The governess was horrified. She was a true royalist, and nothing in Shakespeare's adulation of kings and queens was too much for her. She protested against the Princess's conviction that Shakespeare was laughing in his sleeve at royalty, but she protested in vain. "No, no," the Princess insisted. "Shakespeare was not so silly. He could not write like that and mean it. He could not do it and be Shakespeare."

Of that Anderson was beginning to have some doubt. He was beginning to wonder whether he had told the truth, at his first meeting with the Princess, when he assured her that no one had any respect for royalty any more, that only curiosity brought people out to see them. In the little court which had gathered around her in Paris he observed an emotion that gave him to think. She brought him letters from American friends, women, who wrote her in language that was almost devotional in its humble awe, and she said, "Tell me why? Why does an American write to me like that? They are not taught in childhood to be so foolish. And they do not do it to deceive me. They must truly think that they believe it."

Anderson had been careful not to offend against formality in his meetings with her when any third person was present. He had done that so as not to embarrass her. But he soon saw that it was necessary to do it if he were not to shock the third person. It was as necessary as decorum in church where a true believer was busy with his devotions. The letters from her American friends expressed an almost religious emotion. He remembered seeing the faces of an English crowd in London when a royal procession passed them—faces that were humbly lit with a pious feeling of loyalty and reverence. What was it? Was there some sort of instinct of subservience in man, like a religious instinct, that was moved by the tradition of royalty? Was it this that made men and women approach the Princess as if they were drawing near to a lighted altar?

As he moved through the story of her life with her he saw that it was so. She had been surrounded by this emotion, as a flag might be surrounded by patriotism, and she had been as puzzled by it as a flag might be if it could reflect upon itself and ask, "What is it? Why do they pretend that we flags are anything but colored bunting? Don't they know how stupid we are? Aren't they making game of us?" She had seen clearly enough what a shrewd use the true rulers of the country made of this sort of flag. She had seen all the hypocrisy with which it was manipulated and all the monkey tricks with which it was paraded. But she had also seen the faces upturned to her as she drove in some royal procession, and those faces had been exalted with an enthusiasm which she could not under-

stand. She had been bored by the salvos of artillery, the music, the cheers, the carpets, and canopies of a royal progress; the people were evidently having a good time, but it was a stupid business for her—as stupid as the life of a sacred white elephant in an endless succession of holy-day parades.

When the people were sincere they appeared ridiculous to her, ridiculous and pitiful. She told Anderson an anecdote about a young officer at a court reception, for whom she did some tactful favor that saved him from embarrassment. His gratitude had been heart-rending. He was ready to abase himself to the point of dying for her. "And how," she asked Anderson, "how can a man be such a fool? I had done nothing. Quite nothing! If I had not been royal he would have said, 'Thank you,' and it would have been enough!" And the incident was typical. Her whole life had been spent in a puzzled revolt against an absurd adulation—particularly in her girlhood when her youth and her beauty had aroused another sort of enthusiasm to add to loyalty. She had been embarrassed and ashamed when she saw the devotion with which people prostrated themselves before the stupid idols that were royal. "Why?" she kept asking. "Why? Why?"

It seemed to Anderson that she was making the mistake which most intelligent people make in their criticisms of mankind. They expect human beings to act intelligently, and human beings do not act intelligently. Most of their actions are impelled by instinctive responses that are not intelligent at all. In their relations with royalty they were obviously moved by emotions that were no more intelligent than the emotions of a young man in love. Anderson did not consider himself enough of a psychologist to decide what were those instinctive emotions which welled up so powerfully at the touch of royalty, but he could see that royalty was what the psychologists call "a symbol" at the sight of which expressions of subservience, and awe, and reverence, and self-sacrifice, and loyalty were aroused to varying degrees in various people. It had nothing to do with intelligence. The emotions came uncontrollably in spite of intelligence. To regard them intelligently was to see them as the effects of a romantic delusion, as pitiful and ridiculous as the delusions of romantic love appear to a cynic.

There was an obvious discrepancy between the royal symbol and the effect that it produced, and it was equally obvious that all the hypocrisies and "monkey tricks" and pretensions of royalty were inevitable attempts to cover and conceal this discrepancy. Men felt an emotion of reverence and showed it, and the symbols were naturally compelled to live up to the emotion. They were trained to do it. They were surrounded with conventions that were reverential and they were taught a behavior that promoted reverence—or at least discouraged familiarity. The Princess herself was extraordinarily arrogant in her posture and her carriage, very stiff and high in the shoulders, her chin up, her arms bent sharply at the elbows and her hands clasped at her waist. "But it is drilled into us in childhood," she complained, "and we never escape it afterwards. It makes us all look as if we had ramrods down our backs." She had a typically royal smile, a smile of the lips only that did not affect her eyes. "That too," she said, "is training. We are all taught to smile like that, and we never escape it, any more than you escape a handwriting which you are taught in your youth."

And there was another thing distinctly royal about her. Anderson had been curious to know whether there was any possible truth in the popular American fairy tale of the royal princess who married the American go-getter. Did a princess ever fall in love with a commoner? "But," she asked, "how shall she? Imagine that up to my wedding day I was not allowed to be alone for a

moment. Night and day I was guarded. A lady-in-waiting slept in my room. When I fought against that as a girl, she was moved to an adjoining room, but the door must be left open. Two or three ladies were with me all day long, while I dressed, while I ate, while I studied. If I left my apartment in the palace, even to cross the hall, an official escorted me and my ladies in a procession. If I went out in the garden they were with me, and the sentries watched. No one might speak to me without permission. I had no friends, no companions, no acquaintances but those who were permitted to me by court etiquette. I could not read a book that was not given to me, or write or receive a letter that was not read. And if I had been free to meet a man who was not royal, my mind was not free. I had been taught to think of all men who were not royal as any girl might think of a priest. They were men, yes. But they were not men to me. They were not men whom one could marry. They were like priests."

Raised in this prison of mind and body she had suffered, as all prisoners must, with the most horrible boredom. It is the curse of princes, ennui. It always has been. "Naturally," she said; "how could one not be bored with such a life? There are a few sovereigns who have real power, who have work to do. They can be happy. Albert of Belgium is one. He has been clever. Even before the War he was one of the most important men in Europe, in one of the most important positions, because if there was to be a war between France and Germany much would depend on which side he took, and he was too clever to let anyone know which side it would be. And the Kaiser was not bored. He had power and he used it. But, for those two, there are so many other poor stupid royalties who have had, all their lives, so little to occupy their minds that they seem to have *now* no minds to be occupied. It is a tragedy—it is so cruel."

Anderson was thinking of the fairy tales in which the good little heroine is always rewarded by marrying the Prince. He wondered with what sort of fairy tale the Princess had beguiled herself in her youth. And he found out. He found out, accidentally, when she was telling him of her girlhood. "My sister," she said, "was not so strong and healthy as I. She had headaches, bad headaches, so bad that she would have to go to bed in the daytime. Then I would sit beside her bed and tell her stories."

"What kind of stories?" he asked.

"Oh, fairy stories," she replied. "Fairy stories of what would happen if by some good luck our family lost its position and its estates, so that she and I would have to work for a living. I was going to paint, and she would teach music, and we should live in a house where other people lived—poor people like ourselves—and we should know them and have them come to see us in our rooms, and *never* be bored."

And that, in the end, was what it all amounted to, for Anderson. He had come there to write the Princess's story because he was curious to find out what sort of mind a life of court formalities and anointed power produced. Here was the answer. It summed up for him, always afterwards, as a picture of Her Royal Highness telling herself a delightful fairy tale in which she became a poor Cinderella and escaped to poverty and hardships from the sort of life with which Cinderella was rewarded when she married the Prince.

It seemed to him an amazing thing that in all the books about kings and queens—centuries and libraries of books—this quaint picture of a royal daydream had never been put in print. And the true psychology of royalty as the Princess had exposed it—why had that never been written? Not even by Shakespeare? Least of all by Shakespeare! Anderson felt superior. No one but he had ever known the truth—that was why it had not been written.

No one before him had taken the trouble to observe and cross-examine the regal mind, as a realist, scientifically seeking only the unromantic fact. He was a discoverer. He was the Columbus of the royal psyche. "He was the first that ever burst"—

He sailed back to America triumphant, and he waited for his revealing portrait of the Princess to be unveiled to a startled world. It was printed in the magazine, piecemeal, and no one turned pale. "Well, naturally," he thought, "it can't make a sensation here. We don't know how new it is. But wait till her book comes out in Europe. My eye, what a shock!" And when it came out in Europe, my eye, the implacable romanticism of mankind had triumphed. After he had finished with her portrait, someone had called in a sentimental artist with a traditional palette, and he had repainted Anderson's Princess and all the royal family around her, in the rosy tints and "strange luster" of court portraiture. The truth was hidden under coats and coats of paint. Shakespeare was vindicated. The facts about royalty were safely concealed. Only another Tussaud effigy had been added to the literary waxworks of kings and queens.

THREE QUATRAINS

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

FOR MY DAUGHTER

DEAR daughter, when the dusty shelf receives me,
Pray understand that only one thing grieves me:
I grudge the distant moment you discover
Your dangerous views were all old to your mother.

HILLS AND VALLEYS

Mothers are valleys shielding from rough wind
Their children in a warm secure embrace;
But hills are fathers, stern and disciplined,
Charging their sons to look storm in the face.

LOVERS

Where lovers walk the highest hills drop low,
Proud seas are puddles, all the dark roads shine—
Dear Lord, why waste a miracle to show
The wedding feast turns water into wine?

MINISTER OR BUSINESS EXECUTIVE?

BY JAMES BRETT KENNA

I HOPE that no one will say that I have written this article because I am not happy in my profession, because I am in a fault-finding mood, or because I do not like my present charge. If I did not feel myself entirely free from all of these motives, I should not write. For if what I have to say is of any value it is valuable because it might be the protest of any one of several thousand pastors of mediumly large urban churches, not because I, so and so of such and such a denomination of this particular city, have voiced it.

My situation is very like that of all the younger clergymen who are considered successful. My church has a membership list of eighteen hundred and a property investment of half a million dollars. We have the usual type and number of services: a Sunday school with frequent membership campaigns and up-to-the-minute methods and organization; a Junior Church where the children sing and listen to a "story-sermon" by my young associate; a morning service featuring my sermon and the best soloists at our command; in the evening a young people's meeting and an informal service in which I scarcely hope to do more than "happy-'em-up"; a mid-week service which the older people still cling to although it no longer much resembles the old-fashioned prayer meeting. Besides these regular services, we have an elaborate program of week-day religious education, a large number of women's societies, and a varied group of social activities. We pride ourselves that something is doing at our community building almost every hour of every day.

I think that I myself am fairly typical of large numbers of my colleagues. I might have made a good insurance or bond salesman. I might have promoted. If I had been born into a family interested in the theater I might even have done something on the stage. If my father or an uncle had been a ward power for somebody like Bill Thompson, I might have made a fair politician. But I was brought up in a rural community where not only my father and mother and uncles and grandparents, but also most of the people I knew were simple, pious souls who retained the old-fashioned reverence for the ministry as the highest work to which one can be called.

My years at the seminary effectively uprooted the cruder of my childish conceptions of religion and broadened me generally. But I was not prepared either by home or professional training for what lay ahead, for I was an idealist. I hadn't properly realized that there was a technic to be learned. Much of it was distasteful, but because I was in love with the personality of Jesus and believed that in spite of its defects the Church was the best medium for spreading the message of the great Nazarene, and because like any other energetic youngster I was anxious to succeed in my profession, I learned the technic and was regularly promoted from smaller to larger parishes.

Measured by the ordinary standards, I am successful. I am not at or near the top, but for my age I suppose I may be considered well on the way. I speak occasionally at general denominational

gatherings. Friendly newspaper publicity now flows in without my doing anything in particular about it. The church membership and budget grow steadily. Everything is most flourishing. And yet within the last year or so success has lost its flavor. *Elmer Gantry*, I think, had nothing to do with the matter either! It's just that I see myself inevitably becoming little more than the well-paid executive of a large business organization, and that my dreams of spiritual influence are not coming true and, apparently, have small chance of ever coming true under existing circumstances.

I have fought against looking upon the church as a business. I have passionately wanted to think of it as a spiritual force, as an institution especially fashioned for the housing and furtherance of an emotional attitude which would help men live adequately and happily. As the leader in such an institution, I should be studying everything which might help me to understand this puzzling age I live in. I ought to be going into economics, psychology, philosophy, political and physical science, the best fiction. I ought to be spending enough time alone to enrich my own religious life. I ought to have time for intimate personal contact with people who are going through crises when they need sympathetic understanding. I ought never to enter my pulpit without saying something which is the result of sufficient study to give it a chance of being helpful.

But what I do do is so different from all that as to explain why I have been forced to see myself as the executive of a large business organization. (If any one questions my use of the word "large" I remind him that our property valuation is five hundred thousand dollars and that it takes a pretty good-sized business to produce an annual income of nearly a hundred thousand.)

I get up between six and seven. I am usually at the church office by eight-thirty. A few minutes later my secretary lays on my table a batch of opened mail that will take me an hour and a half to read and answer. A glimpse at a typical morning's mail might be interesting. This morning, for instance, I had two unsigned letters enclosing clippings for my edification or reproof; a man asked for an outline of the sermon I preached two weeks ago, and a woman requested the name of a play I referred to recently, in what connection I cannot now remember; a church society in a neighboring town wanted to know the trade name of the floor-covering we have on our basement; a man writing a biography of a famous preacher asked me to prepare in literary form an anecdote he once heard me tell of the man; a social-service organization desired a testimonial about a couple who are planning to adopt a child; a civic group sent eighteen tickets to a luncheon meeting; a woman begged me to ask from the pulpit for eye-witnesses to the accident in which her husband was killed; another wanted the names of the three books still to be used in the series of Sunday-night talks I am working on, and another wanted to know why I had not used such and such a book. There were others, but these will suffice. And of course there were the routine inquiries which the secretary handles by herself.

A card on my office door says that the pastor is at study from ten to twelve and does not wish to be disturbed. But this morning between those hours I had brief conferences with two members of the staff, planned and dictated a church letter which must go out this week, answered several telephone visitors who had assured the secretary that their business was urgent, and conducted a funeral. I have no reason to suppose that to-morrow's schedule will be different except that at eleven I shall attend a ministerial meeting instead of the funeral. On an average of three days a week I lunch downtown with committees who take that method of getting together or with parishioners who have something on their minds. The first hour and a half after lunch is my regular office

period when I welcome callers on every sort of business. To-day I had three, two of them persons in trouble. I suspect that most of whatever service I render to my people in the course of a week is done at this open hour, when those who have reached the end of their string sometimes drop in to tell me about it.

From two-thirty on I make calls and get whatever exercise I am to have during the day. After making five calls this afternoon (imagine Jesus thus efficiently packing five calls into two and a half hours!) I reached home at five-forty and was off to a dinner business meeting at six-five.

That is one day. Other days will vary somewhat to allow for the activities which mount so high in a modern preacher's life but which cannot be put on a regular schedule. Last year, for instance, I held seventy-six funerals and officiated at more than a hundred weddings, made thirty-three addresses in church besides my usual three a week, and spoke fifty-four times outside the church, besides appearing in other capacities on thirty outside programs. I attended, also, three trustees meetings a month, thirty-six of them during the year, when we attacked the financial problem of the church.

II

That brings me to the heart of my protest. As nearly as I can estimate, one-third of my time and energy is occupied with the financial program. Right here someone will sniff, "Bad management." Perhaps so. My parishioners probably spend more than a hundred thousand dollars for the single commodity of shoes. But when they buy shoes they are buying something tangible and necessary. They can try the shoe ahead of time; they can compare it with other shoes in other shops; they know exactly what they are getting for their money. In this climate they cannot possibly get along without shoes. If they postpone payment for the shoes longer than a certain day in the month they expect to hear from a credit manager whose business it is to see that people pay for their shoes. If they trifle with him they know that he has unpleasant consequences in store for them.

How different is the problem of those who bear the financial responsibility of the church! They are trying to get people to pay for something which is intangible and something which they could manage to get along without. Anyone who has ever been connected with a campaign for funds—the community chest fund, for example—knows that, whatever may be said of the American's freedom with money, it is hard to get him to part with it voluntarily for something he cannot touch and handle, from something he himself may reap only an indirect good. Now every penny of our Protestant churches' income is voluntary. There is no such thing as an assessment and, if there were, no authority to back it. Yet money, one hundred thousand dollars of it, has to come into my church. That three-fourths of it is to go to keeping our own organization running and growing makes no difference to the average member of my congregation, but for me it is a tormenting thought that one-third of my energy goes to the job of coaxing money out of men's pockets.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that I spend a third of my time running around urging people to give, or that I make many impassioned pulpit appeals for money. There may have been a time when preachers did that. We have more finesse now. In the face of the growing cynicism about the church it is necessary for us to be more adroit each year. And that is precisely why so much energy is required, why so much time must go into the preparation of circular appeals for funds. That is why, let no one forget it, ministers like me write to their flocks the letters which delight Sinclair Lewis.

Inducing people to part with their money for something they cannot handle and can manage to do without is a job with a psychology all its own. One must make the value to be received seem more tangible. Hence the increased emphasis upon social activities in the church—"A man pays his other club dues—shall he discriminate against the church?" Hence, also, publicity calling attention to certain definite uses to which the money is put: to the upkeep of music in the church, to the maintenance of a certain missionary in a certain region, or to a definite subscription to a definite charity. And hence the church's insistence upon its social value—"What would your property be worth if there were no churches in town?"

Besides doing what he can to make the value received seem more tangible, the one who collects voluntary funds must appeal to sentiment. If none exists he must create it. That is always easy in a crisis. In appealing for the victims of a war or flood there are always violated women or homeless refugees to dwell upon. But it is not so easy with regard to the every-day life of the church. I think it used to be easier when interdenominational rivalry was keener and when it did not occur to so many people to wonder whether after all there is any sense in a community's spending seventy-five thousand dollars in keeping this church organization going for a year.

Now the trouble is that I do not believe the value which people should be receiving from the church is tangible, and I find myself objecting more violently each year to having to substitute for that most intimate and intangible value which Jesus called "abundant life" such feeble tangibles as social activities, choir music and robes, or the efforts of a girl in Singapore—and especially that cheapest of all tangibles, the effect of the church upon property valuation. And I grow increasingly sick of stirring up sentiment for the sake of the relaxing effect it may have upon purse strings.

The worst of it is that I see no way to stop. The church is caught in the Occidental, and more particularly American, habit of gauging success by the spectacular. A successful church, like a successful furniture shop, is the one which has the biggest establishment, offers the biggest assortment of wares, and affords the biggest income. Forgive me for putting it so baldly. I could have made it several shades balder by adding, "and has the most customers." I did not, because except in my worst moments I do not think of my people as customers.

But all the same, a considerable part of my work is not so different from that of the executive charged with the responsibility of getting new customers into a furniture shop. He is a successful advertising manager if at the end of the year he can show an imposing percentage of new customers. In the eyes of my colleagues, official board, and the world in general, I am a successful minister if at the end of the church year I can show an imposing number of new members. If under my direction the membership doubles in three years, I am a wonder and certain to be asked to a new and bigger parish where the salary is more, the publicity better, and the advertising problem stiffer. To that end I must keep in mind every minute when I am in the pulpit that out in front of me are dozens of prospective members. I must plan visitation campaigns and surveys—must, forgive me again, "sell" my institution just as surely and skillfully as the man hired by the local Chamber of Commerce "sells" his organization. The difference is that he was hired for that express purpose, and I, tradition says, was hired or should have been, for something else.

I am aware that a great many ardent church members will violently resent my stating the matter on any such basis, and that most preachers manage to keep themselves from facing the problem. But when the ardent church member comes at the end of the year to voice his choice of a minister, he votes for the

"hustler," for the man who can adequately captain the financial and membership committees. And no matter how pious his talk or how ministerial his dress and mannerisms, every preacher knows that his chance of retaining his parish or being advanced to a more attractive one depends almost wholly upon his ability to do these two things. At the annual gathering of any denomination, whether it be called Assembly, Synod, Conference, or what, the important members, those who are treated deferentially and pointed out to lay members from the rural districts, are men who have just that sort of ability.

III

I realize that I am not the first to put this situation into words. My only excuse for reiterating it is that I am a more vitally interested party than most of the people who have complained about it. Most of them are non-church members who, if they are ordinary folks, are content to call the preacher a hypocrite or, if they know Menckenese, declare picturesquely that he is a moron dealing out buncombe for the sake of a safe little job. Some of these outsiders write novels and prize plays; the most vociferous of them are journalists. But so far as I know, none of them goes back of the individual preacher. It is so much easier to let fly at him all the abuse or satire which the situation deserves than it is to try to see the factors involved. Besides, the public does love an individual target for abuse or satire—and journalists are fully as keen as preachers to know what the public likes!

There are, I am willing to concede, ministers who in the devastating words of Paxton Hibben conceive themselves to be influential when they are merely active, eloquent when they are only wordy, efficacious when they are only bustling. But a great many of us know that, while the routine I have described is satisfying to that part of the ego which loves power and attention, it is dissipating nervously and mentally, and hardly likely to help spread the message of One who said, "Lay up your treasure in heaven" and "The kingdom of heaven is within you." For who among us has time to amass inner treasure? We are charged with the responsibility of heading a big organization which means to be a bigger one and which already has a big organization's financial and expansional problems. The most we can do toward increasing the store of spiritual treasure in our parishes is to make our public addresses tend in that direction—but who with a schedule like mine has time to prepare addresses which speak directly to the hungry human heart?

This lack of time for study is not our only handicap. When we rise to deliver such addresses as we have managed to get together, we face a group of people without a unified faith. A part of the audience is young. It comes to hear the music and find out what sort the minister is. It knows nothing of theology and is proud of its ignorance; it will not tolerate cant; it makes fine sport of emotionalism. Some of the audience is middle-aged and comfortably set in its habits of thought. Some of it is old and tolerant of nothing but the familiar old phraseology which has become invested with a supernatural power and sanctity, and to which the young audience is politely indifferent or outspokenly scornful.

There we are, we who rise to preach the message of One who seemed able to tolerate every other human weakness but time-serving and hypocrisy. An organization must be kept together and show a healthy growth by the end of the year: upon our ability to attract and hold the young people depends its future growth; upon our ability to please and attract the loyalty of the middle-aged and old people depends its present financial health.

Almost anyone might predict the way most of us meet that dilemma. Like the man and his son with their ass, we try to please everyone. We carefully

phrase our messages so that they can offend no one (which usually also involves helping no one). We become masters of tact and diplomacy. We try to endear ourselves personally so that minor slips will be forgiven us. We try to tie the young people into the organization by giving them small posts of responsibility. We get to be what all capable executives are—expert jugglers of men.

Happy is the clergyman who never sees himself thus, or who through a certain spiritual callousness can see himself thus without caring. The rest of us have, I think, the least enviable of all positions. We despise ourselves in our present role and most of us have been playing in it too long to be fit for any other.

I wish, then, that journalists and writers of novels and prize plays would shift their criticism away from the individual preacher, for unless he goes forth as a free lance preaching in the wilderness of journalism (and it is a question as to how many such free lances the press can absorb) he must do as he can do. Perhaps his solution is to go into a small parish where there is no particular anxiety for expansion and no scramble for publicity. Some few such parishes do exist.

But that is only an individual solution for an individual problem. It does not begin to attack the real problem, which is: how can a people like us with a genius for organization manage to live in the presence of a great fact, like the abundant life Jesus proclaimed, without building about it an institution which as we grow more adept in organization must necessarily become more complex and cumbersome; and how, having built the organization, can we keep from applying to it the criteria which we apply to our other organizations, criteria of size and number, so that in the end we gauge its success as we gauge the success of an advertising campaign, by the spectacular results obtained from it.

IV

I am not a religious anarchist. The proposal to do away with organization altogether is, I fear, at once too hard and too easy. Jesus was not an organizer, and his message loses a great deal of its richness and personalness when it is surrounded by the paraphernalia of an organization. But people who organize in minute detail everything from the production of toothpicks to the educational system cannot be expected not to organize Christianity. They do not know how to use anything unorganized. When a typical one of them sees a gorgeous sunset from the top of a high ridge his impulse is to get out bulletins and establish bus routes and lunchrooms, so that the sunset cannot possibly be neglected by anyone in the vicinity. Among such a people the religious experience cannot escape some sort of an institutionalization.

But if we cannot do without the organization altogether, neither can we go on indefinitely elaborating it and trimming it more closely to the pattern evolved by the great industrial concerns. I am becoming distrustful of the plan advocated by many churchmen and formerly by myself—the employment of business managers to assume the business responsibility of the church. That also is a too easy way out. For five thousand dollars my church could hire a man fitted by temperament and training to be its business executive. He would like doing the work and he could do it with his whole heart because he would never be nagging at himself as I do. I've no doubt that within a year or two he would more than pay for himself by the increased subscriptions and memberships he could bring in. But he would add to the business machinery which is already topheavy in the church scheme. After him the next logical addition to the church staff would be a publicity director, and after that, perhaps, a personnel expert. There is no end to the thing, you see.

And what has it all to do with the spirit of One who went about telling people that God is love, and that man finds his greatest happiness in losing himself in a warm regard for others, in feeling for them and for life at large the affectionate interest he has in everything connected with himself? An efficient church-office staff can do what any good office staff does: efficiently conduct a business routine. It is hardly fair to expect it to specialize in reflecting the spirit of One who was primarily interested in the hopes and sorrows, the loves and hates, the radiant aspirations and petty meannesses—all the countless phases of the emotional life. By the very nature of the case, the more efficient and elaborate the office organization the less it *can* be concerned with that imaginative sympathy which sees directly into the heart of another, is willing to respect what it finds respect-worthy, and, because it understands all the motives and forces at work, can pity what it finds ignoble and wretched instead of withdrawing in lofty scorn.

If the first aim of the church is to encourage people to adopt the way of feeling and acting urged by Jesus, then the church dare not give undue attention to its business gearing. In my church, as in most other large churches, three-fourths of the attention is upon the gearing, and the tendency is to stress it more and more. If I, and the hundreds of other preachers who are caught in the gearing, want to keep some degree of spiritual freedom and usefulness, we must fight the whole drift of the times.

In the sixteenth century a sprinkling of men over Europe interpreted the widespread dissatisfaction with and cynicism about the Church to mean that it was in need of a thorough-going spiritual rejuvenation. It was too "worldly" they said. By that they meant that it reflected too clearly the world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that it was too bent on political power, too like the great empires which were forming, too indifferent to the spiritual needs of the individual. It was, in short, so highly organized and so eager for power that somehow it got between man and God.

I have come to wonder if the widespread dissatisfaction with and indifference to the twentieth-century Protestant churches cannot be interpreted similarly. It is a different type of "worldliness" to be sure, but the twentieth century is a different "world" from that which Luther and Erasmus surveyed. Our churches do not strain for political power—for empires are no longer on the make. Theirs is an industrially organized world, and they are of it. They have followed the great industries in building up a system of organization so complex and exacting that the average member is inevitably more or less distracted from the essential teaching of Jesus.

As we look back from a perspective of four centuries, the solution for the worldliness of the Renaissance period seems easy. To the men who faced it, the problem probably seemed very dark indeed. Some of the intellectual giants of the time were able to catch glimmers of light, but there must have been many troubled souls like myself who knew not where to turn nor how to proceed.

"EGGS-A-COOK!"

BY PETER GETHING

ON THE morning of April twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, the officers of my battalion were called together and told that some time later in the day we, as members of a landing brigade, would sail from the safety of Lemnos Harbor for the Gallipoli Peninsula. Further, we were told that a strong resistance was to be expected from the Turks and that our general staff was prepared to lose eighty per cent of the storming party in effecting the landing. A contoured map revealed the Peninsula to be almost impregnable by nature, and it was pointed out that the towering ridges and steep ravines would in all probability be strongly fortified.

In an order which came from the General Officer Commanding it was stated that, "with the help of God and the Navy," the landing would be effected—God being ignored in a subsequent order, from what I have always supposed to be the same source, to the effect that the Navy, having once put us ashore, could not take us off. A pretty piece of psychology! No chance for retreat . . . but even a rat will fight if it cannot escape.

Late that evening we were transferred to warships, which steamed out towards the East where lay the Plains of Troy, meditating on their past years of glory and disaster. All lights had been extinguished, and an air of suppressed excitement silenced even the most loquacious in our ranks. One felt that an electric storm was brewing. . . . A meal was prepared. . . . Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you . . . the thought hit me as though it had been a club. Die? . . . Good God! I did not want to die. I had not lived. Besides, there was so much I had planned to do in life.

Post cards bearing terse printed sentences such as, "I am quite well," "I am wounded," etc., and which left a lot to the imagination of the future recipient, were handed out. Heads were bowed in deep thought as though in contemplation of the to-morrow . . . probably, like myself, trying to reconcile themselves to the death which awaited most of us on the slopes of that ancient battleground. I checked the sentence to the effect that I was well and addressed the card to my mother in Australia. There are more ways than one of saying, "*Morituri te salutamus.*"

I dropped my card into a mail sack provided for the purpose and walked over to where my friend of undergraduate days, Hugh Matherson, was standing. There was a far-away look in his eyes, and I knew that he was thinking of his mother and the two charming sisters who had made life so wonderful for him. A splendid chap, an idealist, pure-hearted. We spoke about nothing in particular, each trying to conceal his thoughts. "Well," I said at last, "to-morrow will tell the tale." He looked at me steadily for a minute, and I saw that he was as much affected by the thoughts of dying as I was. "Well, it's for England, you know," he said and laughed shortly as if embarrassed. In the old days one of his principal charms had been fervor. There was no fervor in his voice now. So might it have been

with the youth Isaac when he was being sacrificed . . . without as much as by your leave . . . or damn your eyes!

As the night wore on the moon, as if aware of the impending massacre of youth, disappeared somewhere behind Samothrace, and we of the landing brigade were transferred to ship's lifeboats, holding from twenty-five to thirty men each. From four to six of these boats were attached to steam pinnaces which were to tow them in as far as possible to the beach; the remainder of the distance being accomplished by oars. Several ragged stars looked down at the proceedings with cold unconcern. They had seen similar sacrifices and knew that there was very little ecstasy in patriotism when Death the red-eyed was considering you as his next recruit.

The boats had commenced their slow crawl towards whatever horror awaited them out there in the darkness—darkness that looked as gloomy as the back alleys of Hell. I heard two men, sitting on the thwart ahead of me, discussing the situation. One said, "Those bastards won't get me; I've heard they mutilate their bloody prisoners and leave them to bleed to death." The other—I recognized the voice of my sergeant—replied, "God strike me blind! I don't believe they are there."

A feeling of revulsion shook me, and I tried to tell them that the Turks would do no such thing. To my horror I found that a constriction in my throat prevented my uttering a sound. It was as though a steel band was being tightened around my neck and chest. The thought that this was fear almost drove me crazy. Pulses in my head began to throb, and I began to worry about my courage—about how I should behave in the face of that first shock of fire. Twenty-three is an age that worries about such things. . . .

The steady crawl of the boats continued, and the loom of the forbidding heights began to take shape as the first faint tinges of the Ægean dawn appeared athwart the Plains of Troy. Minutes passed like centuries, but eventually the pastel spears of red and green began to stab the sky until in the distance we could see the beach and the thick bushes on the slopes of the ravines. To my overwrought imagination the Peninsula looked like a sleeping giant with ghastly wounds in its sides—a giant which would presently awake and roar for our blood. Sand and stones began to take form in the growing half-tints, but there was no sign of life on the mysterious grayness of that shore.

I began to fret under the suspense, and strange thoughts chased one another through my brain. I had as a boy seen a steer being dragged into a slaughter-house. It had smelled the blood of its predecessor and had struggled frantically to back out; but the chain around its neck led through a ring in the floor and thence to a power winch which drew it forward to its death . . . inexorably . . . that was the word which so described our progress towards that cold-looking beach. Across the years I remembered the look of terror in that steer's eyes and was able to understand something of the fear which even dumb animals have when they are going to be murdered—and know it.

I strained my eyes staring at the beach until it seemed that my eyeballs were falling out of my head. My mouth and throat were dry and my lips were burning. . . . I had bitten clean through both my lips in my anxiety to see something on the shore. I tried to concentrate on the pain in my lips, but the blazing questions drove all other thoughts out of my mind. Where were the Turks? Were they hidden in the scrub? Did that low-lying ridge conceal them? Why didn't they fire at us? We were close enough now to massacre without much marksmanship. The sergeant turned to me and exclaimed huskily, "Just trying to make sure of us, the bastards!" The men began to blaspheme softly but terribly. Matherson rose in the next boat, shook his

fist at the beach and cried in a voice that I had never heard before, "Why don't you come out, you cowardly bastards?" Red-hot needles were darting in and out of my brain.

The sergeant began to grind his teeth in a horrible manner, cursing obscenely in the *patois* of the underworld. My nerves felt as though they were being shredded with fish-hooks. "Ah, God! Why don't they come out? . . ." The boats were now free of the pinnaces. We were drifting in. The beach looked to be within twenty yards—the *sough-sough* of the undertow and the breaking of the swell on the pebbles could be plainly heard; but there was no other sound from the shore. I prayed, "God of Mercy, make them show themselves!" We lurched against something . . . was it barbed wire in the sea? I was praying again, "God of Pity, stop the needles in my brain!"

Cra-a-a-ash! . . . The landscape burst into a sheet of livid flame which belched forth a hail of lead. God! . . . the beach was alive with Maxims! Subconsciously I began to think that a machine gun could fire five hundred bullets a minute. The ear-splitting crashes of high explosives mingled with shrapnel, bursting in our faces. Boatloads of men were being literally cut to pieces—mangled beyond recognition. The smell of fresh blood and the acrid fumes of the high explosives became sickening, turning my stomach into a heaving retching mass. My brain felt as though it was burning. The rat-a-tat-a-tat of the rifles and machine guns developed into a din, inconceivably hideous, like the sound of thousands of automatic riveting hammers pounding on the side of an empty steamer.

Men were jumping into the water from the forward boats and wading towards the beach where groups of the enemy were rushing down to meet them. The fire rose in volume . . . nobody was going to live long in this . . . if we could only get to them with the bayonet! More boats were being splintered into firewood, capsizing their crews of dead and living into the sea, now rapidly growing red with blood. Men were floating helplessly in the water around my boat—their faces ghastly pale in the thin light. . . . Other men were rushing through the water towards the beach, their bayonets pointed downwards. No need to tell them what to do now!

The fire began to concentrate on my boat, and men were being killed on the forward thwarts. Dropping into the bottom of the boat, I took cover behind the bodies of the dead and went into action with my rifle, picking off single Turks with careful aim. The sergeant was behind me following my example. Suddenly he lurched against me and as I looked back I saw that his head had been cut off just level with his eyes. The sight drove me frantic. . . . I leaped over the side, my rifle and bayonet held fast in my hands. Others were wading through the sea with me, but I was only dimly aware of this. From the shore, strange voices were calling the name of a prophet who had given the world a religion by means of the sword, "*Muhammad! Muhammad!*" . . . and then, "*Allah! Allah!*"

The Turkish cries of "Allah" were met with "We'll give you 'Allah'—you bastards!" Bayonets were being driven into stomachs and throats and, when they could not be withdrawn readily, heels were thrust down to facilitate matters. Men reverted to their primitive instincts to kill in the quickest and surest manner.

Stabbing and slashing, they forced the Turks to give ground. One man—I recognized him as a stretcher-bearer—in the excitement jumped at a Turk who was barring his way and strangled him, tearing the windpipe out. . . . The wild yells sounded like a howl from the very depths of Hell. The attack became the apotheosis of frantic butchery.

A young Turk ran at me, his bayonet advanced, a wild gleam in his eyes, and a strange white slobber dribbling from

the corners of his mouth. I parried his thrust automatically and, with the sudden upward movement we had learned in Egypt, drove my bayonet into his throat. His scream was strangled as a jet of blood spurted out—spurted into my face as I struggled to withdraw my bayonet. . . . Why wouldn't he fall . . . ? And where was the red veil I had been told would descend before my eyes in the heat of battle? I was perfectly cool.

The Turks, unable to withstand the fierceness of our assault, began to retreat up the gullies to the high and glowering ridges in their rear. They had the advantage of knowing the country and were making full use of their knowledge. Taking cover behind bushes and in the small watercourses, they poured volley after volley of withering rifle fire into our ranks as we followed them. With bayonets pointed downward and with the same red fury that had characterized the landing on the beach, we charged on up the valley, leaving behind the cadavers of friend and foe.

Back in Egypt, where we had trained for several months, the Arab boys had sold hard-boiled eggs around the camps and at the railway stations, announcing their wares in broken English, "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" This, shouted with a wild ferocity, became our battle-cry as we made our charge for the possession of those ridges and gullies—ridges and gullies that thousands of years before had resounded to the stirring watchword of "*Zeus soter kai nike!*" shouted by the Greek soldiers of Xenophon's days. And now, "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*"

I found myself with other men shouting that insane shibboleth. Blasphemy such as I had never heard was pouring from the throats of these blood-lusting men at my side. Farther over there were screams that made one shiver—catcalls, moans of the wounded and dying. The dash on up the gullies continued. . . . "*Eggs-a-cook!* We'll give you *Eggs-a-cook*, you Turkish bastards!" Inside, I felt dry and reached for my water bottle and then remembered that it had been cut from my side by machine-gun bullets as I came ashore. Ahead was a rhododendron bush. Well, I would rest there for a little while.

Suddenly from behind that bush there rose two Turks who looked as big as houses, members of the First Turkish Army Corps, flower of the entire Turkish army. One of them was raising his rifle. I fired at him from the level of my hip, and he spun like a top. The other advanced, his bayonet extended. . . . God! how big he looked!—like an elephant. He made a savage lunge and as I tried to parry it he knocked my rifle and bayonet out of my hands, several yards away. Before he could recover I seized his bayonet. In the struggle he drove it through my left hand. . . . I was fumbling for my knife . . . where was it? Ah! my fingers felt the hilt of the friend I always carried—a ten-inch curving blade. Now to dash under that bayonet . . . to stab until my arms were tired.

He lay still where we both had fallen. I was trying to withdraw my precious blade. How still he was! Weariness was stealing over me. I must find shelter, rest for a little while. Ahead there was a slight depression which would offer some cover. I stumbled toward it, the pain in my hand as though starving rats were gnawing at it, the red-hot needles still darting in and out of my brain.

When I awoke the sun was almost directly over my head. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-thirty. At home the people were going to church. From ahead I heard the rattle of rifle fire and the shrill scream of shrapnel, like the sound of a million babies crying. I pushed on up the gully (the gully where, I learned afterwards, Hugh Matherson had fought and killed three Turks single-handed—and where his

head had been torn from his shoulders by a shell), on and up to the scene of that action.

After what seemed an age I stumbled into our fellows fighting like devils . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" Chaos reigned supreme. Officers were dead—they would have been of very little use. The battle had broken up into fierce and bloody combats between small groups of men or individuals. One party had smashed its way clean through to within sight of the Hellespont. (They were never seen again.) *Fight to the last! Don't let them take us prisoners!* All around me were little groups of still khaki forms that had fought to the last man. *Don't let them take us prisoners!* "*Eggs-a-cook! Come on, you bastards!*" (The Turks afterward complained that our fellows would not be taken prisoners.)

As the day lengthened strong Turkish reinforcements appeared on the scene. Battalion after battalion of the cream of the enemy's army was thrown into their first line, and a general acceleration in their attack was felt. Men were falling around me. . . . *Christ Jesus! Where were our supports?* Our men-of-war poured salvo after salvo of fierce fire into the oncoming ranks but could not check the advance. A foe of less caliber would have crumpled in the face of that fire; but here were some of the finest and bravest troops in the world—none braver. (And as we learned later, none more chivalrous.)

Outnumbered by five to one, we could not withstand the enemy's attack. Somebody was shouting, "Let's retire!" We began to make our way back to the rear. Machine-guns and shrapnel took an appalling toll in this retreat; only when it came to the bayonet did we have any advantage. When we were pressed too closely we charged with the blind fury of cornered tigers . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" The Ægean sun was blazing down on the back of my neck . . . those damned needles again . . . dust was rising and choking me. . . . Wounded men were hobbling in our wake until the flying bullets found them—bullets that hissed and buzzed like hornets. Time after time we tried to dig in but the Turks pressed on. The bayonet again . . . "*Eggs-a-cook!*" My rifle was slippery with blood . . . there was no sensation in my hand now. . . . What did it matter? . . . It was only a matter of time before I should die in one of these rushes. I imagined the Turkish steel at my throat.

The retirement continued. An officer, one of his ears hanging from his head and with an arm swinging loosely at his side, appeared from nowhere and shouted, "Back to the ridge! Back to the ridge and hold it!" Back to the ridge we staggered, occasionally making a stand to shake the Turks with a little cold steel. The ridge was reached, and we began to dig with the same blind fury with which we had fought. At our backs was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the sea. . . . A stand had to be made here or else . . . ! The enemy fire was growing in intensity—they had found our range now. In front of us was one of the most determined foes in the world trying to drive us over those cliffs, trying to save the honor of their country. Behind us was dishonor and the jeers of the world. I thought of this and regardless of my hand, dug on . . . fought on. "*Eggs-a-cook!*" . . . And so we dug the thin line which held at bay one of the finest armies the world has ever seen.

Then Hell broke loose again. The Turks attacked in force. On they came, the dying day reverberating to their cries of "*Allah! Allah!*" Down with intrenching tools . . . break up their attack . . . "*Come on, we'll give you 'Allah'!*" The shrapnel was raining down on us like a vicious hailstorm. . . . I prayed for night to cover us and, "O God in Heaven, send us troops!" The men-of-war were firing over us trying to find the Turkish artillery. . . . Our own shells commenced

to fall among us. . . . What did dying matter now? What did the torments of Hell matter now? Officers, new to us, were shouting, "Give them the steel, you bloody larrikins! Good boys, give them the steel!" Out again . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Take that, you Turkish cow!*" Our supports were arriving.

Reserves were coming ashore in driblets. Where there were battalions there should have been brigades; where there were brigades there should have been divisions. Cries for ammunition were rising like the wails of damned souls, "*Ammunition on the left, for the love of Christ! Ammunition on the right, for the love of God!*" I had nothing but my rifle and bayonet. With the others I stood there fighting and digging and shouting, "*Eggs-a-cook!*" Dusk fell.

Night. The night I had prayed for covered us. With another fellow I was in a slit in the ground about six feet long and about four feet deep. Ammunition was coming. I grabbed about a hundred rounds. Men were cursing a few yards away. We spoke. One said, "The bastards are going to attack in a minute."

They did, coming on in masses right up to our trenches . . . frenzied moments of firing at a range of a few yards. A Turk loomed up above me. I grabbed his legs and he crashed down into the bottom of our slit. . . . My companion's bayonet felt for him . . . he screamed. After a while the floor of the slit became slippery—with his blood. God! How hungry I was! . . . how thirsty! Nothing to eat now for twenty-four hours.

The Turkish attacks were beaten off, but after each one of them I heard the pitiful cries of our wounded, "Stretcher-bearer! Stretcher-bearer!" All along the line this pitiful cry. When the history of the Gallipoli campaign is written, high in the ranks of the heroes will be the stretcher-bearers, gallant men who died like flies without a chance to fight back, without the satisfaction of feeling their enemy crumple beneath the shock of a bayonet. Bandaging, carrying, they worked on all through the day and night—gallant gentlemen.

My eyes were like dead things in my head. I could not close them. Still the needles were dancing in my brain . . . the pain returned to my hand . . . rats gnawing and sucking at it. . . . Aching in every limb and with my ear-drums jumping like naked nerves as every shell burst near, I stood in the slit, firing at shadowy forms out there in front. My companion left me to crawl out to where he had seen a flash. . . . "Going to stalk that bird!" he said. If he did not come back I should go crazy. If my eyes would only close—that would be Heaven. Stentorian voices were calling the age-old cry of battle, "*Stand to arms!*" Dawn must be near . . . thank God!

Dawn, looking like a painted harlot, came creeping up the sky over towards Troy. We had taken the Peninsula . . . and held it. Wouldn't the people at home be pleased . . . and if there was anything to this business of supply and demand, wouldn't the price of crêpe have taken a tremendous rise?

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

A CULTURAL FORECAST

This article, contributed by a distinguished American critic and man of letters, is the third and last in our series of anonymous papers forecasting the future of this country.—*The Editors.*

WE ARE becoming more or less familiar with the assumption that our immediate cultural prospects are not good. It is the motive of most of the "literature of revaluation," or, as Mr. H. L. Mencken prefers to call it, the *Katzenjammer* literature of the period. As far as the fact is concerned, we may face it frankly. There seems no doubt that it will be a long time before the humane life, as the ages have understood the term, will prevail among us—before our collective life and its institutions will reflect any considerable spiritual activity. Our present collective life, in its ideals and aspirations as well as in its actual practice, is admittedly conducted upon a very low spiritual level. One has only to imagine Plato or Virgil, Dante or Rabelais contemplating it—souls pre-eminent in the knowledge and practice of the humane life—and one has no trouble in arriving at the verdict that would be passed upon it by the best reason and spirit of mankind. Moreover, there are no discernible tendencies showing promise of a better state of things, at least within a period short enough to give the question more than an academic interest for our day. Those of our grandchildren, if any, who shall feel within them any vague promptings towards the humane life will be unlikely to find the general current setting that way much more strongly than it does at present.

On the score of fact and truth, therefore, one has nothing against the prophets who keep assiduously telling us all this. Their attitude towards the truth, however, and, by consequence, their attitude towards our present representative society, seems a little uncritical. Most of them appear to expect more of our civilization than it can possibly give them; and their disappointment takes shape in irritation and complaint. This seems historically to have been the chief trouble with the evangelizing spirit, and the chief reason why evangelists themselves usually got no great way in the practice of the humane life, and were, on the whole, rather unpleasant persons to have around. Criticism reckons with the causes of things and it duly apprehends the length of the course which matters must run under their propulsion, or even under the force of inertia after those causes are no longer operative. Hence, criticism invariably judges social phenomena according to the strength and inveteracy of the causes that give rise to them.

In our early days, for example, about a century ago, a representative of Cincinnati's light and learning said to Mrs. Trollope, "Shakespeare, madame, is obscene; and, thank God, *we* are sufficiently advanced to have found it out." Criticism does not stop with remarking that this man's view of both Cincinnati and Shakespeare was very inept, and that he should have done better. Criticism, properly employing the scientific imagination, examines the beginnings

and development of Cincinnati's social life, considers its general character and quality, and its only marvel is that any person bred there should have even heard of Shakespeare, or felt it appropriate to have any opinion at all about him, even a silly one. Again, everyone remembers the great fuss that was made last year over the Treasury Department's confiscation of some imported classic, I have forgotten which one; or only the other day, over Mayor Thompson's *opera-buffa* performances in the Chicago libraries. But considering the progress of our cultural life as exhibited consecutively in the great work of Mr. Beard, or as shown by Mr. Bowers, Mr. Sandburg, Mr. Allan Nevins, and Mr. Paxton Hibben, in their study of special periods, criticism can only regard it as by some kind of miracle that the humane life exists at all among us, or that our cultural prospects are even as cheerful as they are.

II

For the humane life does exist among us and, so far as one person's observation goes, it reaches a higher individual development all round among us than in any other society I know of. The reason why our cultural prospects are so poor is not, as is sometimes very superficially said, that there is no culture here. On the contrary, the best culture that I have ever seen, judged by its fruits—culture taking shape in lucidity of mind, intellectual curiosity and hospitality, largeness of temper, objectivity, the finest sense of social life, of manners, of beauty—was in the United States. The aggregate of it is much less, relatively, than elsewhere; but scanty, frail, and unproductive as it is, I have never seen better.

Nor is there any more value in the equally superficial observation that Americans do not much care for culture. What people left to their own devices and preferences ever did much care for culture? The general diffusion and prevalence of culture, as far as it has gone, has always been an effect of the high culture of certain classes. In Europe, where people care more for culture than we do, one cannot help observing how largely the love of it is traditional, and how much of the technical apparatus of culture, on which their own culture is patterned, and by which their love of culture is both stimulated and regulated—how much of all this has come to them by way of sheer legacy. Take out the cultural vestiges and traditions of about three royal courts, and anyone traveling through France can easily reckon the mighty shrinkage of French cultural apparatus and the slowing-down of the general tradition's momentum. The approach to culture is laborious and discouraging, and the natural man dislikes work and is easily discouraged. Spiritual activity is too new a thing in the experience of the race; men have not been at it long enough to be at ease in it. It is like the upright position: men can and do assume the upright position, but seldom keep to it longer than necessary—they sit down when they can. The majority have always preferred an inferior good that was more easily acquired and more nearly immediate, unless they were subjected to some strong stimulus which for collateral reasons made the sacrifices demanded by culture seem worth while. Matthew Arnold quotes the learned Martinus Scriblerus's admirable saying, that, "the taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime."

The church in the Middle Ages could, and did, exercise this power of perversion. It never has had half enough credit for the cultural effect of what it did, even though, for reasons of its own, it did not do all it might have done. The royal courts could exercise the same power, and many of them did, like that of Francis I, for example, and some of the Bavarian kings. Sometimes they co-operated with the church, thus di-

reting two powerful forces towards the same end. The church and the court were in a position, not only to organize spiritual activity of various kinds, but also to give it a prestige that made effective headway against the natural taste for the bathos. With these supports and recommendations, culture got over its initial obstacles, and later could make its own way, relying upon its own power of attraction. The Belgians were always a musical people after their own fashion, and a very good and interesting fashion; but the Elector of Bavaria, Max-Emmanuel, when Governor of the Netherlands, organized music as a function of the civil service, thus giving it a prestige whereby the Belgians were brought "to relish the sublime" in that art, as they still do, and would probably for some time continue to do, even if the royal patronage of music were withdrawn. It is not generally understood, I think, that a very extensive organization of spiritual activity once took place on our continent, in the Mormon polity under Brigham Young; and though it remained in force so short a time, traces of its effect are still plainly to be seen.

Now, it is the lack in America of any influence that by common consent can exercise just this power of perversion, which makes the outlook for culture so unpromising. The person who looks wistfully at culture must go forward practically alone against the full force of wind and tide. Such culture as we have is solitary and uninfluential, existing fortuitously, like stonecrop in the interstices of a much-trodden pavement. One can imagine nothing more disregarded, disparaged, more out of the general run of American affairs. By general consent culture has no place in our institutional life; not in the pulpit, not in the public service or in journalism, notoriously not in our colleges and schools, not in our literature—such of our literature, at least, with rare and very interesting exceptions, as gets itself easily published and considerably read. Here again, however, criticism, while regretting the fact, can see nothing unnatural in it, and nothing susceptible of immediate change. Our whole institutional life is carried on with a view to objects and purposes which are not those of culture; and this complete alienation of culture from its processes is, therefore, quite to be expected. It is simply a fact to be remarked, not a condition to be complained of. In other civilizations the natural taste for the bathos has been, by common consent, severely modified through processes of perversion; but in ours it has been glorified by common consent into unapproachable dominance.

To the eye of criticism, some of the consequences of this are interesting. With the natural taste for the bathos everywhere unrestrained and rampant, there is hardly anyone among us who suspects the existence of impersonal critical standards, much less feels it incumbent on him to pay them any respect. A European would see at once, for instance, why a ruler like Frederick the Great, whose position raised him above pettiness and self-interest, with advisers like Von Humboldt and Schleiermacher, would be likely to devise a better system of secondary schools than could be worked out by some local school-board appointed by a mayor. An American would not see it so easily; ten to one he would say the local board would do better, as more likely "to give the people what they want"—more likely, that is, to meet a grand average of local taste for the bathos. Thus, there really exists no sense among us of what is first-class, second-class, third- or fourth-class, or of what makes it so.

Everyone has noticed that our reviewers bestow exactly the same order of praise on a fourth-class work of art—a book, for example—that they do upon a first-class work. I have now before me, for instance, some reviews of a new novel; and two or three of the writers—men of some pretensions, whose word goes a long way with readers, I under-

stand—could not be more earnestly reverential if they were speaking of Cervantes's masterpiece. I have not read the novel, and it may be very great, of course, but really can it be *that* great? With all my best wishes for the author, I fear not. Many fourth-class books indeed deserve high praise; we all have read such books with pleasure, and with no less pleasure because we knew all the time that they were fourth-class books, and knew why they were such, and knew that the pleasure we were getting out of them was of an entirely different order from that which we get out of first-class books. A fourth-class book is not *ipso facto* to be disparaged, for it may be very good indeed; but neither is it to be spoken of in the same terms one would use of a first-class book, and no writer with any critical sense—no writer, that is, who was depending on something above and beyond a mere personal estimate of the work before him—would dream of doing so.

In this general critical insensitiveness, Americans remind one of those large worms of the species called Eunice, I think, which will begin to eat their own bodies if they discover them lying in range of their mouth. Americans have no Philistine objection to a good thing; on the contrary, they often accept it. But they accept it without exercising any critical faculty upon it; without really knowing that it is good, or knowing what makes it so. Their estimate is purely personal. Until this is understood it seems anomalous, for example, that *The Education of Henry Adams* should be a best-seller, as for some time it was. But they will also accept a bad thing with equal interest and with the same critical insensitiveness, especially if it bears some kind of specious recommendation. At the Opéra-Comique in Paris not long ago, I sat beside a very pleasant stranger who turned out to be an American, through all that I could endure of the very worst performance of "Hoffmann" I ever heard in my life. After the first act my neighbor praised it with immense enthusiasm, which embarrassed me into silence. Finally, however, being obliged to say something, I said that having heard the same opera so lately at Brussels, I supposed I was rather spoiled. "Ah, Brussels!" he said. "Well, now, that's interesting. I overheard somebody saying that same thing out in the street, just as I was coming in. But I didn't pay much attention to it, you know, because I sort of took for granted that the best performances must be here in Paris."

It would be unfair to press this illustration too far, because very few Americans nowadays, especially if they live in New York, have a chance to hear even a tolerable performance of "Hoffmann." But without any unfairness, the reader will have no trouble in getting the implication. A visiting European would have been likely to know that the performance we heard was bad; he would have known why it was bad; and the fact of its being given at the Opéra-Comique in Paris would have had no weight with him whatever. The great majority of Americans (without prejudice to the gentleman who sat beside me) are quite devoid of this critical faculty. What they encounter under some special set of altogether unrelated circumstances they are predisposed to accept and applaud, quite unaware that there is a strict impersonal standard set for such matters, and that, according to this standard, the thing they are accepting may be rated very low indeed. This uncritical attitude appears in every department of spiritual activity, and indulgence in it is unchecked by any organized influence of any kind.

Indeed, every organized influence is actively on the other side; it is on the side of the natural taste for the bathos. When Francis I or the Elector Max-Emmanuel or Richelieu set out to make some partial and indirect recommendation of the humane life—to show in some measure what a good, desirable, and satisfactory thing it is—he had a fairly

clear field. He did not find the natural taste for the bathos greatly fortified by innumerable mechanical accessories, and flattered by all the arts of salesmanship employed in disposing of them. This is the crucial difference, from the standpoint of culture, that criticism observes between the times, say, of the Elector Max and those of Albert I. When the Elector Max established the Monnaie, he had hardly any competition to meet. There was no horde of commercial enterprisers busily encouraging the popular taste for the bathos to think that it was good taste, just as good as anybody's, that its standards were all right, and that all it had to do was to keep on its natural way in order to come out as well as need be, and to realize as complete satisfaction as the human spirit demands. This is the kind of thing which Albert I, in continuing the Elector Max's tradition, has to meet; and in America where there has never been any authoritative tradition, and no power capable of establishing one, this is the kind of thing which goes on in greater strength and larger extension than anywhere else in the world.

III

This is the condition that really determines the forecast which criticism is obliged to make for culture in America. The situation, viewed *in limine*, is clearly quite hopeless; and criticism makes this forecast, I repeat, without blame, and, as I shall show presently, without despair or depression. What is the use of recommending the satisfactions of spiritual activity to people who are already quite satisfied amid the inconceivable multiplicity of mechanical accessories and organized promotions of spiritual inactivity? Tell them, as our prophets and reformers do, that a natural taste for the bathos is educable and improvable, and that they ought to do something about it in order to attain the highest degree of happiness possible to humanity, and they reply, "You may be right, but we are not interested. We are doing quite well as we are. Spiritual activity is hard work; nobody else is doing it, and we are getting on comfortably without any work. We have plenty of distractions to take up our time, plenty of good company, everybody is going our way and nobody going yours." What can one answer? Nothing, simply. There is no answer.

There never was a time of so many and so powerful competitive distractions contesting with culture for the employment of one's hours, and directly tending towards the reinforcement and further degradation of the natural taste for the bathos. One need but think of the enormous army of commercial enterprisers engaged in pandering to this taste and employing every conceivable device of ingenuity to confirm and flatter and reassure it. Publishers, newspaper-proprietors, editors, preachers, purveyors of commercial amusement, college presidents—the list is endless—all aim consciously at the lowest common denominator of public intelligence, taste, and character. One may not say that they do this willingly in all cases, yet they do it consciously. But this is not all. Usually for social reasons or, one may say, for purposes of exhibition, the natural taste for the bathos largely pays a kind of acknowledgment to the superiority of culture. This acknowledgment takes the form of a willingness, or even a desire, to assume the appearance of culture and counterfeit its qualities. Commercial enterprise has seized upon this disposition and made as much of it as it can, thereby administering to the natural taste for the bathos the subtlest flattery of all.

Thus unfortunately in literature, education, music, art, in every department of spiritual activity, we have developed an impressive system of passive exercise in culture, a system proposing to produce a sound cultural development while the mind of the patient remains completely and comfortably inert upon its native plane of

thought and imagination. The apparatus of this substitutionary process is well known to everyone; the "outline" of this or that, the travel-bureau, the lecture-bureau, the Browning club, the Joseph Conrad club, and so on. Its peak of organization, by the testimony of William James, is reached at Chautauqua. Thus the pursuit of an imitation or Brummagem culture is industriously sophisticated by brisk young college professors with an agreeable gift for miscellaneous volubility, and effeminized by the patronage of women's clubs. I have every wish that this last observation shall not be misunderstood. Whatever may have been the case at the beginning, I feel sure that if the work and influence of women were now subtracted from our society we should after a short time have very little of a civilized environment left. The cartoonist's count against the male of the species, I think, is a true one—I know it is true against myself—that, left to his own devices, he contentedly lapses into squalor. All I suggest is that a natural taste for the bathos knows no distinction of sex. The uncritical attitude towards affairs of the spirit is common to women and men. Among us, spiritual activity, or the counterfeit of it, has always been popularly regarded as lying quite exclusively in woman's province; indeed, our economic system has already brought men pretty well down to the anthropoid level by condemning them to incessant preoccupation with the mere means of existence. Hence our apparatus of culture and our management of it are peculiarly susceptible to a feminine variant of the natural taste for the bathos. Perhaps one sees a fair example of this susceptibility, and the fruits of it, in the overwhelming interest in personalities in any form of art. Everyone in New York knows, for example, how hard it is to find out what a musical program is going to be. The artist is heavily featured; the program is not advertised to any extent. In Europe the program is as much a feature of advertising as the artist, and usually much more.

It must never be forgotten—one cannot be insisting on it at every paragraph in an article of this length—that culture has not for its final object the development of intelligence and taste, but the profound transformations of character that can only be effected by the self-imposed discipline of culture. An appearance of culture, effected by no discipline whatever, but only by docility in following one's nose, cannot bring about these transformations. It is not to be doubted, I think, that Americans will soon have a very considerable nodding acquaintance with the best in literature and in the other arts, which is the working apparatus of culture; many influences, mostly commercial, already conspire to promote this. But the transformations of character, which are the only fruit of culture that make it worth serious recommendation, are not to be brought about in that way. It is one thing, for the sake of collateral purposes unrelated to culture, to desire this nodding acquaintance and to undergo the passive exercise necessary to get it; and it is quite another thing to desire the transformations of character attainable only through culture, and to submit to the discipline of culture necessary to effect them.

Probably everyone who is more or less occupied in the works and ways of culture runs across an occasional spirit, usually young and ardent, who desires the fruits of culture and welcomes the discipline that brings them forth. Sanguine persons argue from this phenomenon that matters look brighter, bidding us think of what the grandparents of these young people, and the society that surrounded them, were like. Criticism, however, measures the strength of the opposite pull on these young people of the present day, discriminates carefully between real and apparent culture, as between leaves and fruit; it looks attentively into the matter of motive directed towards either, and it is obliged

to regard this sign of promise as misleading. Superficially it is perhaps impressive.

I get letters from many such young spirits, and as so many come to an inconspicuous person like myself, I sometimes wonder how many come to persons whose relations with culture are in a sense official. But actually it has little significance. I have two such letters this morning—what is one to say? The worst of it is that my correspondents mostly tell me they are not poor and that they have no responsibilities which would prevent their doing measurably what they like. Apparently they have enough in their favor; it is the imponderabilia that are against them. There is no trouble about telling them what to do, but one is all the time oppressed by the consciousness of delivering a counsel of perfection. How can one say to these correspondents, "Well, but the farther you progress in culture, the farther out of the current of affairs you put yourself, the more you are deprived of the precious sense of co-operation with your fellows; and this is a rather hard and forlorn prospect for a young person to face"? The author of the *Imitation* said with great acuteness that "the fewer there be who follow the way to heaven, the harder that way is to find"—and, he might have added, the harder to follow. It is not to be wondered at that these youthful spirits so often abandon themselves to a sterile discontent, and to a final weary acceptance of such slender compromise as the iron force of the civilization about them may yield.

Sanguine persons also get encouragement out of the revaluation-process that they see, or think they see, going on in America, and hope for great things from it. Criticism again, however, after taking stock of this process as benevolently as it can, must regard their hopes as illusory. The pretended signs or symptoms of revaluation mean actually nothing of the kind. The present popularity of a certain type of historical and biographical writing, for instance, argues nothing for culture. It does not imply any unusual energy of aspiration, or indeed anything necessarily but a vagrant and vulgar curiosity. A very brief view of the most popular books of this type is enough to show this clearly; one may see at a glance that their success is a success of scandal. As much may be said for the type of social study presented in pseudo-critical essays, and in the fiction produced by what one of my friends describes as "cheeky reporters with rather nasty minds." Criticism does not pause to discuss the collateral effects of this body of literature, but merely observes that it does nothing for culture, and that any expectations based upon its popularity had better be given up. We all know that this literature is almost invariably approached for the sake of a kind of delectation which criticism must regard as extremely low. One approaches it to have one's own vague malevolences, suspicions, repugnances, formulated and confirmed, and then reflected back upon one's own consciousness by force of a clever and specious style. How many readers can one imagine approaching Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novels, for instance, or Mr. Mencken's essays in any other spirit than that of Little Jack Horner? So far, then, from tending towards the transformation of character through culture, our whole body of "revaluation-literature" really withstands and retards it. Hence, too, the "revaluation-process," of which this literature is taken as symptomatic, appears to be greatly misapprehended; and this misapprehension, again, assists in the sacrifice of one generation at least, and for all that can now be seen to the contrary, of several.

IV

Criticism however, as I said, observes these untoward facts, observes even these lamentable sacrifices, without depression or despair. It is aware that culture and the humane life have

one invincible ally on their side—the self-preserving instinct in humanity. This ally takes its time about asserting itself, but assert itself finally and effectively it always does. Ignorance, vulgarity, a barbaric and superficial spirit, may, and from all appearances will, predominate unquestioned for years in America, for ages if you like: no one can set a term to it. But a term there is, nevertheless, and when it is reached, men will come back to the quest of the humane life because they cannot do without it any longer. That is what has always happened, and it will happen again. Probably no one in that day will be able to tell just what has moved them; the general currents of life will simply reverse themselves, and no one will be able to assign any better reason for it than that humanity could not any longer put up with their running the way they were.

Perhaps by that time the political entity which we now know as the United States will have disappeared; one sees no reason to attach any peculiar permanence to it over any of the other political entities that have come and gone. Criticism, indeed, attaches very little importance to the bare question of the future of culture in the United States—*sub specie æternitatis*, what is the United States? Criticism knows well enough what the future of culture will be, and it may tentatively observe that its prospects in one place or another, for a few generations or a few centuries perhaps, seem to show this-or-that probable degree of correspondence with that future; but it interests itself no farther. Virgil and Marcus Aurelius had no nationalist conception of culture; anxiety about Roman culture was the last thing to enter their minds. Socrates and his friends did not inflate themselves with notions of the humane life as an Athenian property; they turned over all that kind of bombast to the politicians and publicists of the period, and threw in some rare humor for good measure, to keep it company. Their course is the one which criticism suggests as sincerely practical for Americans of the present time. Contemplating the future of culture in no set terms of nationality or race or time, they recognized the self-preserving instinct of mankind as on its side, and did not worry about it any farther. On the contrary, they approached their own age with the understanding, equanimity, humor, and tolerance that culture indicates; and instead of expecting their civilization to give them more than it possibly could give them, instead of continually fretting at their fellow-citizens, blaming, browbeating, or expostulating with them for their derogations from the humane life, they bent their energies as far as circumstances allowed towards making progress in the humane life themselves.

Yet even within the local and temporary scope assigned for this paper, one must remember that the movements of the self-preserving instinct are unpredictable. No one can say confidently where or when its stirrings will first take place; one can only say that somewhere and at some time they surely will take place. In the dusk of the Dark Ages the self-preserving instinct's great movement which we now call the Renaissance was unpredictable; no one could guess the place or time of its breaking forth. In the dusk of the Machine Age we can do no better. One makes the best forecast that the visible signs suggest, but the stretch of the unpredictable is vast. The chief authority on the subject seems to have had this in mind when He remarked that the Kingdom of Heaven—the profound and saving transformations of character contemplated by culture—"is within you." The experience awaiting the believer in culture is faithfully foreshadowed in one of the recently-discovered *logia*, or sayings attributed to Jesus—"Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he finds; and when he finds, he shall wonder. Wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom; and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall find rest."

SPINSTER AND CAT

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

THE birds were making a great chatter in the vines outside. As Toldine dressed she kept an anxious eye on the window. She went downstairs and opened the back door to the fresh green summer morning. Sammie was not on the wash bench, his place. Toldine looked anxiously over the dewy grass with its long early shadows under the apple trees. She thought of all the other cats that on some tragic morning hadn't appeared, and wondered how long they were going to let her keep this one. Then she heard "Miaow!" from inside the house. He had slipped past her skirts into the kitchen.

"Ach, you was here then?" she cried. "Was that why the birds made all that fuss—over you?"

"M'yow!" he answered her and jumped up against her skirt to beg her to hurry.

But before she fed him both must stop for their invariable morning rite of greeting. Toldine crouched and put her hand on his head, and Sammie lifted his head a little to meet the curving touch. The sleek gray floss of the fur was warm under the dry roughness of the palm; and beneath the pressure of the knotted fingers, the fur was flattened down in streaks, and then, rising softly back, crackled with fine electric life. A look of deep affection came from the mysterious unchanging beryl-brightness of the eyes. The head ducked, the body arched and curved, Sammie began to purr, purr loudly.

"Was you glad to get in?" Then she accused him, "Where you been? You been somewhere!" She tried to pull off the dry cobweb thread that had entwined two of his whiskers. "You don't like that! Ach, then you shouldn't get into such places, come in with your whiskers mussed up like a stray cat. You won't say where you been!" Then she crouched lower, stroked his head again, and her voice softened to the mysterious murmur of affection between them. The beryl eyes looked brightly back at her. The purr deepened into a sound lower, richer, more continuous, at the very heart of contentment. "Here he is again! Got his paws wet. Ain't you ashamed to come in with wet paws? No, you ain't ashamed of nothing, are you? Ja, he's a nice fellow, ja, he's a fine fellow."

And then, all at once, Sammie was through. He wanted just that much and no more. He began to claw at Toldine's skirt, with piteous little reminders, as she rose staggering to her feet.

"You'll get something. You needn't be afraid. You don't get left out. Not in this house. I guess you didn't catch nothing. Had poor mousing."

When he saw her begin her neat little morning preparations he was ready to be satisfied. She went out to the back step for the bundle of twigs that she had gathered from all over the two lawns the night before and broken into even lengths. She took off the lid of the cook stove, with the incurved ribs of iron showing clean and ashy-gray, put in the two-days-old newspaper, laid a criss-

cross pile of twigs over that, and then, at the right moment, just when the twigs began to crackle, she bent to the hod and grabbed out three sticks of rough kindling from the radio crate Carl had chopped up and let her have. If she did this exactly as it should be done she needed no coal for her morning coffee. When the fire was going she put on the clean but battered blue-granite coffee pot with the coffee left over from yesterday noon. She got a fresh pail of slopping, shining water. Then she took down the miniature pie tin which she called "the cat's dish," filled it two-thirds full of milk, and set it on the stove after the coffee had boiled and when there was just enough heat left to warm it. "Ja, he has to have his milk warm. He won't take it cold," she said commending him.

Now came her little arrangements in the dining room. She laid a clean newspaper over her place on the Japanese tablecloth, put on her plate, one of the old German silver knives and one of the spoons (it wasn't necessary to dirty a fork in the morning), set on two slices of bread and a little saucer of drying cheese and a saucer of butter. When there were berries in the garden she had berries. She laid the other half of the newspaper down on the rug beside her chair. Sammie marched over to that, yawning. Then she broke a little bread into Sammie's dish and brought it down to the newspaper, holding it away from him carefully when he jumped up too eagerly. He had been fairly patient before, but now that his milk was within reach he set up a terrible commotion of miaowing.

"Ach, you can't be *that* hungry! Well, now you got it."

She set down the pie tin, and then she heard with complacent pleasure the dainty, rapid, skillful sound of his lapping. The sound was "company."

She poured out her coffee, spread her bread, cut an oblong piece of cheese into four exact slices with her knife. She spread out her last night's Dubuque paper which Carl's little girl had brought over to her after Carl had finished with it, flattened it out with her hand, and began to read the society items which she had saved until this morning. She took a thick reading glass and moved it slowly from item to item. "Mr. and Mrs. G. Armstrong Davis announce the engagement of their daughter Ethelyn . . ." No matter how people kept after her, she could keep from spending her money for glasses. From time to time she laid a strip of cheese on a strip of bread, took a bite, a drink of coffee. Petunias were crowded into a jelly glass on the table, and a faint fragrance came from them. Woman and cat ate in almost noiseless contentment.

But when she was half way through, her sister Henrietta came over from next door with a plate of cookies and a hunk of suet.

"Ach, you're eating a'ready! You're earlier than them over there. Ja, I don't know, Dorothy she ain't one to get up, and Carl now he's getting to be just like her. I brought you these cookies you should eat with your coffee. This suet I brought along for the cat. I see it on the table. I thought he might as well make 'way with it. You let him eat in here?"

"*He* won't hurt nothing."

Henrietta threw down the suet. It landed with a thump on the paper. Sammie drew back startled and outraged, but under encouragement consented to sniff at it with his pink nose. Then, giving his white-mittened paw one delicate utterly decisive shake, he turned his back and walked away. It described the suet perfectly.

Henrietta was astonished. "Look at that! I thought he'd gobble that up. I thought all cats liked meat." But her face was red.

Toldine said drily, "No, suet he won't touch."

"You got him spoiled!"

Toldine made no comment.

When Henrietta left, Sammie came back to his dish and finished his milk

with calm gusto. Toldine regarded him with deep sympathy. "Ja, you knew how you wanted your breakfast!" They liked it better to be left together. Contentment flowed around them.

After breakfast Toldine carried out her small array of dishes to the kitchen, dipped warm water out of the reservoir, poured the coffee grounds about the roots of some plants. The cookies she had not touched. They were not needed for breakfast. Sammie followed her. He sat down on the linoleum in a square of sunshine and began his morning laundry work. He gave a few casual licks at his snowy chest, brief attention to his white mittens, and then set to work with concentrated ardor on a patch of seemingly spotless gray fur just behind his left shoulder.

Toldine regarded him with humorous and admiring appreciation. "Ja," she said, "you got to wash up too?"

When she had finished, every dish used was in its precise place. Sammie was shining. His white chest swelled into a magnificent spotless shirt front. His white mittens were perfect. Spots of scrubbed gray fur were moist and flat. His whiskers rayed out from his fluffy chops majestically. He was satisfied with himself.

Every morning there were these preliminaries through which Toldine and Sammie both must go. Now they were ready for the real business of the day.

Henrietta, looking from the kitchen window of the other house, thought, half contemptuous, half baffled:

"What all does she think she's doing out there?"

Toldine was in the garden. She went about looking at plants with minute attention. She picked the withered pinks and threw them upon the little heap of plant debris she was piling up at the edge of the garden. She tied twine around the spreading phlox. She found out just where the dry earth needed digging with her gritty little trowel about the flower roots. She filled two wooden buckets (candy buckets, the store man had given them to her, they had cost nothing), and then to and from these she made excursions with an old teapot and put just the amount of water needed upon just the plants that must have it. She began making bouquets for the house. Her array of receptacles stood out on the wash bench: two jelly glasses, a bottle, a saucer, an ink well. Such bouquets, Dorothy said! But, "Toldine she's got her own way of doing things," Henrietta warned her. The saucer Toldine massed full of rose-colored petunias picked from their stems. She stuck three pansies—blue, white, yellow—into the inkwell. Into one tiny cylindrical bottle, that had once contained twenty-five cents' worth of perfume, she set a single tuft of sweet alyssum. She had found the bottle "thrown away." This bouquet was her triumph.

Once she made an excursion into the wood shed. She mounted a dry goods box and stood for five minutes motionless, impassive, gazing with concentrated attention through a knot hole into the back yard of old John Carpenter next door until she had observed enough for her satisfaction. Then, with a small dry smile, she stepped down from the box, left the shed, and went back to her flowers.

"You coming out too?" she said.

Yes, Sammie had now made up his mind to join her. Toldine never urged him against his inclinations—even if there had been any use in that!—but she was gratified when he chose to be with her. He followed her about for a while through the garden in the fresh morning sunshine. Certain matters called for his attention, and others for hers. There was a patch of warm earth where he must roll. It was necessary for him to keep an eye on a gopher entrance. He was on the lookout for birds, too, although this Toldine would never admit to Henrietta. They praised him for bringing mice and then scolded him for catching birds! "How are you to

know?" Toldine demanded in consoling indignation. But she guarded the birds from Sammie as she guarded him from his larger enemies.

The street was waking up about them. The folks in the other house were up now. Toldine didn't need to watch for that. She had a contemptuous knowledge of it from their shouting and banging about. The milkman came. As always, he grabbed for Sammie and, as always, Sammie ran. "Whatcha wanta run for? I wouldn't hurtcha!" the milkman shouted vociferously. "Hey, fellow! I was just gonna have little fun with you. Why, our old cat, I rub up her fur the wrong way and swing her around by her tail, and she likes it!" And as he set down the pint bottle of milk on the wash bench, he demanded with loud facetiousness, "Well, Miss Schönwetter, I hear you and Old John next door have struck up quite a friendship! Now, don't ask me where I heard it. I hear everything. You can't fool your milkman. Say, don't you think it's pretty mean of you to deprive some nice fellow of your good cooking all these years? Better let me find you some nice old bach when I'm out on the route and bring him around. I see all these old baches."

"I guess not," was all that Toldine answered. He went away whistling joyfully. But when he had left and Sammie came back to the garden Toldine patted the cat's head. "Ja, you don't like him. No, I don't neither," she said with great contentment.

Now the annoyances began. Enemies menaced them every day; and even in this secluded garden, every day was a struggle. There was a steely alertness under Sammie's silken placidity. He blinked his eyes in the sunshine, but always a bright slit was showing. Toldine was on the watch for that boy across the street—that tormentor. Then there was that big nondescript brown dog that usually came rampaging through the garden at some time during the morning. Toldine took the part of all animals against all people. But she couldn't really care for that dog, and she saw what Sammie had against him. Anything she fed him went down in a gulp. Just speak to him and he'd be all over you. Before you were through, you had to be cross with him; and Toldine didn't like that. He should have seen!—she thought.

And there were always people. Toldine did no calling except to visit the family graves in the cemetery. But people came to the Schönwetter place. There was a tradition that no plants did so well as those from the Schönwetter garden. Toldine had a knack. She couldn't tell what it was and made no attempt to do so. That, she thought again, they ought to have seen!

Some of these people Sammie accepted and some he didn't. When Addie Epperson came Sammie sat blank and motionless. She gave a little shriek. "I didn't know that cat was here!" She fussed and fidgeted around and asked nervously how Toldine could stand him. "I think cats are so creepy!" There was ineffable contempt in Sammie's immobility. He wouldn't even bother to walk away from Addie Epperson. All her effusions over the "*wonderful* flowers" did not thaw Toldine's silent, grim disdain. Fat, heavy, perspiring Mrs. Kaster was worse than that. "Shoo! Scat! S-sss! Get out o' here! I can't stand no cats around." She had no perception of Toldine's cold fury. She went around stepping on budding plants and asking for seeds just the same; and when she left she urged Toldine heartily, "Why don't you ever get out o' here and come over? You want to be sociable. It'll do you good." There were a few people whom Sammie approved. There was Mrs. Williams, just out of college, shy and lonely, the wife of the high-school principal. He flung himself instantly before her on the warm ground strewn with dry shreds of grass and sticks and withered petals. "Now look at your coat!" Toldine told him in mild accusation. But she sympathized. "Ja, he knows." The lonely young

couple, out of place in the little town and aware of criticism, were pleased by this acceptance. Mr. Williams lingered a long time talking with Toldine and trying to ask businesslike questions about gardening, of which he knew nothing. Toldine didn't care what people said. She kept things to herself—to the uneasiness, relief, and the total miscomprehension of her family; but all her life she had cherished a deep, calm, satisfactory detestation of the heartily unconscious Mrs. Kaster.

Now she was getting deeper into her work and deeper into the summer day. So was Sammie. Their paths were gradually diverging. Sammie — like Toldine herself—followed a neat, prearranged routine every day, changing somewhat from week to week, and varying slightly to suit the weather. But on a day so fine as this he could allow himself some leeway from his set rule of procedure. Toldine noted ever so often with satisfaction that he was still about. He was affectionate this morning. As she crouched among the potato plants he came and rubbed his head and then his whole soft length against her sun-warmed arm. "Ach, so you like me, do you?" He blinked his shining eyes in agreement. Toldine answered, in a mutter, an old accusation, "Lazy! I guess you ain't lazy! You don't have to tell folks about everything you do." He kept regular office hours, just like a man, in his mousing places. Only he was more sensible than a man. When there was nothing to do he didn't pretend to do it. He was leaving the garden, however, by stages. He had got as far as the shade of the snowball bush now. He took his time.

Little Varselles came running over from the other house. Toldine welcomed her, welcomed all little children—saved pieces of hard candy for them from her Christmas presents and secreted funny toys in out-of-the-way nooks about the house. Dorothy had dressed Varselles in her Sunday dress which had got dirty. Ach, that wasn't right! She was barefooted and sucking sugar.

"Hello, Aunt Toldine."

"You up a'ready?"

"Yes, I *been* up." Then she asked just what Toldine was dreading.

"Where's Sammie?"

Toldine said she didn't know. She went on working while Varselles hung plaintively about her. Toldine saw the cat all the time, but she made no sign, and neither did he. Then Varselles discovered him. He was sitting very upright in the mottled shade of the snowball bush, and—oh, how fine he looked! His gray coat glistened with sunlight. A tiny iridescence shone at the tip of each fine hair. His eyes glittered green, with woven satiny color under the glassy surface, a round of color dented in to the intense slit of black opening and closing at the center. His white chest swelled out in fluffy majesty from under his whiskered face, his white-mittened paws were set neatly on the ground, and his tail was curled compactly around his person.

Varselles was in ecstasy. "Look, Aunt Toldine! See! I've found him."

It gratified Toldine that Varselles was always after the cat, but it worried her too, for she knew what might happen. "He looks so pretty. Oh, I *want* him!" Gurgling wildly with joy, she dived for him. Instantly Sammie retreated. His eyes had a baleful glare. He suddenly spat—knew he shouldn't have done it—was angry and didn't care; stretched out as long as an eel, ran, slid, and was lost in the berry bushes. Varselles plunged after him and then turned back loudly weeping.

"Aunt Toldine! He spit at me!"

"Ja, he was bad," Toldine admitted. "But it was the way you went after him."

"But I love him. I want him. Why won't Sammie let me get him, Aunt Toldine?"

"Ja," Toldine told her, "you love him too hard. That he won't stand for." Varselles was staring at her with tragic

eyes. "You want to treat him—ja, as if you liked him, but just the same as he does you, not so much more."

"The dog likes me to like him!"

"Ja, but the dog ain't the cat. You got to know."

But she never would know, Toldine thought. Fond as she was of Varselles, she had already judged the child by her small inner tribunal. Too much fuss. Fussing, stewing, noisiness, rampaging, a to-do—all these things she condemned. That you only did when you couldn't get things done without it. Ja, and that Becker fellow from south of town—he was a bachelor, and he liked cats, and wasn't so blustering around as most men. Toldine smiled a discreet little smile; ja, but him too Sammie walked away from. If the fellow followed he turned with one brief snarl. He admired cats too much and was too humble. No, you couldn't stand that kind of a fellow all the time. He would be in the way. Toldine and Sammie had their own little hard criterion.

She was glad Henrietta wasn't around, however, or Dorothy. "That cat spit at Varselles. You ought to get rid of it." She could hear them saying that. It would be one more black mark in the long list of their grievances against Sammie. Ja, because he was hers, Toldine supposed—belonged to her and paid no attention to them—they could never rest until they had made her get rid of him. She had given Henrietta what she demanded of the family belongings: the big skillet, the leather chair, an immense platter for which neither of them had any use. She even let "those two" gather the best apples. But she fought to keep Sammie. All morning she kept warily out of sight of that kitchen window.

And it wasn't only the folks in the other house. In spite of the praises Sammie received—"Fine cat!" from men and "Will he let me pick him up?" from women—in spite of that radiant, innocent delight of little children—Toldine knew that there was always something working against him. "Well, Toldine's alone there, she gets lots of company out of her cat," the family said to other people in tolerant shame. But she knew how they resented her having him. Boys in the neighborhood were on the alert to torment him. Mrs. Judge Lawson went around telling people the cats must be destroyed if the birds, "so much more valuable," "man's little helpers," were to be saved—ja, when she wasn't stewing about the minister, or the school principal, or the town garbage! There were all the women in town—old maids, too, some of them—who talked about "some child" and grudged Sammie his food on principle. It wasn't enough for her and Sammie to live off here by themselves minding their own business. Other people wouldn't allow it.

The worst was that old John Carpenter. Ja, and if she were to tell what she knew about him! The folks in the other house would try to make her get rid of Sammie; but they would never dare do it themselves. There were things of hers that they wanted. And after all, she lived next door and belonged to the family. John Carpenter said he had had enough of that noise. It was disgraceful. If the owner wouldn't get rid of that cat, some night he'd do it himself. Rousing the neighborhood when Christian folks were all in bed! Why did folks want to own animals, anyway?

And now Sammie was gone. "Ja, he got disgusted!" Toldine looked in his haunts—the nest of grass under the apple trees, a certain spot beneath the berry bushes. He was in none of them. She missed him, but she was relieved. There were other dangers—traps, dogs, poisoned rats—in the barns and pastures where he hunted. But until Varselles had forgotten he was better out of sight. Toldine went back and settled to the business of spraying the potatoes and worked hard until noon.

The afternoon was very hot. Toldine had got all her heavy work done in the morning. She took some sewing out to

the shade of the big tree that grew between the two houses. From there she watched the "doings" in the other house. Fussing around ironing in that hot kitchen!

"Ja, you know better, don't you?" she said to Sammie.

She watched the goings-on with a scorn of which her thin, dark, impassive face gave no sign. Why couldn't that girl—she still called her nephew's wife "that girl" in her own mind—have got up a little earlier if she had all this to do? And if the ironing kept her so busy, why must she try and put through all that extra baking at the same time? Over there it was always a turmoil—ja, if not one thing, then another. And if two of them were so many for her to 'tend to, so that she flew at them and scolded them and couldn't keep them with clean faces, why did she want to go and have another right away? Henrietta living there with them made things all the worse. They must do *her* way all the time, and she must do *their* way. Henrietta ought to remember Katrinka, the little tiger the Schönwetters had had years ago. Toldine thought of that with a subtle reminiscent smile. When Katrinka had a batch old enough, then she cuffed 'em off and went back to her own business. Toldine was condemning the whole workings of the other house, its entire philosophy. Still, if Henrietta hadn't been living there, she would have tried to stay with Toldine. Some folks didn't know how to get on alone. So let her stay there!

She could see Henrietta in the dining room, working like mad, cutting out dresses. If folks would use what they'd got they'd be better off. Who needed so much anyway?

"No, you don't, do you?" she said to Sammie. "And you know how to have a better time than any of them!"

Always more, more, more, and then never satisfied!

She rocked. She and the cat had their own little arrangements for hot-weather comfort. Sammie lay over near the pump where water had been spilled earlier in the day and where the ground still kept the faintest suggestion of damp coolness. The shade under the big tree was a vantage-ground for observation of the neighborhood. Toldine's face was inscrutable. Dorothy always said, with easy patronage, "Aunt Toldine goes her own way, she never pays any attention to other folks." Henrietta said, "You don't know what all she sees."

Henrietta came over now. Toldine saw that she had her eye on Sammie. But she halted and said resentfully:

"*You* look cool!"

"I don't stew around in this heat."

Henrietta accused her, "You got only yourself to look after."

Then she remembered her purpose in coming. Her face swelled and grew red. She made gestures with her fists.

"That cat went and spit at Varselles. She come in crying and said that cat spit at her!"

Toldine made no answer. She bit off a thread, but she was wary. The old, half-smothered quarrel between them was flaming up in the heat. That silence of hers always infuriated Henrietta, who couldn't keep still herself. Henrietta never quite knew what was behind it, any more than she knew what that witchy cat was thinking. His refusal of the suet still rankled. She burst out:

"You ought to get rid of that cat. If you don't somebody else is going to do it for you." Her eyes were glaring. Dark hints of old family passions were in her tone. There were two sides, as there were two houses. "That cat'll do a mischief to somebody some day."

Toldine spoke with disdain. "He won't do anybody any mischief." But she trembled inwardly.

"He won't?" Henrietta demanded.

"Not to anybody that lets him alone."

They were glaring now at each other, Henrietta's eyes in a blazing fury, Toldine's just as furious but cold. In that one statement the whole family quarrel was concentrated. Toldine wanted to be let alone and Henrietta to manage.

It all went back to that . . . and farther, as the two old women only dimly realized —away back to the father and mother, to the Schönwetter and the Kleinfelder, to the stormy demands of the father and the wary independence of the mother, to the very birth and conception of Henrietta and Toldine. Other things were entangled in it now: which orchard trees belonged to which family; misunderstandings that were always threatening to flare up into a "regular quarrel"; the constant threat of Henrietta's coming over to live with Toldine, look after her, and get that cat out of the house. . . .

"Mother! Why don't you come back here and help me?"

The sharp irritation of the voice cut into the tense atmosphere between the two women and left them helplessly glaring across the chasm. Dorothy had come to the door with one of the little dresses in her hand.

"You've left all that work piled up on the table."

Henrietta was helpless before the demands of her son's family, whom she adored. The new dress for Varselles must be finished before evening. With an angry gesture, she turned and went back into the hot dining room where Toldine could see her working furiously, grumbling, doing worse than grumbling, all the rest of the afternoon. The "regular quarrel" was barely averted again.

Through the whole altercation Sammie had never blinked an eye. Now he got up with cool decision and went to the door.

"Yes," Toldine muttered approvingly, "it's better in there now."

The shades were down. It was dimly pleasant in the old-fashioned interior, never changed since the death of Mrs. Schönwetter years ago. Sammie slept on a cool strip of floor. Toldine went over her curious store of mending: rolled-up balls of lace from Carl's baby dresses, bits of silk pinned together, several colors of thread rescued and wound on spools. In here they were both safe.

But by four o'clock it had grown stuffy in the house. It seemed empty and lonely. Toldine called to Sammie, but he wanted to sleep and only flicked his ears. She could hear the racket in the other house and she almost wished they would ask her in to supper. Two meals alone were enough. She was glad to see old Mrs. Graf coming up the walk —someone to whom she could talk, one of her few accepted cronies. At the moment that Mrs. Graf reached the door Sammie got up, stretched, and prepared to leave. But he could go now. They were busy in the other house.

"*Wo geht denn die Katze?*"

"Ja, I don't know where all he goes." Toldine added, "Come in, have a cup coffee."

"Ja, well . . ."

Mrs. Graf sighed, but it was for this that she had come. Ever so often these two must see each other. The intimacy between them had been kept up for over forty years. Now they were sure that they could rely upon each other. Mrs. Graf went to see only Toldine now. On both the impassive faces there was a taciturn glint of pleasure. Mrs. Graf took off her little black hat with the black pansies, and exposed her round smooth head with the round earrings. Toldine lighted more kindling, put on fresh coffee, got out the cookies, and they sat down to the table. It was for Mrs. Graf that Toldine had saved all her observations.

"She, over there, is going to have another."

"Ja, so?"

"Ja. They haven't told it. But I noticed."

"But vot is den de last one? He is only—"

"Ja, fifteen months in October. Ach, I don't know! That I wouldn't tell to any one but you. . . . It was true, Mutter Graf, what I thought about John Carpenter. He goes to see that Jensen woman. He goes out after dark

and he comes back when it is just light. She does his washing. I looked over and saw his washing this morning. She'd put bluing in them sheets. That he would never do for himself."

"Ach, so?"

"Ja, that I wouldn't tell to anybody else, either. . . . I see by the paper a man flew in a flying-machine over the jungle. Snakes in there thirty-five feet long! Ach, such things everywhere! Why does he want to fly over such places? What good does it do him when he gets through? Why don't he tend to his own business? Those snakes they'll get along without his flying over to look at them. I stay to home."

"Ja, ja, dot is so," Mrs. Graf said. She sighed. She asked, "How is *denn die Katze?*" And when Toldine told her about the neighbors, about the other house, she advised:

"He's company. You stick to him."

Henrietta always resented having Mrs. Graf come to see Toldine. She hinted darkly, "When those two get together . . ." But she didn't have time to talk about it to-night. The new dress was finished, and so she and Dorothy and Varselles and the baby must all go to town—Toldine thought—to show themselves off. Henrietta had forgotten now about the quarrel; and Toldine and Sammie had this little time to enjoy the lawn all by themselves.

The evening was placid but hot and breathless still. Sammie sat on the edge of the cement along with the flower pots, viewing the evening landscape with the tranquillity of a contented householder. Birds swooped low over the garden; but he was not after birds just now.

Toldine sat out in her little rocker and sewed as long as there was light, savoring the evening fragrance that came from the petunias. Once she muttered, "Ja . . ." She was thinking of something that had happened a long time ago. She almost forgot how the years had passed. At dark she went all over the two lawns through the fresh dew gathering her little bundle of sticks. Carl, before he left also for town, brought her the paper. She turned on the light and sat reading it, moving and moving her glass, but saving the society items for the morning.

"Girl Bandit Robs Bank." All such things! Ten was her hour for going to bed. Before she locked the door she looked about for Sammie. "Ja, he's gone. It's past his time now." He might be in his box in the wood shed, but who could tell? She ought to hunt for him, rescue him, shut him up in the house where he couldn't disturb folks. The night was warm and dark and breathing. Why interfere with him? He went his own way.

Toldine lay all night in one identical little spot in the bed. Those folks in the other house—she had made their beds, rumpled and tumbled and everything in a heap. That wasn't necessary! Toldine was a good sleeper. Henrietta said resentfully that she had nothing to worry her. Still she heard queer faint sounds—creaks, rattlings, breathings through the dark. The doors were safely locked. But everything was different in the night.

A growl, and then a long rising baleful yowl cut through the soft darkness tearing into one jagged shriek at the end. Toldine sat up instantly, stiff with fear.

"They're at it!"

For long steady moments there was no sound again. She lay down cautiously, her eyes wide open, ready to get out of bed. But that couldn't have been Sammie, no matter how those folks in the other house might complain in the morning. Sammie, who was so nice in the house, so dainty and particular she could let him go anywhere, who on winter evenings sat furry and soft beside the hard-coal burner and sounded all the warm contentment of the room in his steady blissful purring. Ja, but in the night, who knew what became of him? She thought uneasily, remotely, of dark haymows, dark wide pastures through which stealthy creatures glided, seeking the lives of other creatures. Sammie was different, outside, at night. In the

winter she tried to catch him, to bring him in and keep him warm, but he kept flitting just ahead of her, just beyond the reach of her hand, wary and elusive as a rabbit or a fox with the starlight glittering wild and cold in his eyes across the snow.

Again came that ominous yowl, and then the shriek split through the air like a blinding zig-zag streak of vocal lightning.

Toldine got out of bed. She stood trembling on the cold floor. A window in the other house banged up. "That cat!" she heard, and, "Ought to be shot!" They wouldn't dare do anything to him. But someone might—that old John Carpenter. . . . She crept downstairs in her bare feet and opened the door to the black night air. If it was Sammie she would catch him and save him, keep him with her where no one could get him. Trembling and defensive she stood.

The sound was only a low growling now. She couldn't tell where to locate it. She said, "Sammie!" The growling was still. She felt about with her hands—touched something crouched and furry. A snarl!—and then two forms flashed past her. "Sammie!" Was one of them Sammie? She couldn't tell. He had fled as if she were someone he had never seen before. She didn't know Sammie from any other cat in the night. She stood helpless, wringing her hands, hearing the sounds of conflict that all at once dropped into stillness.

It had grown quiet too in the other house. Well, maybe they would go to sleep now. If they could go banging and shouting about all day, why should they make a fuss if there was a little noise at night? Not a sound from John Carpenter's. Anyway, it was no use to go after Sammie. He wouldn't let himself be caught. Ja, and that was all right, too! She didn't want to catch him. The things she liked were the things that wouldn't let themselves be caught.

As Toldine stood there barefooted in the dew, she felt a sudden strange pleasure in the flying sight of those two wild creatures. Even in the remembrance of the caterwauling that tore through her very ears she took a grim delight. "Pretty kitty," that nice little Mrs. Williams said—yes, but only "pretty kitty" when he wanted to be! Let folks complain! If she didn't interfere with their way, why should she interfere with his? After all, Sammie was a cat. He would have to take his chances and live his own way. She didn't blame him. It was good to be alone here in the dew and the darkness with the little breaths of wind that came from nowhere, and the fragrance, and the stirring odors. . . . The locked houses stood about her silent and discreet. Let them all complain, if they must, in the morning. She was going to let the cat run where he pleased.

She crept upstairs to bed again. She heard a sound from next door and halted with her hand upon the bed, motionless, minutely intent. In the other house the baby was crying. But that wasn't it. Old John Carpenter was just sneaking into his back porch, too late to hear the caterwauling, or to make any trouble to-night. Ja, this old John Carpenter—she had watched him! Now in the daytime folks could see he was "looking around" again—nice widows, nice spinsters not too old—but he thought no one knew where he spent the night. Well, let him think! Folks were all so careful, and they all thought no one knew. In the morning they complained about the cats. It wasn't decent. It was a shame. "You ought to get rid of that cat. That cat ought to be shot." Well, she wouldn't get rid of him. She would keep him as long as she could. Toldine got into bed. She muttered with grim amusement, thinking of old John Carpenter and his complaints—of all of them and their complaints:

"Ja, you needn't say so much, either!"

She turned then in her cool bed and went to sleep.

PAST AND FUTURE OF LOVE

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Translated by Henry Longan Stuart

THE physical aspect of human beings, men and women alike, has scarcely altered at all in the course of the past five or six thousand years. The observer is tempted to imagine that their feelings and instincts have changed as little. The description of a banquet in the *Iliad* is much the same as the description of a banquet in the house of some Moroccan caïd in the year of grace, 1928. The famous feast of Trimalcion in Petronius does not differ greatly from certain dinners the report of which reaches us from Hollywood. Hunger, thirst, sleep, and love remain the essential needs of the human body.

But is it true that love is still the thing it was for an Egyptian woman of the time of Sesostris, for a Greek of Homeric days, for an English damozel of the thirteenth century? I think not. On the contrary, I propose to show that love, like everything else, has undergone an evolution, due partly to intellectual development, partly to the change in social forms (monogamy, polygamy, slavery), partly to the progress of science, which has diminished the social value of physical force among men, but most of all to a growth in the extent of leisure which the struggle for life is permitting us.

It is possible even to lay down a few laws which govern these variations in the conception of love.

1. *In any society where woman is a slave passionate love (that of the modern novel) never develops.*

Analyze the feelings of Homer's Achilles at the moment his captive Briseis is torn from his arms. Achilles is furious, his self-love is deeply wounded. But a lover in the modern sense of the word he is not. His thoughts are riveted, not on Briseis, but on the men who have taken her from him. Nor is the fair captive herself stirred by any very profound feelings. She knows that woman is the reward of superior strength, and resigns herself to the situation. This is so because physical force plays the leading role in the only human society she knows. It is not for the woman to struggle against conquest, but to accept her conqueror. The same thing is true at the epoch of the Nibelungen, reconstituted for us by Wagner. Brünnehilde loves Siegfried. But so soon as she believes him vanquished by the strength and courage of Gunther she consents to follow Gunther and to be his faithful and docile wife.

John Erskine, in his *Helen of Troy*, paints something very like a modern woman for our edification. Yet, even here, note with what magnificent *sang froid* Helen admits the defeat of Paris and the triumph of Menelaus. Certainly she has known every emotion that physical desire (to which she gives the name of Venus) can mean. She has yielded to them; she has no hesitation in terming herself a "shameless woman." Nevertheless, as soon as she sees the Greeks launch their final assault against the walls of Troy, her mood changes. She recounts the whole episode to Telemachus without constraint. Do you recall the fourth song of the *Odyssey*? "While all the Trojans were uttering

cries of despair, my heart was rejoiced. My mind was altered and I yearned already to be back in my old home. I deplored the fatal error into which Venus had led me the day she brought me here, far from my dear native land, after separating me from my little girl, from the nuptial couch and from a husband who yields to no man in wisdom or comeliness." And Menelaus answers, "Everything you tell me, dear wife, is truth itself." We, men of the year 1928, may find the injured husband ridiculous. The Greeks merely considered him human.

At any epoch where force is the universal law, no one spends much time winning love or striving to please. One simply gets possession of the desired object, and affection follows on fact, as best it may. The reassuring part is that, as often as not, it follows it without any trouble at all.

2. *In a more advanced society where the force of social conventions is stronger than physical force passionate love soon develops.*

Social conventions are neither so solid nor so effective a bond as brute force. They may be questioned; their validity can be made matter of debate. As soon as instinct begins to assert its claims within a man he is tempted to ask himself just how much conventions amount to. This is the moment when the conflict sets in between duty (in other words, the social being) and desire (or the personal ego). The archetype of such a conflict is the story of Tristan and Yseult. Tristan and Yseult are drawn to each other by an irresistible attraction. Both respect Yseult's husband, King Mark. But they have drunk of the magic philter, and nothing henceforth can allay their sheer need one of the other. The philter is for Yseult what Venus long ago was for Helen. But while Helen, the product of a more primitive society, takes her adventure with perfect composure, Yseult can see no refuge save in death.

Then is born among us that beautiful but terrible notion that death is the one and only perfect conclusion to a great love. No sooner is the ideal of a perfect union—not of bodies alone, but of mind and soul—the goal of love, than we find ourselves driven fatally towards death, because in death only can such possession become assured. This conception of love (the true romantic passion) is becoming, as we shall see, very rare in societies such as our own. But from the moment it exists, and so long as lovers yearn to render a moment eternal wherein something superhumanly perfect was in their grasp, it becomes the inexhaustible source of tragedy. The function of everything human is to be transitory. Death alone can perpetuate it, or at least lend time the illusion of eternity.

Other unions exist where love is not shared. Here again death offers itself as a solution, because nothing on earth can force man or woman to cherish a sentiment against his or her inclination. A famous instance is the story of Dido in the *Æneid*, written in an era partly emerged from the true primitive. In Greece itself the women of Euripides are, in like case, romantic heroines who have lost the charming inconsequence of Helen of Troy. In modern England we have the heroes of Maurice Baring's novels.

3. *In a society where men and women are almost constantly separated by the functions and manner of life of the two sexes chivalrous love comes into being.*

I will content myself with two examples: the society of the middle ages and that of pioneer America.

The essence of chivalry is the devotion, without any limits at all, of man for woman. In other words, it is the deification of womanhood. This sentiment is impossible where men and women are always together. I say this without any satiric intention. No woman, charming as she may be, is a goddess. Any man who spends his life near her speedily becomes acquainted with something else besides her many excellencies. He gets to know of her moments of weakness. He sees her on her "ugly days." A continuous life in common is the ruin of

exalted feelings. Custom casts a veil over the face which once seemed so beautiful. As for the sprightly chatter, the infantile tales once found so surpassingly interesting, so tired does the lover grow of them that he could almost resign himself never to hear them again.

Imagine, on the contrary, the case of the loved woman whom a man never sees. How easy, at a distance, to conceive her as every day more and more perfect. Dulcinea of Toboso was a vulgar, homely peasant girl. But in the eyes of the infatuated Don Quixote, she was "his lady." It was for her his great deeds were to be performed. There is nothing ridiculous in all this. It is merely human nature. One woman whom we never see is just as good as another. The knight-errant is the knight-in-error. His love never has to undergo the exhaustion of life spent in common. The men of olden times had a fine phrase: "The lady of my thoughts." In sober fact, the women they loved existed in their thoughts—and nowhere else.

To a certain extent the America of the pioneers, and (with the exception of a certain group of the younger generation) the America of to-day, resembles chivalry, i.e., the society of the middle ages. Here also the woman is deified. To accomplish great things for her sake is the goal of the majority of men. The question is no longer one of tilting at windmills or slaying three giants in hand-to-hand combat, but of building up great factories or of putting a rival banker out of business. The motive is the same. The dollars gained by the captain of industry are carried to the lady of his thoughts and laid at her feet, just as the casque and shield of the knight conquered in her name were once deposited as spoils of victory.

And the root causes of this state of feeling have not changed. They lie in the fact that the man and the woman see little of each other. The knight-errant of Wall Street does not roam over the highways of Europe seeking fresh wrongs to right. But he does leave his house for his office early in the morning. He dines at his club, he comes home late in the evening. Very often his wife is traveling in Europe without him. Across the ocean she too becomes the "lady of his thought." Chivalric love may be an artificial sentiment. But it is one that aggrandizes a man by killing egotism and by giving him a taste for self-sacrifice.

The common ground between love as the chivalric society of medieval society imagined it and love as the Anglo Saxons still conceive it, is a preference for the artificial, a strong penchant for what is commonly termed "make-believe," a positive horror of reality. The knight-errant really preferred never to know what sort of a lady his "lady" was. The English or American novel for a very long time back has insisted on making woman an ethereal being, without much more body than fine eyes, rosy lips, and (ten years ago) long silken hair demand. The realistic character of woman's love, the strength of her instincts, her defects have been ignored of set purpose. Naturally, women have encouraged a literature which helps them so materially to play their own hand. Byron has told us that women were horrified by his *Don Juan*—because it told the truth! I remember receiving a visit a few years ago from a young American woman who wanted some stories from me for a certain American magazine. "They must be love stories," I was told, "but, naturally, nothing very serious must happen. A few kisses, if you like." Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" has shown us how much interest women have in hiding behind a romantic convention that fetters the men while it leaves them absolute freedom—absolute because men refuse to see them as they are.

Once again we make this point: the literature of chivalry or the English novel of the 'eighties are only possible in a society where men and women see little of each other.

4. *In a society full of leisure, where men and women live much together, we may*

expect love largely composed of coquetry, together with a certain facility of morals which will finally make an end of chivalrous love.

This change generally takes two stages to become complete. To begin with, leisure gives men and women time to meditate upon their feelings. It teaches them little by little to identify all manner of delicate shades and complexities. It is then the breed of sentimental moralists, as we had it in seventeenth-century France, makes its appearance. A very cultured society has little else to do save to meet, to talk incessantly of love, and to analyze it in every detail. In time, an entire people can acquire a taste for these exercises. It is not hard to understand our own affection for the psychological novel. In fiction the American prefers facts and action. The French reading public is more interested in study of character.

Nevertheless, seventeenth-century society, though it brought the two sexes into close contact, insisted upon a fairly rigid code of conduct. It was a religious community and in such a community the pressure of public opinion is strong. But once a farther step in development had been taken (leisure and security accompanying it) conduct became much freer. Boredom, which always keeps pace with prosperity, is a leading cause of lax morals. We see this in the eighteenth century, both in France and England, just as we see it in Rome at the time of Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial. In such an era the beauties of chivalrous love disappear, and the petty strategy of physical love takes their place. This is the same in every age and in every country. Read the *Art of Love* and ask yourself whether it might not just as well have been written for London or Paris in 1750, for New York in 1928, as for the Rome of Ovid's generation. The contemporary American novel is showing unmistakable signs that the period of "make-believe" is nearing its end. A good example of the change is Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, a book as cruelly true as any novel written by Aldous Huxley in England or by Proust in France. Sherwood Anderson preaches a cynicism—a complete sexual sincerity to his followers. The old-time respect of the pioneer for an imagined perfect woman has disappeared. What has replaced it? A lucidity as comfortless as it is intelligent.

For it may as well be admitted at once that the old chivalrous civilization was happy according to its lights. It is not hard to understand why. The man who pins his faith to a fictitious image is hard to disillusion. No deceptions reach us from a statue or from the heroine of a popular novel. The statue does nothing; the heroine does—what the author means her to do and no more. But as soon as one begins to look upon life with an undimmed and critical eye, as our younger American authors are doing, life becomes full of motives for joy, but also full of motives for unhappiness. Self-examination, self-analysis come into their own. Literature is improving. But life is getting sadder.

5. The new moral freedom is bringing back old-time aspects which strongly recall the primitive conception of love.

The young men and girls of to-day who hike together and bathe together are far nearer the primitive Greeks than to their own fathers and mothers. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has noted with a great deal of perception that when we compare the clothes the present generation of women is wearing with those of the generation immediately preceding we discover a much greater likeness to statues of the eighth century before Christ than to the Victorian age. The short and simple dresses worn by Cretan women in the year eight hundred B.C. would attract little attention on Fifth Avenue. The same thing applies to the customs of daily life. Purely physical desire, unmingled with any intellectual feeling at all, is showing its face in life as in literature. Beset by such an attitude the chivalric conception of morals cannot last much longer. Miss Rebecca West, in a remarkable article which

appeared in this magazine, notes that within the last few years it is the young girl who is turning romantic. It was the same in the age of Theocritus.

Naturally, it would be an exaggeration to say that chivalry is dead in America. On the contrary, all French women of my acquaintance who have lived any length of time in the United States assure me that Americans remain faithful to the old code. But even if this be true for the mass of the people, it is none the less the fact that, for a section at least of the very youngest adult generation (and that the most cultivated section) physical desire and a certain nonchalance in sentimental contacts is becoming the rule here as in Europe. Now an intellectual elite, small in numbers though it may be, always ends by imposing its moral ideology upon its generation, and this sometimes with an astonishing rapidity. The society of eighteenth-century France is a case in point.

What will be the future of love between man and woman? Prophecy is difficult. All one can do is to take note of certain factors which cannot fail to have a great influence upon it. The probability is that, sooner or later, inequalities between the sexes will disappear. Physical force no longer has its old value. Powerful machines to-day can be manipulated by a woman or a child. Women already drive their own automobiles. If we ever again see a war and an army in the field there is no reason they may not help transport the heaviest artillery or manipulate a cylinder which releases poison gases. A woman can die like a man, fight like a man. Armed with a revolver, she is more than a match for a heavy-weight boxer. Her intellectual force is tending to equal man's. Women to-day pursue the same studies, enter the same professions, gain their livelihood in the same trades as a man.

What will be the consequence to love of all this? The association of the sexes, as we have seen, was founded in the first place upon brute conquest and the enslavement of the weaker partner. Matriarchal societies have existed, in which a woman enjoyed much respect. But even here she depended upon the man, the hunter, the warrior, for her defense and maintenance. Slowly, and in the course of centuries, she forged her own weapon for conquest. Coquetry, the art of pleasing, was her means to her end. With the powerful help of the poets and artists she succeeded in imposing the fictitious code of chivalric love, of humble devotion, upon her master. In days very far away, it was to win the man to her side who could best assure her security that her wiles were employed. In days nearer our own she has sought to appropriate the rich man—the man who can best assure her economic security.

The modern woman, whom we have been trying to describe, is escaping from economic dependence upon the man and is likely to have less and less need of his devotion. Quite competent to nourish and clothe herself, she is sure more and more to seek equality and freedom of choice in the mutual compact. She will no longer subscribe to the man-made thesis, which rules in Europe anyhow, that infidelity on the woman's part is a very grave affair, but on the man's part a matter of trifling importance.

It is probable that a sentiment he will have to share henceforth with a companion far more similar to himself will lose in intensity. What might be termed sensual friendships are likely to spring up between man and woman, with less importance attached to them than of old. The thing is actually happening to-day in Russia, where the soviet government goes so far as to forbid the use of the words "love" and "tenderness," deeming that the passions they arouse weaken the force upon which political activities have a first claim. Many young people are quite prepared to see romantic love die a natural and speedy death.

I find myself wondering whether they

are right or wrong. Doubtless humanity will gain something by the change. More time will be left for the things of the spirit; there will be an abatement in the material luxury to supply which so large a section of our populations are laboring to-day. On the debit side must be entered the loss of incalculable forces which romantic love has created. There is no doubt at all that it has been the inspiration for our noblest works of art and for the most resonant actions in our history. Practically the entire fabric of our western civilization is born of a social system founded on respect for woman and a belief in the inherent worth of love.

I am not saying that other systems may not produce good results in turn. In the far East we see philosophies which its inhabitants find quite acceptable and which stem from quite different values than ours. But up to now what equivalent values do we ourselves possess to put in place of the old ideology? Among many of the younger generation a profound sadness and distaste for life seem to have followed the decadence of sentimental love. It is hard to conceive of any impulse for living which could replace its marvelous combination of physical desire and intellectual union. "Physical desire," Proust has told us, "has the wonderful faculty of setting a higher value on intelligence and supplying a solid base for the moral life." The problem before the generation now on its way would seem to be how to build a solid and dependable relation out of the new "loving friendships." And this despite an increase in sexual liberty, which has by now entered into our manners and which, to all appearance, seems likely to have a long life before it.

OUR ORCHESTRAS AND OUR MONEY'S WORTH

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A LITTLE more than half a century ago, in 1862, when the only symphony orchestra in the United States was that of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Theodore Thomas started a new one. The public of the day naturally received Wagner, then just making his first difficult steps in Europe, with some reluctance. "Why do you play Wagner so much?" expostulated one of his players to Thomas, "they don't like him." "Then," answered Thomas, "we must play him until they do." To-day our orchestras have increased in number to about fifty, with twelve of major importance, while in quality, thanks largely to our wealth, they lead the world. Yet if they are to fulfill their great promise, they still need—in some ways need more than ever—the leadership of men like Thomas. Are they to give us genuine art, worthy of the traditions we inherit from Europe and owe it to the world to maintain to the full extent of our great material power, or are they to be run on purely business lines to supply the demands of the majority, and is orchestral music to follow along the dismal path of our commercial theater?

Our answer will depend on the clearness of our understanding of the conditions and nature of artistic progress so strikingly implied in Thomas's remark. Selling commodities for profit is static, time-serving, and safe—a matter of adjustment of supply with demand. Art is dynamic, creative, experimental, innovating; hence strenuous, venturesome, full of risk, succeeding only through failure, and demanding alert activity of all who participate in it. "Then we must play him until they do," implies, first, Thomas's sense of the responsibility for active leadership which has always animated our greatest men, constantly rebuking, but never decisively conquering, that opposite spirit of commercial compromise with the crowd which is the negative and uncreative aspect of our American psychology. And second, it implies something even more interesting. We are to play Wagner, Thomas suggests, not merely until people tolerate or endure him, but until they like him—and that is equivalent to saying, until they understand him. Art is a matter, then, in which not only we, but also they, are to participate; it is strenuous and effortful for them as well as for us; in short, it is conceived not aristocratically as the domination of a passive herd by active masters, but democratically as the creative venture of all concerned. This is a thoroughly modern conception of art to which only the most alert-minded among us are yet awake; it is something hoped for and dimly visioned rather than fully achieved; and inasmuch as the whole "appreciation of music" movement is a reaching out towards it, it is evidently as yet only partially incorporated in our actual musical life. It calls for an alert-mindedness which, while thoroughly congenial to the American temper at its best, is naturally found only in the minority anywhere.

Thomas's remark thus affords a touchstone for determining the vitality of our contemporary musical enterprises. To what degree is their leadership far-sighted, adventurous, uncompromising? To what degree is it calling for the intelligent co-operation of that active-minded minority of the public on the participation of which, quite as really as on that of the leaders, the vitality of the whole artistic process depends? How successfully is it resisting the temptation to compromise with the natural and ineradicable inertia of the majority, for the sake of ease, popularity, or financial return? If we apply these acid tests to our contemporary orchestras, what do we find?

II

In the matter of repertory it may be suggested, to begin with, that we find too great a concession to the inertia of the majority which dictates that programs shall consist chiefly of the "safe and sane"—the music which by the respectability of the names with which it is labelled saves us the trouble of discriminating its quality for ourselves. No doubt numerical preponderance in every audience must be conceded to the type we may call the moronic conservative. His psychology is interesting. The natural human indolence we all to some extent share with him determines his profound distaste for everything that demands effort, hence for everything new. He swears by the classics, not because he perceives their beauty (a highly active process) but because he recognizes their names. He writes anonymous letters to composers still alive (in their music as well as in the flesh) upbraiding them for their "strange and ear-splitting sounds" and signed "A Lover of Music." This music that he burdens with his love he regards not as a living and growing art, to which he might himself creatively contribute by understanding it, but as something long ago finished and conveniently classified, something kept on the shelves of libraries and exhibited in concert halls by famous conductors, quite as he regards what he calls "Art" and spells with a capital A, not as embodied in the houses, railroad cars, telephone booths, subway stations, and automobiles he lives among, but as preserved under glass or behind railings in museums. And this "museum music" of the moronic conservative thus becomes one of the ghosts, never laid, that mislead us from the pursuit of the real flesh-and-blood music which would make us happy.

Now of course undue concession to the taste, or lack of taste, of the moronic conservative, on the part of the leaders and policy-shapers of our orchestras is a short-sighted and disastrous error. If you give people only what they are already familiar with, not familiarizing them with anything new, you condemn them to a boredom which eventually boomerangs upon yourself when they decide to stay away from your concerts. There is something supinely servile and unenterprising in the attitude of one of the best-known managers in New York, who openly asserts that symphonies popular enough with the large public to nourish the box office are limited to a bare baker's dozen: Beethoven III, V, and VII, Tschaikowsky IV, V, and VI, Schubert's "Unfinished", Dvořák's "New World," César Franck, and all four Brahms. The constant repetition of these, with rival conductors even playing the same one several times in the same month in the same hall, inevitably wearies the very public which has demanded them. And what is even worse, it denies it the familiarity with less popular works which would make it love them. Mr. B. H. Haggin in an interesting article in the *Nation* on "Democracy and Music" makes the specific charge that "the preferences of the majority are deferred to, and those symphonies are most played which will attract most money to the box office. . . . I do not deny," he continues, "that they are most of them genuinely great works

—Beethoven's Fifth, for example, or the César Franck—analogous to accepted masterworks of painting that are on perpetual view in a museum. Nor do I, therefore, object to their being performed frequently; but I do object to other compositions being performed less frequently or not at all. What if certain acknowledged masterworks of painting had their faces turned to the walls of the museum and were allowed to be seen only once in five years, or two years, or one year? Yet that, in effect, is what happens to analogous masterworks of music." And of course it is not only the less-known works of great masters (such as Beethoven's Fourth and Pastoral Symphonies, Tschaikowsky's Suites, Schubert's C Major Symphony, Dvořák's Slavonic Rhapsodies, César Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*, Brahms's Tragic Overture) that are thus shelved; many lesser but delightful composers are elbowed out of the repertory entirely.

Again, among the standard works constantly played by our orchestras are comprised not only what we have called stand-bys, but what we may call "war-horses." These, as affording unequalled opportunities for personal display, are the especial favorites of "guest" and "prima-donna" conductors. They appeal to the inertia of the crowd in several ways. First, the works of Liszt, Strauss, Tschaikowsky, and Wagner, who may be taken as the chief purveyors of "war-horses," make their effects more through their dramatic or melodramatic qualities, through the sensuous richness, brilliance, and power of their orchestration, and through their use of programs or other literary means of inflaming the imaginations of the non-musical, than through the purely intellectual and emotional appeal of purer and greater music, such as that of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, or Brahms. Hence they require far less concentrated attention, and are far easier to grasp up to a certain point, though never affording such profound delight. Second, being of a more external and sensational type of art, they lend themselves particularly to the posings, exaggerations, artificial and specious effects of the prima-donna conductor, and easily serve to set his personality in relief for those dull enough to prefer personality to beauty. They are thus well adapted to the low stage of mentality of those "fans" in every audience who conceive performers not as artists but as "stars," and devote themselves in the spirit of college athletics to "boosting" them. Did X make "Les Preludes" of Liszt more sensational than Y? ("Sensational" is a term of approval with such people, as with a certain type of commercial manager.) Did Y squeeze an extra tear out of the finale of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique"? Did Z make the cellos drip more honey than usual in Schubert's "Unfinished"? Laziness reaches its limit in those who might be more properly called spectators than audience, who indeed scarcely hear their idols at all, so preoccupied are they in watching them; and the Liszt-Strauss school is an admirable medium for pantomimic contortive conducting. How many of the fans could tell their idol from the other fellow's were both to conduct behind a screen? Let A make a perfect balance of sonority, a beautifully gradual, even *crescendo*, a dramatically just and expressive pause with that complete economy of motion which is the ideal of art, and B bungle or caricature the same effect, but with a theatrically striking gesture, and there is unfortunately little doubt which will receive the plaudits of the crowd. Bruno Walter and Wilhelm Furtwängler, admirable artists, failed in New York largely because they could not or would not cut the necessary capers.

III

Taking now our five best-known orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony (which, according to recent announcement, are to be merged

next fall), the Boston, the Philadelphia, and the Chicago, let us set down for each, first, the percentage of "stand-bys" (Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Dvořák, Franck, Brahms) played in a single season, 1924–1925; second, the percentage of "war-horses" (Liszt, Strauss, Wagner, Tschaikowsky) played in the same year; third, the percentage of works by other standard composers played. Adding these together, we shall get a line showing the total of standard works produced. Below this we may place the percentages of American works played during the same season, the percentages of other modern works, and the totals for modern works. These figures, of course, are not offered as having any binding scientific validity; to have that they would have to cover all the major orchestras; and in any case such a merely quantitative summary would have to be qualitatively interpreted. But it is hoped that if so interpreted they may at least prove suggestive.

The most striking thing in the first line of figures is the much higher percentage of "stand-bys" in the two metropolitan orchestras (34.11% and 33.33% respectively) than in the three orchestras serving publics more provincial, or at least less hectically urban. This is perhaps natural. The metropolitan orchestras are more subject to the commercial influences of rivalry between "stars"; they play to shifting audiences of transients and pleasure-seekers out for sensation; they are peculiarly the victims of journalistic publicity-mongering. Can we divine a subtle connection here between the fondness of the Philharmonic management for displaying its "Sold-out" sign and Sir George Grove's remark that "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony always fills the house"? Remembering, however, that the great classic composers, forming as they do the basis of all musical culture, ought to be heard every year, and that the mere fact that they are played is in any case far less significant than how they are played—whether as living beauty or as museum music for the morons—we may do wisely to reserve judgment and pass on to the second line.

Here the most honorable record—of playing the least "war-horses"—is held by one of the two metropolitan orchestras, the New York Symphony; and we cannot but reflect that Mr. Walter Damrosch, whatever his faults, is by no means a virtuoso conductor, while Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Mengelberg, whose war-horses bulk largest, have, in addition to their admirable qualities as musicians, great reputations as "stars" to be maintained. Unfortunately for Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Mengelberg, moreover, the testimony of the third line—the very important one, artistically speaking, of less-known standard works given—strongly corroborates our impression that they are sacrificing a good deal to showmanship. Aside from the fourteen "best bets" of the stand-bys and war-horses, Philadelphia puts its money only on Berlioz, Bizet, Borodin, Bruckner, Chausson, Debussy,

TABLE SHOWING THE PERCENTAGES OF SEVERAL TYPES OF MUSIC PLAYED BY THE FIVE BEST-KNOWN ORCHESTRAS OF THE UNITED STATES, DURING THE SEASON 1924–1925

	Philharmonic	*N. Y. Symphony*	*Boston*	*Philadelphia*	*Chicago*
"Stand-bys"	34.11	33.33	23.14	26.66	25.60
"War-horses"	21.42	15.23	15.74	32.50	19.20
Other standard works	13.59	25.71	20.36	15.00	20.80
Total standard works	69.12	74.27	59.24	74.16	65.60
American works	6.34	2.85	5.46	3.33	5.06
Other modern works	24.06	22.85	35.18	22.50	28.80
Total modern works	30.40	25.70	40.64	25.83	33.86

Gluck, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, and Weber, while the Philharmonic "also rans" extend only to six of these, with the decidedly innocuous additions of Cherubini, Gade, and Mendelssohn. And it is precisely the metropolitan rival of this same Philharmonic that heads the list here—the New York Symphony under Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose fame as an interesting program-maker is thus afforded a statistical basis. Qualitatively speaking, however, the most stimulating and adventurous list of the lot is that of Mr. Frederick Stock in Chicago: C. P. E. Bach, Borodin, Bruch, Bruckner, Chabrier, Cornelius, Glière, Goldmark, Humperdinck, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Smetana, and Spohr. Few of the pictures in his gallery are turned face to the wall.

IV

We come now to modern works played, a matter of crucial importance in view of our principle that music is a living and growing art, and that audiences have their indispensable contribution to make to this life and growth. What is a liberal policy with regard to modern music? If it were possible to answer in purely quantitative terms, we might simply take as a model Mr. Koussevitzky's list in Boston, combining as it does the largest percentage of modern works (40.64) with the correlative smallest percentage (59.24) of standard works. The matter is, however, not quite so simple as that because of two qualitative considerations which necessarily enter in: the representation given to a class of works that occupy something the same place in the modern repertory which stand-bys and warhorses do in the standard, and the treatment allotted to American music.

To begin with, then, there is in every audience a type of person we may call the moronic radical. Less numerous as a class than his fellow-conservative, he is far more vociferous, and unfortunately just as unintelligent. Both are the victims of mental inertia: the only difference is that the laziness of the one cares only for what is old, that of the other only for what is new. He demands the latest because he lacks the taste to recognize the best. His preference is for whatever is crudely eccentric, bizarre, ugly, and cynically sophisticated. He is ready to proclaim anyone a genius who will but write for percussion instruments only, or accompany his music with colored lights thrown on a screen or strike the piano with his fists or forearms. Now it is evident that this sort of thing—the "freak" piece whose "modernity," so vociferously advertised by the claque of the moronic radicals, is its only claim to an ephemeral journalistic interest—is of no greater importance to the real growth of musical art than the stand-by of the moronic conservative or the warhorse of the conductor-fan. And it is further evident that, so far as star conductors desiring to pamper their vanity or commercial managers bent on publicity make concessions to what Frederick Delius calls "attempts on the part of Russian impresarios, Parisian decadents, and their press agents to degrade art to the level of a side-show at a fair," they are substituting a static commercial enterprise for a dynamic artistic one, following a policy essentially illiberal, circumscribing, and tending to stultify healthy artistic life.

One cannot help wondering what an outspoken defender of the more permanent musical values, a man like Delius, would say to the fact that the single modern composer most frequently played by four of our five orchestras in 1924–1925 was that *enfant terrible* of sensationalism, Stravinsky, with nine performances by the Philharmonic, five in Boston, six in Philadelphia, and six in Chicago. Perhaps he would only remind us that the composer was himself appearing that year as a guest conductor, and regard the statistics as throwing more light on guest conductorship than

on composition or the progress of modern music. And he would doubtless insist that as for Mr. Koussevitsky, of the Boston Symphony, his list of contemporary works was not only the largest but one of the most interesting: Bax, Bliss, Fauré, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Schmitt, and Stravinsky. The only other list that is even more many-sided is that of Chicago: Bartok, Bliss, Dale, Delius, Enesco, Fauré, Honegger, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Sibelius, Stravinsky, and Vaughan Williams. This bears out the impression of catholicity of taste and wide artistic range we gathered from Mr. Stock's selection of less familiar standard works. On the other hand, Philadelphia's list is both the smallest and the most freakish. Along with some more solid nourishment, it sprinkles a good deal of paprika in the way of Casella, Eichheim, Hindemith, Prokofieff, Varese, Ornstein, and Tailleferre. Taken together with the low percentage of less-known standard works and the high percentage of war-horses in the same column, this tends to confirm the impression of sensationalism in the program-making of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

V

Of course the ugly duckling of our American concert halls is American music—and this in spite of our widespread pious hope that somehow we shall wake up some fine morning to find it turned by magic into a beautiful white swan. Its unpopularity is a fact to be realistically noted and understood, not one to be resented or denounced. It is natural and inevitable that almost everybody should be against American music. Until recently even many of the composers themselves have been against it, through their lack of technical skill and experience and their ill-judged attempts to compensate such lacks by "patriotic" propaganda and personal influence—the worst possible ways to help the growth of really vital native art. The public is against it, on the principle that no man is a prophet to his own people, and that the near and familiar lacks the prestige and picturesqueness of the foreign. As for the press and the box office, of course they follow the public—so far as they are able to understand it. Even the players in the orchestra are against it; commercial publication of orchestral music being highly problematic in America, they are usually obliged to decipher it with difficulty from manuscript parts full of errors.

With such an array of natural enemies, it is really surprising that *Musica Americana* is not extinct among us. That it is not only alive, but growing with some vigor, is due almost entirely to the vision and artistic enthusiasm of those of our conductors who are true artists. Considering that most of them are of foreign birth and, therefore, naturally in more complete sympathy with European music than with ours, and are the personal friends of many European composers, considering the thanklessness of their task in bringing American music before the American public and press, considering the ingratitude and carping criticism with which they are often rewarded even by the composers themselves, their devotion to our music is beyond praise. It will never be known how much American music owes to Mr. Frederick Stock alone, for example, who for years has given it his great skill and his tireless loyalty; and there are several others. Thanks to these men, we have to-day a living American music.

This living American music has been made the subject of a detailed study by Dr. Howard Hanson in *A Forward Look in American Composition*. It is interesting to supplement our meager percentage figures with Dr. Hanson's *List of American Works Played Most Frequently by the Thirteen Leading Orchestras in America During the Seven Seasons 1919–1920 to 1925–1926*.

CARPENTER: "Adventures in a Perambulator"; "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra"

CHADWICK: "Anniversary Overture"
EICHHEIM: "Oriental Impressions"
GOLDMARK: "Negro Rhapsody"
GRIFFES: "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; "The White Peacock"
HADLEY: "The Ocean"
HANSON: "Lux Æterna"; "Nordic Symphony"
HILL: "Stevensoniana"
MACDOWELL: "Woodland Sketches"; "Second Piano Concerto"; "Indian Suite"
MASON: "Symphony in C Minor"; "Russians" (for baritone and orchestra); "Prelude and Fugue" (for piano and orchestra)
POWELL: "Negro Rhapsody"
SCHELLING: "The Victory Ball"; "An Artist's Life" (fantastic suite)
SKILTON: "Indian Dances"
SOWERBY: "King Estmere" (ballad for two pianos and orchestra); "Comes Autumn Time" (overture); "From the Northland" (suite); Piano Concerto
TAYLOR: "Through the Looking Glass" (suite)

To this table Dr. Hanson appends a note:

These lists are based solely on statistics, and do not imply the superiority of the composers over other composers. The number of performances which these works have received would indicate, however, that there is already a small orchestral literature which has found favor with the conductors of our orchestras.

The conductor who is a true artist is thus the most loyal, as he is the most powerful, friend of our native creative musicians. But with the typical "prima-donna" or "guest" conductor the case is sadly different. Consider, for instance, the following little international incident. A famous virtuoso of the baton in charge of one of our wealthiest and most influential orchestras was presenting a first performance of a difficult violin concerto by a greatly gifted American composer. On the same program was the popular New World Symphony of Dvořák. The conductor gave so much rehearsal time to the Dvořák Symphony that he did not even read over the concerto (which was of course in manuscript) until pertinaciously requested to do so, did not seriously rehearse it until the day before the concert, and even then learned it so slightly himself that when the concert arrived he was obliged to draw out the intermission to undue length while he studied the score he was about to "interpret." Asked by the composer why he had spent so much time on Dvořák's work, which the orchestra knew backward, and so little on his own new one, he turned the tables with a neatness rivalled only by its naïveté. "Why," he replied, "everybody knows the Dvořák Symphony, I must play it just right. But nobody knows your concerto, so it doesn't matter how I play it."

Here we have a frank, not to say a shameless acknowledgment of the inevitable result of the guest-conductor system, with its servile attempt to placate the public with familiar pabulum played by famous personalities instead of leading it to sympathetically creative co-operation with what is new, experimental, and forward-looking in contemporary and especially in native art. Such an attitude is comprehensible perhaps in a foreigner whose chief relation to us is a financial one, but it is disheartening to find Mr. Walter Damrosch, in an article in the *Century* entitled "Listening Backwards," thinking upside-down to the extent of suggesting that "the scarcity of great new music to-day is responsible perhaps more than anything else for the growing practice of importing guest conductors. Hearing the standard works played several times a season, year after year," Mr. Damrosch proceeds to explain, "the music public naturally asks to have its interest whetted, and the method many of our symphonic organizations use to satisfy this desire is to put new personalities on the conductor's stand." It does not seem to occur to Mr. Damrosch that while the public's interest is being so agreeably "whetted" by the "new personalities on the conductor's stand" these same personalities are most effectually cold-shouldering any potential great new music that might be coming to birth among us.

New music, whatever its share of greatness, can only live and find itself in the concert hall, just as the statue is

tested, so Emerson tells the young sculptor, by the light not of his studio but of the public square. And this life in the concert hall of the music not of dead foreigners but of living Americans —of this music that is just coming, here and now, to difficult and venturesome birth—requires not merely the physical fact of performance, but the psychical environment, the climate, the sunlight, so to speak, of active sympathy from the public—from their ears, from their hearts, from their minds. It requires from them a more modern attitude than the stupid conservatism that fancies music to have been finished up, once for all, far away and long ago, or the equally stupid radicalism that is looking not for living beauty but for "thrills," oddities, or novelties. It requires, in fact, just that attitude of eager, intelligent curiosity that in the sister art of literature we have already, though only recently, achieved. We no longer suppose that literature was consummated by Greece and Rome, by France and Germany, even by the England of Thackeray and Dickens, or for that matter the New England of Emerson. An interest in Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy does not seem to us to excuse indifference to Dreiser, Anderson, Eugene O'Neill. In short, letters have come alive to us largely because we have learned to share vividly, ourselves, in their life. But music is still moribund, or just stirring in its sleep. It remains to us either "classic" and dead, or, if contemporary, queer and remote; we respectfully study its manifestations in Italy, Germany, France, Russia—even England, which came musically of age a generation ago, but it never occurs to us that anything more worth listening to than factory whistles, motor horns, radio, and jazz could come out of New York, or Chicago, or Detroit, or Rochester; and we contentedly keep our concert halls museums instead of making them grow also into laboratories.

Is it not, however, rather unreasonable of us to expect our composers to produce an American music alone and unaided while we compel them to run the gauntlet of the moronic conservatives, radicals, and fans of the audience, the management with its eye on the box-office, the press with its nose for the exotic and its deep-rooted suspicion of the native, and above all the new personalities who are so profitably engaged in whetting our interest? Might we not somehow manage to divert a little of that interest to our own music, good, bad, and indifferent? Of course, most of it will be mediocre; but Heaven knows we have to listen to enough European mediocrities every season. If we have to have mediocrities, why not insist that they be as largely as possible American? Then we shall not be submitting to sheer futile boredom, slaves of fashion; we shall be doing something in its measure creative; we shall be at the least of it assisting in the elimination of the unfit, preparing the ground for that next harvest of great new music which, as all signs indicate, is quite as likely to grow up here as anywhere else, if we will only give it a chance.

PROSPERITY WITHOUT PROFIT

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

IT IS but a few weeks ago that a number of important British department-store owners came to the United States to study the reasons for American prosperity, and upon their return to London officially reported their findings to the members of their trade. As is so often the case, these reports tended toward self-glorification rather than entire accuracy. It was generally agreed that American department stores have nothing to teach the British. One gentleman made the amazing statement that in many American stores—such is the craze for statistics—fully sixty per cent of the employees do nothing but work upon figures. Another was of the firm opinion that the service in American stores does not compare with that of British stores. Still another gentleman put American business in its place by stating that a department store in Stockholm, Sweden, surpasses anything seen in the United States. All agreed on one thing: that although business in America was brisk, competition was so keen and expenses so high that few enterprises were making money. A phrase they had heard in the United States occurred often in their reports, "Prosperity without Profit."

Astonishing as were most of the findings of these British observers, there is one in which there is a shade of truth. In many American industries there does exist a situation that may rightly be described as prosperity without profit. And where this situation exists it is usually the result, as pointed out by the British business men, of too violent competition and too high selling expenses.

Perhaps for the non-business reader it will be necessary to explain in greater detail the meaning and causes of Prosperity without Profit. Let us assume there are two grocerymen who have shops on opposite corners, each of whom sells fifty dollars' worth of groceries per day. Of a sudden each resolves that he will double his volume of sales and sell one hundred dollars' worth per day. The families of the neighborhood really do not require so great an amount of grocer merchandise; and so when the two storekeepers seek to realize their ambitions, intense and costly competition develops. Each grocer attempts to outdo his rival. Each runs special sales, engages boys to shove printed dodgers under the doors of householders at night, maintains motor-cycle delivery, keeps his store open evenings, sends solicitors to call upon housewives several times each day to learn if anything be needed.

It is possible that by means of such high-pressure activities the families of the neighborhood are made so "grocery conscious" that each merchant actually does realize his heart's desire and attains his volume of one hundred dollars a day. The chances are the expense of securing this volume is so great that neither earns any money. But the *amour propre* of the merchants is such that neither is willing to admit defeat, and the unprofitable competition continues. When this occurs the two grocerymen are operating under the condition known as Prosperity without Profit.

Yet this is not all. The hectic com-

petition thus inaugurated extends to other fields. The two grocers have contrived to make the families of the neighborhood "grocery conscious." This means that an undue share of the neighborhood income is spent on groceries; and the neighborhood merchants in other lines seek to protect their interests by similar campaigns of high-pressure salesmanship. Profits are sacrificed all around. Eventually some unfortunates fall into the hands of the sheriff. Store clerks lose their positions, and owners of store buildings lose their rents. There is a small-scale panic in the neighborhood.

This state of affairs may spread from neighborhood to nationwide proportions if enough business men become so imbued with a desire for expansion that the cost of securing extra volume is disregarded. It is remarkable how the fetish of greater volume of business has spread during the past few years. This is strikingly illustrated by an editorial that recently appeared in *Printers' Ink*, a publication which for more than a quarter of a century has been identified with American Big Business. The editorial in part is as follows:

> We know of an institution that attained a startling sales volume last year. This year it has set for itself a quota 25 per cent higher and doubtless will reach it. Next year another stiff increase will be set up. This is a description that could be applied literally to hundreds and thousands of other businesses.

Coming from so authoritative a source, the foregoing statement is arresting. The caption of the editorial is more so. It is: "Why America Is Different." The writer has set forth in concrete terms what executives with international experience have long known; namely, that European business men do not strive so hard for volume as do their American confrères. In Europe an enterprise that holds its own from year to year is considered healthy. With us there is the well-established theory that a business should show an annual increase.

Why should American business men in great numbers set up stiff increases in volume each year? Certainly it is not because Americans are more grasping than other people. The always magnificent response of American business men to calls for help from any part of the world would refute this charge if any refutation were needed. Americans like to make money, it is true; but they like to give it away better than most people. American men, besides, are usually willing to start from scratch and make their own careers. To depend on influence for business promotion is almost as much discountenanced in the United States as to marry for money.

II

What reason, then, is there for the intensely competitive spirit that exists in American business if desire for gain is not at the bottom of it? At the risk of shocking some readers, I am going to offer this explanation: Competition is more intense than in other countries because American business men are more influenced by vanity.

Everything conspires to bring this about. The present generation in America inherits a condition of easy prosperity such as has never existed before and will probably never exist again. The hard pioneering work of the country has been finished, but so recently finished that its enormous natural resources are practically intact. Business success comes with almost unbelievable ease in the United States compared with other countries. In Europe success is so hard to attain that a man cannot afford to have an eye on the grand-stand. With us it is possible for a business man to indulge his *amour propre* and still succeed. Such expressions as, "I'll try anything once," or, "I look on my business as a game," are exclusively American.

Examples of easy success in America are so common that to many people no

project appears incredible. Recently the Associated Press sent out a story that was printed in many newspapers under the heading, "Will Sing Crime out of Chicago." The text described a group of citizens interested in the music trades who were about to organize a twenty-four-hour campaign of song, during which earnest bands of singers would perform in hotels, churches, and private homes. Under this uplifting influence it was expected that the forces of evil would be put to rout. The gunman, the swindler, the bootlegger would abandon those professions and turn to better things.

This was a typically American attitude born of vanity and easy conditions. It is impossible to conceive of a group of people in London, Berlin, or Paris who would believe crime could be sung out of their communities in twenty-four hours. In the older and poorer countries it is known from hard experience that things are not accomplished so easily.

When a person feels himself financially secure beyond the chance of a reverse it is only natural that he should seek further pleasure through acts intended to impress his fellows. In America there are more people financially secure than in other countries, and hence more actions motivated by vanity. A well-known economist has recently published the statement that vanity has dictated the erection of a large proportion of city skyscrapers during past years. Frequently skyscrapers do not pay savings-bank interest, yet "men who have made fortunes fast put up the biggest, tallest skyscrapers with their surplus money as monuments to themselves and their fortunes." With this statement went the gloomy prediction that "Skyscrapers, as advertisements, are becoming so common that their value is already questionable. With the original reason gone, the vanity element eliminated by competition in this queer form of display, the skyscraper sections of New York and other cities will disappear."

In addition to the natural American temptation toward vanity, it is artificially stimulated by many agencies unknown in other countries. Europe, for example, knows nothing of what we commonly call "success" literature. This has become so popular a feature with us that many publications make their entire bid for popularity upon the presentation of stories dealing with the spectacular successes of eminent business men. Salesmanship in one form or another is the quality most frequently stressed. An example may be drawn from a series of success stories presented by the New York *Sunday World*, one of which concerns itself with the career of Mr. Fred F. French, a nationally known real estate operator and advertiser of the Metropolis. One of the paragraphs follows:

> "The best example for a sales talk is the life of Jesus Christ," continued Mr. French, his eyes alight with vim for the competitive fight. "He was the best salesman of all time. He said, 'knock and it shall be opened unto you.' What He meant was 'keep knocking until the door is opened and if it isn't opened pretty soon kick down the door.' That's my philosophy too."

One finds it hard to believe this virile expression of an ideal reflects anything more profound than the natural desire to appear before the readers of the *Sunday World* as a dynamic, successful man of business. But its effect is none the less strong; and it is reasonable to believe other executives may be excited by it to more strident methods of salesmanship.

Practically all success literature depends for its appeal on the stimulation of vanity in the reader. An outstanding example that may be cited is Mr. Bruce Barton's immensely popular book, *The Man Nobody Knows*. Mr. Barton stimulates salesmanship ambition in his business-men readers by the most subtle flattery. The Master is depicted as a salesman of surpassing ability. "Every one of the 'principles of modern salesmanship' on which modern business men

so pride themselves is strikingly exemplified in Jesus' talk and work." Jesus knew the art of "putting yourself in step with your prospect." "He picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organization that conquered the world." Never, perhaps, has a writer hit upon so happy a means of elevating the ego of the business-man reader. There is a double jog to vanity. By depicting Jesus as a salesman Mr. Barton not only sets the seal of Divine approval upon salesmanship as an art, but contrives to convey the idea that by salesmanship one grows into the image of the Master.

In the light of such compelling propaganda one does not wonder at the situation described by *Printers' Ink*, wherein "hundreds and thousands" of business executives annually set up increases twenty-five per cent in advance of the previous year. Yet where vanity comes in at the door profits have a habit of flying out at the window. In the preparation of this article I had occasion to interview the head of one of New York's largest banks, and during the interview I was shown a file containing the financial statements of three manufacturing corporations, clients of the institution. None of the corporations had earned an appreciable profit during the preceding year. The largest, doing a business of three millions of dollars, earned precisely $961.00.

The banker explained the situation as follows: Up to two years ago the corporations, all manufacturing similar lines of goods, paid reasonable dividends. At that time one of the corporations underwent a change in management. The gentleman who assumed its presidency was a vain man who wished to demonstrate his salesmanship powers. The corporation had been doing in round figures two million dollars a year. The new president arbitrarily decreed an annual business of three millions; and to that end set in motion all the machinery at his command. Branch offices were established in various cities where stocks of goods were maintained for quick delivery to merchants. The sales force was doubled. Each salesman was equipped with an automobile to cover his territory more often than was possible by railroad, and each was required to sell a certain volume upon penalty of losing his position. Longer credit terms were extended to merchants as an incentive to buying. In communities where merchants bought too sparingly, competitors were set up in business and financed by the corporation as added outlets for its product.

By these strenuous methods the corporation actually increased its sales during one year from two million dollars to three millions, and to that extent the ambitious president's vanity was satisfied. But the cost of gaining the extra million was so great that practically all profits were eliminated.

Yet that was not all. The corporation's two competitors were also obliged to speed up their selling efforts in order to protect themselves. They also established branch offices, increased the number of their salesmen, and granted longer credit terms. Their profits likewise were dissipated in unnecessary expenses. Three important corporations failed to pay dividends because one man wished to appear before the world as a two-fisted, up-and-coming apostle of efficiency.

If left alone, it is probable that conditions like the foregoing would right themselves, as responsible executives come more and more to realize the futility of over-expensive selling. But success literature is only one of many stimulants to business vanity. Vanity is promoted in many curious ways and from the strangest of motives. No longer ago than June, 1927, a meeting of eminent men took place at Cambridge, Massachusetts, to dedicate the buildings that comprise the George F. Baker Foundation of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. These buildings, reported to have cost five millions of dollars, were

presented to Harvard by Mr. George F. Baker, the New York banker. President Lowell of Harvard conferred the degree of Master of Business Administration upon a class of more than two hundred graduates, and in so doing used the following words: "By virtue of the authority delegated to me, I testify that you are well trained to enter upon one of the oldest of the arts and the *latest of the professions.*"

This sweeping statement coming from so high a source and conferring the brevet of professional status upon all American business men, was seized upon as an important tribute to American business; and many of those engaged in selling capitalized its splendid stimulation of business vanity. Leading newspapers sought popularity among business readers by quoting President Lowell's phrase upon their front pages and by flattering editorial comment. Scores of similarly optimistic articles have since appeared in the trade press. Retail shopkeepers, even, have found a way to turn the Harvard formalities to account. As these words are written, a leading department store of New York City features in a full-page advertisement the expression, "Business, the latest of the professions," as proof that its bargains are genuine.

It may be assumed that even though Harvard's president made his statement in cold blood he had no other end in view than to encourage more business men to contribute money toward the upbuilding of his institution. Such efforts are a part of the modern university president's job, and by the employment of wholesale flattery Doctor Lowell merely exhibited keen business acumen. Yet the wisdom of his pronouncement is open to question. There is nothing to indicate that some hundreds of thousands of storekeepers, manufacturers, real estate men, undertakers—all those who buy and sell for a living—have suddenly reached professional status. There is an intrinsic difference between business and the professions. A merchant or a manufacturer sells merchandise. A lawyer or a physician sells personal services. For this reason the professional man cannot push his affairs so freely as can the business man. He is definitely limited in the things he may do for gain. To cite one example: A lawyer or physician must not seek clients through paid advertisements or by sending out solicitors. To do either of these things at once lowers his standing in his community. But a merchant or a manufacturer may quite properly employ both advertising and personal solicitation in the selling of his goods. Few people would wish to see this distinction abolished; yet so long as the distinction exists, business cannot be given the professional status mentioned by President Lowell. Such status predicates restraint; and it is generally admitted that less restraint is practiced by business at the present time than formerly. It is even possible that wholesale flattery of business men may make for still less restraint.

III

Vanity in business is progressive. We have seen how a single business executive, fired with the desire to demonstrate his powers, may so aggravate competition that an entire industry is reduced to the condition known as Prosperity without Profit. In many lines competition has become so hectic that ordinary salesmanship no longer suffices. Executives drive toward coveted goals of volume by systematic prodding of the vanity instinct in their employees. For this purpose a device known as the "sales contest" has come to be employed during recent years by many important firms and corporations.

The sales contest takes many ingenious forms, but its one object is to create in employees a fighting, he-man, bring-home-the-bacon spirit. The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, for example, promotes a contest each month of the year among its twenty-five hundred salesmen in all parts of the United States and Canada. The object

of each contest is to prod the individual salesman's vanity. On one recent occasion this event was termed an "aeroplane race"; and in the magazine published by the Company photographs of star salesmen were shown, attired in flying costumes and standing beside their machines ready to burst into flight. At another time the contest was an "automobile race." At the start of the automobile contest this message was sent to every salesman, "Make your plans over the week-end. Then hit Monday morning with a *bang* that will jar the points loose in your territory as they have never been before."

Another nationwide corporation, the C and D Company, with twenty-five hundred salespeople who sell dresses, hosiery, and underwear throughout the United States, also prods the vanity of its employees by almost continuous contests. A recent event was the hunt of the "Whiffenpoof," a mythical creature described as "anything that keeps a salesman from getting an order." The hunt was under the direction of a sales-manager calling himself "Ram" Rod who divided his force into three camps named Teddy Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill, and Davy Crockett, respectively. Each time a salesperson took an order amounting to five dollars he was credited with the death of one Whiffenpoof. Prizes were offered for the greatest number of kills.

The contest plan has been found so effective as a stimulant to salesmanship vanity that a number of business concerns have been organized to create novel ideas in the way of contests and to sell the products of their inventiveness to various firms and corporations. Among the most successful of these producers of contest plans is the Dartnell Company of Chicago with more than ten thousand American business organizations subscribing to its regular service. Recently the Dartnell Company produced a special plan for stimulating salesmen which comprised the purchase of certain novelties to be mailed to traveling representatives from week to week. One week, for example, the bagman was sent a miniature feather duster bearing a tag that counseled him to "dust his territory." Another week he was sent an imitation cannon firecracker with the injunction "Make a Big Noise." One is told that more than twelve hundred firms and corporations purchased the series of novelties and mailed them to their forces of road salesmen.

Originally the contest idea was confined to manufacturers who felt the need of stimulating the *amour propre* of their employees. Of late it has been extended into other fields. The National Surety Company of New York City frequently promotes contests among its representatives throughout the United States and Canada. Recently one of the Company's regional managers, Mr. C. C. Spear, telegraphed from North Carolina that he had made the "largest forgery bond sale ever made in the South," and challenged his brother regional managers to equal his exploit. This incident was seized upon as the basis of a spirited contest, and the following telegram was sent to all regional managers and supervisors by the Company's vice-president:

> Speak about the Go-Get-Em Spirit: Spear certainly throws down the gauntlet to other regional managers and surely no red-blooded, two-fisted, fighting regional manager is going to let him get away with any such defy. He is practically thumbing his nose and wiggling his fingers at you. If he falls off his high horse we'll make him literally eat his telegram before a camera in company with the regional manager who gives him the most decisive trimming.

IV

Not only do manufacturing and financial corporations appeal to the vanity instinct but many leading institutions of learning, one regrets to note, make a similar appeal in their efforts to sell their services to the youth of America. It is but a short time since that the chairman of the board of regents

of the University of Texas, in his desire to advertise his school as a center for red-blooded young men, conferred the rank of Dean upon his athletic director, a former Y. M. C. A. coach. More recently, the University of Idaho mailed a piece of literature to the members of the senior classes of state high schools, urging the importance of a university course as a means of higher culture. The preamble contained this subtle stimulus to youthful pride:

> You'll have the world by the tail when you get that diploma. Then you'll be looking for a place to throw it. Now what are you going to do with the brute—the world, I mean? Let him slip from your hands because you don't tie a knot in him? Not you! Not any Idaho boy or girl!

A singular branch of learning, featured by more than a score of American universities, is known as "Business English." This is, briefly, the art of writing sales letters; and is based upon the theory that the prospect's vanity may be excited by a hearty informality which is lacking in the English of literature or of polite intercourse. One reads, for example, in the text book used by classes in Business English at New York University:

> Business English is a useful art rather than a fine art. Its purpose, like the purpose of business, is to gain profit. "Follow the line of least resistance" is an axiom of Business English. Business English is typically conversational—in many cases, colloquial.

It is worthy of note that the colloquial English recommended by New York University finds enthusiastic reception in some business circles. One block from the University's headquarters in Washington Square is a subway station where a great news corporation prods the vanity of prospective clients by the printed question:

"Whad'ya read?"

V

One defect in the employment of flattery as a sales stimulant is the necessity for increasingly stronger potions. In rich New York a mere resort to clubby Business English may create sales; but in communities where life is sustained upon a more austere basis and where ready cash is scarce it is often necessary to supplement the ordinary vanity appeal by almost unbelievable garnishments. Few will deny that sex and vanity are closely allied emotions; and painful as it is to recount it, sex excitation has been authoritatively recommended as a sales stimulant when ordinary means fail.

In the *Merchants Farm Journal* one reads the success story of a prominent department-store owner of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and learns how hard-won dollars may be enticed from masculine pockets by skilful exploitation of the female form:

> We always had a hard time getting the men customers into the store in large numbers. We sent them invitations to our Easter opening, but few came. So I said to my brother: "We'll have a summer opening. We'll put bathing suits on living models and we'll send personal invitations to the men!" Well, that is one time we had the men at one of our openings.

While the foregoing incident illustrates the desperate state of salesmanship in retail circles, a recent development gives ominous warning that the same deplorable situation may soon exist in the field of Big Business unless something is done to curb the ambition of executives who demand of their sales forces sensational increases of volume from year to year. Many firms and corporations that formerly depended upon their own sales-managers to keep the enthusiasm of their forces at white heat now find it necessary to employ inspirational talent from the outside. An entirely new profession has been created through this necessity, and in the pages of many business journals one finds the advertisements of those who, for lack of a better term, may be called revivalists in salesmanship. Among them one notes the name of Mr. W. L. (Bill) Barnhart, whose name, it is

stated in his prospectus, is registered as a Trade Mark in the U. S. Patent Office; and whose lecture, "The Magic Formula of Sales Success" is commended by such organizations as the Advertising-Selling League of Omaha, Nebraska, and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. Another, Mr. Willard Scott, advertises to have spoken before more than three hundred gatherings of industrial corporation executives, bankers, chambers of commerce, and college men. Mr. Scott solicits further engagements upon the following testimonial offered by the Adcraft Club of Canton, Ohio: "He made 'em laugh like kooka-burras half full of raisin jack."

VI

From the employment of sex excitation and rollicking laughter as sales stimuli, it is but a step to the exploitation of another intensely human emotion —love of little children. An influential business journal has recently published a success story based upon an interview with the sales-manager of the American Slicing Machine Company of Chicago, in which is explained how that nation-wide organization jolts the vanity of its sales force by linking up the children with the Company's drive for greater volume:

> Last fall we offered a turkey at Christmas to every one of our salesmen who beat his quota of sales. To give the contest an added element of human interest we asked each man to appoint a child in his family as mascot, realizing that every one of them would work his head off to make some youngster happy at Christmas. The way these youngsters took hold of the plan was amusing and at times the intensity of their interest was almost pathetic.

The American Slicing Machine Company is not alone in the discovery that children may profitably be used to maintain sales volume. One reads in an influential business publication that a leading soap manufacturing corporation jogs the vanity of little boys and girls at school by providing cards on which they are requested to sign the following pledge:

"Dear Teacher: I promise to wash my face and hands with my little cake of X soap before every meal and before going to bed until it is all used up."

One hesitates to inject a pessimistic note into activities that doubtless furnish much pleasure to ambitious executives, and sometimes do increase sales. But as we have seen, increased sales often mean decreased profits. Illustrating the futility of much of the supersalesmanship that has come into vogue during recent years, Mr. J. F. Lincoln, of the Lincoln Electric Company of Cleveland, says:

> The tendency of sales costs to go up fully as rapidly as manufacturing costs have gone down, has been the history of the past ten years. The rate at which sales costs have gone up is stupefying when shown in percentages. In many products 35 cents being the only part of his dollar which has anything to do with manufacturing cost and the only part of the dollar which the manufacturer ever sees.

Even in the United States business cannot permanently continue to set up stiff increases without reaching an impasse. An outstanding example is the automobile trade. There is an unusually high rate of failures among retail automobile dealers. In the past most dealers have been obliged to accept certain numbers of cars each month from the manufacturers; and often, when overstocked with cars, a dealer is tempted to make too high an allowance for the second-hand car his customer wishes to trade in. This has become so prevalent that a large proportion of buyers refuse to be influenced toward any particular make of car. A saying in the trade is "A buyer doesn't shop for a car any more. He shops for the biggest allowance on his old car." Where such a situation exists everyone in the trade loses. The dealer, perhaps, goes bankrupt. The manufacturer loses through having to secure another dealer. Also, the manufacturer loses in another

way; because for every sale that is secured solely on the allowance made for the second-hand car, the manufacturer's advertising is nullified to just that extent. Speaking of these problems, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, president of the General Motors Corporation, has said:

One of the big troubles of the automobile business is that dealers and manufacturers all have the habit of expecting business every year to be far in excess of that of the previous year.

In line with this statement it is cheering to note that General Motors announces that in the future it will set no arbitrary increases and will adjust its manufacturing to legitimate demand.

Always, just around the corner, is the menace of business depression that invariably follows overselling on a large scale. On this danger an editorial writer in one of the most influential of Big Business journals recently comments:

The prevailing idea in business that a Company must increase its sales each year is the cause of the senseless scramble for volume that is going on in so many industries. It is also one of the causes of rumors that sometimes start a depression. When a sales organization finds it is falling under its previous high-water mark, it is likely to go into a psychological funk. It communicates its pessimism to others. Orders are cancelled, employees are laid off, and the first thing you know there is a depression, although there is really not the slightest reason for it.

If vanity dictates the policies of business to too great an extent a time may come when Prosperity without Profit will shrink into a condition where there is no prosperity and no profit.

THE POTTER'S FIELD

BY A. E. JOHNSON

WHAT reeking clod is this that comes to me?
By what foul hand here flung?
I am no field of flower or tree,
I have no need of dung:

I am a field of purest clay,
I feed the potter's wheel;
Mine were the bowels that spun the earth
For the Holy Grail.

"And, therefore, take me, sacred field,
My earth to thine work up;
And thou, O Potter, on thy wheel
Fashion me to a cup,

"And let it go throughout the world
And hold the sacred wine,
That so the ransomed souls may bless
Judas who crushed the Vine."

A FATALIST

A STORY

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

ALL day had the gardener been digging a hole to contain my new rose-bed. Night fell on a pit three feet deep; it had nice vertical sides; all over its floor had been spread a layer of rough stones to perfect the drainage for the roses. The layer was some six inches deep. So there were still two feet and six inches of pit to fall into. However, my garden is, in a sense, private. So we hung up no red lamps round the hole.

At eleven that night I was lying in bed, thinking how little that's new there is under the sun. I had just reached the somber conclusion that most of us hadn't even the wit to sin the old standard sins in some new sort of way when I heard the unmistakable sound of a bit of dry wood crushed by somebody's boot in the garden under my window, where no man should be at that hour.

I live alone, and there is no other house within hail of my cottage. My ground-floor windows are French, and very nice on warm afternoons, but they scarcely count among the serious bulwarks of property. Besides, I have a billiard-table and maintain the antique luxury of ivory balls; and persons versed in burglary will tell you that these are highly esteemed by the craft, as very few lines of stolen goods are so easy to market. Besides, we are all weak as water. So I guessed at once that some frail brother must have failed to overcome a desire for my billiard-balls.

I would not slay the meanest burglar that lives, merely for burgling. But I like scaring them. And, to gratify this simple taste, I have brewed, so to speak, a completely innocuous brand of wind to put up them. I keep by my bed a tiny pistol of a special kind that is used for starting foot races. It can fire nothing but blank, for its muzzle is bunged up, from birth, with a steel plug. But, to make up for this disability, it has a small hole in the underside of the barrel. Through this hole the products of combustion escape with an admirable accession of sound and fury as often as the piece is discharged. Believe me, I have found this stingless firearm—emasculated but vociferous as the great Pistol himself, the patron saint of this description of ordnance—quite comically disturbing to the morale of the criminal classes, although it relieves me of all liability to the remorse that might follow any actual perforation of their persons.

Jumping out of bed and grasping this little champion of justice and also of mercy, I plunged down the stairs and issued in inhospitable haste from the back door. As I gained the open I spied a man in full flight. He was then about half-way from me to the rose-bed of the future, and the high speed at which he traveled was in no way diminished when I let fly with my little favorite.

If sound could kill single-handed, the wicked man would have perished there in his wickedness; for the "listening Earth" that is described in the hymn might easily have had her eardrum broken by that little hero's report. But

he lived and headed straight, in his incautious terror, for the pit. At its edge he vanished utterly; and, when the roar of my artillery had died away, it was feebly succeeded by the groans and swear-words of an unquestionable casualty. Rushing forward to improve my advantage, I found that the unintended trap had quite settled the hash—the immediate and practical hash—of the foe. He was stretched at full length on the stones: that much I could see in the dark. But as I jumped after him into the pit he cried out, "My foot! Mind my foot!" in a tone that fairly took my breath away, so widely did it differ from any tone that I could have expected from a condignly defeated invader.

The tone was neither menacing nor scared nor yet imploring, but simply pettish and cross, like an invalid's when you don't put his pillows just right, or a child's when it says, "You're hurting me," with the fullest conviction that this piece of news will desolate the person addressed and spur him to offers of instant relief. In fact I felt that spur. I felt it so distinctly that I bent down, without more ado, to examine the foot which the recumbent enemy extended to me.

I felt the foot all over. Its sole was facing the other leg, and the outside of the ankle bulged like a knee. This looked like a dislocated ankle. But I knew that a wise surgeon will not start on treatment till he has given himself every chance that he can to diagnose rightly. So I told the patient, with authority, that he had better come indoors.

"Come!" he said, pettishly. "I can't get up."

It was an educated voice, a super-educated one. And, now that I come to think of it, his very oaths had smelled of the lamp—they were pedantic. Besides, I had felt a slight pricking in my thumbs, such as usually visits me when I come near an intellectual, even one who is not a burglar. But I do read a little myself—of course nothing to speak of—just a few stale old things; and now it came into my head to rebuke this peevish trespasser in terms as bookish as his own. "Well," I quoted sternly, "'whence comes this restraint? From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.'"

"Do you know," he said, "that's rather apt." He spoke as if I were a boy who had shaped pretty well in a class, and he a master who could afford to unbend just a little. But not very much, nor for long. In another moment he was again completely possessed by the tender regard that he had already shown for himself. "But here are you," he said, "quoting from 'Measure for Measure' to your satisfaction, while I bear the pangs of the damned."

I might have followed up my first gibe with another. But somehow my flippancy froze on my lips. Surely I must be one of the most defenseless of men in any sort of verbal affray or logical duel; any thrust or feint or parry that is addressed to me seems, just at the time, to have such extraordinary and unanswerable force. Certainly a crushing or scathing answer does sometimes occur to me afterwards, especially in bed. But at the time I am lost; I can only feel that in the high court of Reason I have lost my case and must, as the most dutiful of her subjects, put up my hands and accept whatever may arise from the surrender. "You must wait here—" I began.

"I must indeed," he said acidly.

"While," I continued, "I go for a light."

One ought, by rights, to feel superior when one is carrying on a sentence like that, right over a needless or rude interruption by somebody else. But I got no joy of it. There was that in the voice of this sour Olympian which made me feel no words of mine to be up to the mark. I went for the light.

Half way to the door the austere voice overtook me. "You may, or may not, be aware," it was saying, "that shock, in the medical sense of the term,

induces a chill. A rug, a sofa blanket, even a great-coat, if fairly thick—"

I grunted. But when I came back with a big stable lantern I had a motor rug over my shoulder and a large cushion in my other hand.

He did not take really well the frank brutality that it needs to get an ankle back into joint. No abuse, you understand, no direct attack on my methods: only a flow of oblique, refractive, or ricochet comment such as a grumpy "Well, I suppose might is right in these cases," and "Small wonder the eminent bonesetters earn what they do if they have any gift for economizing these tortures."

I should have thought I had done pretty well for a fellow that had not taken a course in first aid. But the touch of a master magician swiftly turned my little meal of self-complacency into some of the least tasty of sawdust. For several minutes after the ball of that ankle was back in its cup a ground-swell of piquantly phrased innuendo, to my disadvantage, was slowly subsiding. Before I had quite got this scourge to my vanity laid out easy and snug, with my rug tucked well round his lean form, and my cushion doubled under his head, it was occurring to me that in less than ten minutes I had successfully recovered the offensive in this campaign and had then completely lost it. My present position was only slightly better than that of a hare in front of a swift car at night. Fascinated by the strong headlights of this arrogant intellect, I could neither outpace it nor scuttle off out of its way.

Clearly there was nothing for it but a desperate push on my part to regain the upper hand that I had lost and—at least in some high and delicate sense—to make this caustic malefactor eat dust. "Well," I began, with this strategic purpose, "about the object of this call of yours . . . ?"

In replying his voice went up an octave or two and thenceforward remained at the austerest heights of conscious predominance in argument. "In asking that," he trebled, "are you not, if I may say so, breaking in an open door?"

"We can't all break in closed ones," I retorted, with some little gusto at first, for I felt it was quite a palpable hit. But—a plague on all big stable lanterns!—his face was visible now, and it wore that most withering of expressions—the absolute blank with which persons of culture and taste receive a false note struck by one of their inferiors—a feeble impropriety or a bad pun, as if their mercy were giving the culprit a chance to begin life again without having his license indorsed.

My luckless repartee shrivelled instantly, in my own sight, into a coarse sample of the hard and dry lucidity of second-rate minds. I stood reproved while he continued, as though no indecency had occurred, "Assume that I *was* about to do all that you hint. I do not offer one shade of denial. Assume anything, everything. Call me whatever you will; call me a—"

"Pretty bad egg," I muttered imprudently, for my vulgar wrath had revived a little under the tonic of my adversary's plenary admission of intent, as we say in the law.

He seemed to be really distressed by my commonness. His face was spare and rather sacerdotal, but not stoically so, and now his lips were parted and had a mixed look of petulance and pain, as if he might proceed either to scold or to cry. But, whatever weakness may have assailed him, he mastered his disappointment at my failure: he reasoned with me, if not patiently, at least with a measured and marshalled impatience. "Do you seriously think," he inquired, "that that is what life really asks of you? To go about saying that this man is good and that other man bad, in some strained moral sense? As if either of them could be either, when all that they do is foredoomed and fixed for them, down to the least bend of a finger or toe, and a deed that smells sweet or foul to

the nose of the mob is no more the feat or the fault of the doer than thorns are the fault of a rose, or its scent a moral achievement."

But there was still some rebellion left in me. "*Voilà les grandes phrases qui arrivent*" I muttered profanely. Of course I had known before then the little fashion that some people follow of raising the dear old Greek notion of Fate from the dead—only the way they put it now is that the poor office boy has to dip his hand, willy nilly, into the till because some glandular secretion in his body has gone wrong. I can't keep up with all these fashions. Their birth and death rates are too high. So, in a general way, I am on the First Gravedigger's side and against Free Love and Free Suicide and the Free Till. I admitted as much.

"That," he said with asperity, "is the greatest mistake." For the moment, however, he left it at that and said, in a way that made my face tingle for my deficiencies as a host, "Would it be too much to ask that I may not have to tax my poor powers in clearing this up without *some* means of keeping a little warmth in my feet?"

Despise me if you must, but I was cornered. No adequate answer rose to my lips. And out of that corner I could perceive no way of escape except through my back door. In a minute or two I had collected a foot-muff, my second-best rug, and the hot-water bottle out of my bed and had returned to the patient. He gave meager thanks and took up his tale, "Where were we? Oh!—about the old Free Will illusion—"

"Old?" I interposed as rudely as I dared. "Is it as old as the Atreus Family Curse and the rest of your Ineluctable Destiny business?"

He overlooked my interruption as a Primate in the pulpit might ignore a very small brawl in the body of the church. "Right? Wrong?" he resumed at his leisure. "As if what matters in John Roe is that he's in the right, and in Thomas Doe that he's in the wrong! As if anything mattered, in either poor devil, except that, right or wrong, he is just what he is—a poor blown mote of dust who dreams he's the wind that blows him about—that he chooses his path and determines his acts and shapes his own character! As if it were open to me to worry myself with the fancy that it would have been in my power not to come to your house and fall into your pit—or open to you to imagine it was an autonomous act of your own to seize a deadly weapon and fling yourself madly upon me, raging for blood!"

However he might have shaken my faith in any Free Will of my own, I had no doubt just then about the freedom of this philosopher's will as an agency for determining me. Hadn't he been shunting me all night, like the veriest truck for his goods, from siding to siding? Wasn't he, even now, by the infernal prestige of his brain, keeping me positively respectful? But he was proceeding, "Whereas all that is left to us!—if there be anything—is to fall as little short as we may in sympathetic curiosity in presence of such pitiful playthings of natural forces as all of us are, whatever we may do, or seem to do."

"In fact," I murmured, "when you seemed to have come here to pillage the place, I ought to have viewed the semblance with melancholy compassion?"

"Tinged," he said, "with humor. Humorless compassion for the common plight is a mood too purely Russian. See Tchekhoff, Dostoevski, all that lot. The English mind, at its best, has at least a wry smile for man's tragi-comic entanglement. It does not overlook an element of the grotesque in the poor mob of helpless pigmies."

The ill-conditioned element in me made one more try for liberty. "And so," I said, "I might have allowed myself one little grin when you came this unfortunate cropper?"

"Doesn't it strike you," he asked me augustly, "that there is no truth, however profound, that does not lend itself to some flippant travesty?"

He paused a little—no doubt to give me in fairness a chance to offer my excuses. I didn't offer any. But the spell was working on me again. Never since I was at school have I been able to stick up for my own notions just at the moment when somebody else tries to come the giant intellect over me. Like an old soldier my mind instinctively jumps to attention, salutes, and listens for orders.

Perhaps he was giving me up as utterly graceless. "The night grows colder," he said somewhat distantly, "and I am far from home and am seriously injured. Something has, I think, been said, from time to time, about providing me with shelter, but nothing seems to be done."

With an effort I lifted him on to the edge of the pit. Then I got out myself, raised him to his feet, or foot, and asked if he thought he could hop, with my assistance, into the house.

"I might," he replied, "but I doubt the wisdom of attempting it." It was distinctly conveyed that if I had a sense of decency it would lead me to carry him.

Why make a stand there, after retreating so often? I submitted my back to the load. The theorist who had set out to break in at one of my windows, "bent," in the deathless words of Milton, "to unhoard the cash," entered luxuriously by the door, bestriding its owner and shedding about him a pungent aroma of intellectual force and of free, cantankerous will.

CAREER

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

HE DREAMED sometimes of great and daring things,
But kept a snug place not too near the edge
Of danger, and made safe a harp and wings
With desk, and pew, and soul-insuring pledge.
He knew, of course, that fire would melt the fat,
So frequented the haunts where virtue teems;
Although his paupered spirit passed the hat
Amid a jostling crowd of rebel dreams.
He begged at Beauty's doorstep for a crumb,
Yet stood a model in the neighbors' eyes;
He longed, although he prayed for Kingdom-Come,
To force the shining locks of Paradise,
But never dared to make the heavens fall . . .
He died, they buried him, and that was all.

MORALITY AMONG THE ANIMALS

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

Professor of Psychology, Bryn Mawr College

THE desire to distinguish oneself—to single oneself out—is among the profoundly rooted traits of human nature. It is responsible for the absolute separation man has endeavored to make between his race and the animal world.

The recent recognition, under the compulsion of inescapable facts, of kinship with the great apes rests for the present mainly upon bodily similarities and identities. Little has so far been said about a common moral nature. If most educated people are willing to share with the higher animals the inferior levels of intelligence, few are prepared to share with them the foundation of the moral life. It is here that humanity makes its last stand for distinction. They would grant the beast everything save the moral life; that, they would affirm, is *the* specifically human trait. Traditions of enormous power urge us to this last claim. Are not the great and terrible problems of sin, of moral responsibility, of the soul and its salvation, outgrowth of the moral nature? If the foundation of morality is a possession held in common with the apes, can they remain altogether outside these grave concerns?

I would on no account plunge the anthropoid world in the ethico-religious nightmare that has so long plagued humanity. But, after all, and despite the relatively high degree of intelligence of the apes, the danger to their peace of mind which might arise from disclosures made in these pages is very slight. As to those who shrink from sharing even sin with the animal world, they will find it easy to protect their altogether unique nature by setting aside any conclusion not to their liking.

The discussion will be limited to four types of behavior which may well be regarded as constituting a substantial foundation for a moral nature.

(1) Our industrial, commercial, capitalistic societies are, as we all know, anchored on the right of property. A large proportion of the laws of civilized states are for the definition and the safeguarding of that right. Well, animals claim and defend ownership.

Claims of property make their appearance as far down the animal scale as the fish, but they are much more sharply delimited and more tenaciously defended in the higher animals. It is especially in connection with the nest and the territory surrounding it, and in connection with feeding and hunting grounds that is found what would be called in man "claims of property."

In many species of birds a pair lays claim, not only to its nest, but also to the territory about it. "This domain may be either a bush, a piece of ground, a swamp, a small pond, or part of a stream. Many birds of prey lay claim to the same domain throughout the year and suffer no rival within its boundaries. Thus, every pair of eagles of the species *Haliactus vocifer* rules a district about three kilometers in diameter." (Alverdes, *Social Life in the Animal World.*)

The defense of possession is nowhere fiercer than when it refers to females,

this both in animals living monogamously and in others. Stallions defend to the last their possession of the mares composing their harem. The kangaroos live in small herds led by an old male; the herds have separate feeding grounds and do not mix. "When paring time begins," says Alverdes, "the leader claims the females belonging to his herd as his property, but the claim is not allowed without fierce battles with other males who have come to maturity since the previous breeding season."

That the mate or mates, the nest, the territory are claimed by animals as their property appears in the determination and the assurance with which they defend them. They do not cautiously measure the strength of their antagonists before giving battle; they behave rather as the average human being who feels that the right is on his side. Their behavior when defending their possessions bears all the marks of what we would call in man righteous indignation. In that spirit the bird defends his domain and the dog his bone.

Among apes the claim to property spreads to objects of very little intrinsic value. Brehm speaks of a baboon which had become deeply interested in a tin can, took it to his sleeping place at night, and generally treated it as his own. Alverdes knew a captive long-tailed monkey who used rubber balls, corks, bits of wood, etc., as playthings and who resented any attempt to touch them or to take them away—these things were his own.

If it is proper to interpret behavior in animals as it is in man, we may conclude that they possess that which prompts the making of laws regarding the right of property—namely, the sense of possession. And they become aware of that right under exactly the same circumstances as man does, i.e., in consequence of priority of occupation and of use.

The communistic reader must not imagine that I am attacking his creed. I neither attack nor defend; I state facts. For the rest, everybody ought to know that what is and what should be are not necessarily the same thing; nature need not be the last word.

(2) Almost every observant person has noticed with curiosity the behavior of a dog when scolded by its master. It seems to be in dread of his disapproval and yet it may never have suffered any substantial physical punishment at his hands. The emotional reaction brought out by the master's displeasure is, as a matter of fact, not the simple fear reaction: the animal does not run away as it would if it merely feared blows; it remains near, it even approaches, crawling on its belly as in supplication, seeks to rub against the master's legs, tries to lick his hands. This is obviously not an expression of fear of physical chastisement. What is it?

Professor Köhler of Berlin who had the good fortune to spend several years in the company of a colony of chimpanzees on Teneriffe Island has recorded in his most interesting book, *The Mentality of Apes*, an observation which we shall bring in for comparison with the former:

> When I had been in Teneriffe a few weeks only, I noticed whilst feeding the squatting animals, pressed close to me, that a little female, at other times quite well-behaved, was snatching the food out of the hand of a weaker animal, and as she persisted in this, I gave her a little rap. The little creature, now punished for the first time, shrank back, uttered one or two heart-broken wails, as she stared at me horror-struck, while her lips were pouted more than ever. The next moment she had flung her arms around my neck, quite beside herself, and was only comforted by degree when I stroked her. This need (adds Professor Köhler) is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in the emotional life of chimpanzees.

This is certainly not an expression of simple fear. If the reader hesitates still in his interpretation, let him consider this closely related behavior of a child. I remember punishing a young child by removing him from the family table at mealtime and placing his high-chair away from us in the corner of the room.

He had his food with him and could see and hear us; there was, therefore, no food punishment and no cause for fear. Nevertheless, the child fell to weeping in a most disconsolate manner—not angry cries, not fear; no, a wail of utter misery! When we brought him back near us, there was an affecting show of re-established friendship. Here hesitation is not possible; the desolation comes not from a physical pain or fear of pain, but from a sense of separation from, of rejection by the parents.

Can we now refrain from interpreting in the same way the behavior of dogs referred to above? I do not see how we could. What affects them is not fear of physical pain; they, like children, suffer a moral pain, the pain of rejection by those they love. In the tenderly nurtured higher animals, as in the young child, the direst misery is not produced by physical pain, but by being rejected by loved ones. Of all kinds of isolation, the one produced by the breaking of bonds of trustful affection is the worst.

When we follow up in the adult human being the development of this need for companionship, for union in affection—a need already present in dogs and apes—we find it assuming the form of a yearning for communion with God or with the Whole. It may become the comforting pantheism of Bryant in "Thanatopsis" or of Wordsworth's noble lines:

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

Or it may take a less emotional and more intellectual form as in the mind of philosophers who wish to be part of a rational Universe and not of a mere chaotic show of forces.

The moral life of the higher animals includes something similar to shame at having disobeyed a command. Darwin relates that a dog of his, which had never been struck by anyone of the household, was caught by him with a chop just snatched from the prepared table. On seeing the master enter, the dog slunk under the sofa with ears down and tail between its legs, and could not be persuaded to show itself. Here again the behavior of the animal may not be explained as a show of the fear of physical pain. Is it a prototype of the tragic first act in the moral drama of humanity related in Genesis? There are striking similarities in the behavior of Adam and Eve and of Darwin's dog. Instead of gamboling joyfully towards his entering master, the dog hid under the sofa. Likewise our First Ancestors, instead of hastening towards their Maker calling for them in the cool of the evening, concealed themselves in a clump of bushes—thus does conscience make cowards of us all!

(3) Disinterested, affectionate helpfulness and generosity are among the finest traits of the moral nature of man. They are also prominent traits in the higher animals. Mated birds of certain species show what in man would be called admirable devotion and tenderness. Here is how Craig, a scientifically trained and keen observer, describes the behavior of pigeons in quest of a nesting site:

> The two birds must be brought into agreement upon a nesting site. They usually try a number of promising situations. Either bird, upon finding a likely spot, gives a nest-call which stimulates the mate to fly toward the source of the sound. When at length a site is agreed upon, the selection is impressed upon the minds of the birds by a ceremony in which both sit together in the chosen spot and call and caress one another for a long period. Then one bird, usually the female, remains in the nest to build and fashion it, while the other bird flies off in search of building material. Each time the male returns with a straw, the female welcomes him with a low, complacent cooing and an affectionate flutter of the wings.—*Amer. Jour. of Sociology*, Vol. XIV, p. 93.

The helpful devotion of mated birds is a characteristic not of pigeons alone but also of most other birds. They co-operate in building the nest and they feed,

protect, and comfort each other during the long incubation period. There is a current belief that the male always assumes the supposedly pleasant labor of providing the food while the female is left at home sitting on the eggs. That is false. In many species the male shares incubation with the female; and there is at least one species—that of the Nandu, a South American ostrich—in which the male alone sits on the eggs. It might as well be added, in justice to the males, that the feeding task they usually assume is not a sinecure. The end of the incubation period finds the poor breadwinner worn out, a mere shadow of himself, while the female has become sleek and fat beyond what is good for her health. That is what happens in the Hornbill family.

Apes excepted, it is probably among elephants, of all mammals, that mutual helpfulness is best developed. When an elephant is wounded by a bullet others have frequently been observed to come to its help and support it. If it falls some of its fellows will kneel by its side, pass their tusks under its body, while others wind their trunks about its neck in an attempt to put the wounded animal on its feet.

But it is, as might be expected, among the apes that sympathy, compassionate helpfulness, self-sacrifice for the sake of others reach their highest level. Whether in this respect they fall far below uncivilized man the reader may judge for himself. There are on record numerous well-authenticated instances similar to these two taken from Romanes' *Animal Intelligence:*

> A young male gibbon fell from a tree and dislocated his wrist; he received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female, who, however, was no relation. She used before eating her own plantains to take up the first that were offered to her every day, and give them to the cripple, who was living in the eaves of a wooden house; and I have frequently noticed that a cry of fright, pain or distress from one would bring all the others at once to the complainer, and they would then condole with him and fold him in their arms.

Quite similarly of a gentle little creature which had become the pet of a number of monkeys living together:

> From the moment it was taken ill their attention and care of it redoubled; and it was truly affecting and interesting to see with what anxiety and tenderness they tended and nursed the little creature. A struggle often ensued among them for priority in those offices of affection; and some would steal one thing and some another, which they would carry untasted, however tempting it might be to their own palates. Then they would take it up gently in their fore-paws and hug it to their breasts.

In his delightful account of Mme. Abreu's colony of monkeys in Cuba (*Almost Human*), Yerkes remarks that instances of generosity are not numerous. Yet, they happen: "Anuma has been known to give to his female companion, Minita, a piece of fruit of which he is very fond."

A chimpanzee's burst of affectionate concern in the presence of a suffering fellow-creature, especially when small and weak, would put to shame the callous indifference of many a human being. One of the younger and smaller apes of Professor Köhler's, Konsul by name, was sick. He had just been let out of the infirmary and was dragging himself painfully towards his fellows, engaged in eating green fodder some distance away. After a few steps his strength gave out and he fell to the ground uttering a piercing cry. Tercera, a female ape, chewing near-by, sprang up in great excitement, uttering cries of distress, and reached Konsul in a few strides. She caught hold of him under the arms, trying to set him on his feet, her face expressive of the utmost concern. The witness of this scene adds, "One could not imagine anything more maternal than this female chimpanzee's behavior."

These apes befriended and helped one another in all sorts of circumstances. When one was being punished the others showed not only passive sympathy, but they sought to stop the punishment. Little Konsul, whom I have just men-

tioned, would run up excitedly and, with a pleading countenance, stretch out his arms to the punisher. He would even try to hold his arm tight; and if the chastisement continued, growing exasperated, he would hit out at the big man! "Once," relates Köhler, "Konsul was in another place, where he could not see what was happening, but only hear something of it; he hurried at once by a roundabout way and fell on my arm." Not only Konsul, but all of these chimpanzees in varying degrees, showed this helpful interest.

When these apes had grown up and their awe of the big men had diminished, it became impossible to punish any of them while the others were in the same room. "At times the most insignificant episode between man and ape would arouse the whole group to a concerted attack."

The surprising interest of apes, both males and females, in small, delicate animals and children announces a tendency to cherish, to protect, to take care of the weak. In this they resemble human beings, especially women who, in the presence of a little helpless, living thing, become vibrant with a tender, helpful emotion: they want to take it in their arms, press it to their breasts. The organism of the higher apes responds in the same way to the same sort of objects. Köhler relates that when little children and infants were brought near the railings of the animals' house, one or other of the apes would come forward and look at it for a long time with interest, a good-natured, satisfied expression on its face. It would try to peer under the clothes encasing the infant, and nodded pleasantly from time to time in the direction of the child in front of it. We are told that not only the older females, but also young animals, long before sexual maturity, would behave in this way.

Of all the virtues displayed by the human species none is of greater consequence to its continuance and well-being than the devotion of parents to their children, and it is precisely in that relation that human altruism is manifested with peculiar intensity and single-mindedness. Now this type of behavior is also commonplace in the animal world, and it is nowhere more powerfully illustrated than among monkeys and apes. Of all the striking instances of it I choose the following because it was observed under entirely reliable conditions by Professor Yerkes, the distinguished animal psychologist of Yale University. A *Macacus rhesus* had brought forth a still-birth.

> Repeated attempts were made to remove the dead baby, but they were all futile because Gertie either held it in her hands or sat close beside it ready to seize it at the slightest disturbance. Each day opportunity was sought to remove the body; no such opportunity came. During the second week, the body so far decomposed that, with constant handling, and licking by the parents, it rapidly wore away. By the third week there remained only the shriveled skin covering a few fragments of bone, and the open skull from the cavity of which the brain had disappeared. During a period of five weeks, the instinct to protect her offspring impelled this monkey to carry its gradually vanishing remains about with her and to watch over them so assiduously that it was utterly impossible to take them from her except by force.—"Maternal Instinct in a Monkey," *Jour. of Animal Behavior*, V, 1915, pp. 305–403. (Abridged.)

The urge to take care of the young is inferior in energy to that of no other innate tendency; it overrides even fear. The young of an opossum—usually a timid animal—had strayed away and was surrounded by a band of boisterous boys. The mother coming down a tree ran right into the middle of the group, regardless of the danger, and recovered her young.

I have no doubt that the will to separate at almost any cost the human from the animal world will prompt many to exclaim, "Yes, that is assuredly quite interesting. But the self-sacrificing behavior of animals is, after all, merely an instinct, it is nature's way of obtaining its ends. The mother monkey's

conduct is remarkable as much by its stupidity as by its devotion. Hers is an absolutely blind love; it does not know what it is for, it spends itself as willingly on a dead remnant as on the living young itself. As well speak of the 'parental love' of a certain cow whose calf had died. She was filling the stable with distressing lamentations. A practical joker, or a scientist, stuffed the skin of the calf with straw and placed it near the mother. She evidently felt that the lost child had been found; she ceased bellowing, and began to lick the calf contentedly. She licked and licked until in one place the hay was uncovered. Thereupon, she devoured the calf!".

To this argumentation it is proper to answer, Is not the human mother also moved by a blind urge to lavish care upon her child? Does she not to a marked degree behave as our monkey—cherish the inanimate remnants of her child; nay, even his clothing and his playthings? Does she not find it almost impossible to part with whatever has belonged to him? The truth of the matter is that the difference between the behavior of the average human parent and that of birds, dogs, and apes in the care of the newborn is not one of kind but of degree only.

No one can read the paper of Craig, on the voice of pigeons as a means of social control, without realizing that they are not altogether creatures of instinct: they are, to a degree not usually suspected, socially educated; they *learn* to behave in certain socially useful ways in response to the behavior of their fellow pigeons. "The few facts I have given," writes Craig, "are sufficient to show that the contentions between pigeons are settled, not in accordance with the will of the strongest contestants, but in accordance with certain principles comparable to our principles of right and duty." (*Amer. Jour. of Sociology*, XIV, 98.)

(4) That animal behavior in agreement with the golden rule is not always the irresponsible deed of instinct is obvious in the case of Konsul defending his punished friends. It is perhaps even more obvious in the manifestations of gratitude occasionally observed in apes. Madame Abreu relates that when she did not put sugar in the milk of a certain baby chimpanzee he would try to throw it away. Then, when she added sugar, the animal would take it and offer to give her a kiss by way of thanks. One of the most surprising observations of Köhler is similar in its meaning: Two chimpanzees had been shut out of their shelter by mistake during a cold rain storm. They were standing dejected, water streaming down their shivering bodies, when Professor Köhler chanced to pass. He opened the door for them. Instead of scampering in without more ado, as many a child would have done, each of them delayed entering the warm shelter long enough to throw its arms about his benefactor in a frenzy of satisfaction.

Such kissing and hugging are obviously not blind innate reactions; they are learned by these apes in their life in common; they are blossoms of their social life, even as similar behavior is with us. And the learning of these amenities implies on the part of the learner an appreciation of the behavior to which the kiss or the hug is a response. It should be said that among Madame Abreu's apes kissing and, among Professor Köhler's apes, hugging were established ways of expressing affection, unusual joy and, it seems, thankfulness.

These last cited facts, and others reported in this paper, lead to the conviction that the higher animals rise to forms of conduct elaborated under the influence of their social relations—conduct which, among human beings, one customarily calls morally good.

Had it been our purpose to draw a complete picture of the emotional life of apes; i.e., to describe also their angers, their fears, their resentments, their jealousies, etc., the readers would probably have come to agree with the opinion of the psychologists who know these animals well: that they are nowhere

closer to mankind than in their affective life. This is, in truth, what might have been expected, since the emotional reactions are primarily dependent upon older portions of the nervous system than those with which intelligence is more directly related.

Should, then, the higher animals be regarded as moral beings and thus be united to man by this highest of all possible bonds? The answer to this question depends upon the meaning given to "morality." If it is defined as consisting of socially valuable forms of behavior born of instinct and social experience, then the term would apply to the animal world. But if morality is held to imply a consciousness of principles of right and wrong, and a voluntary submission to them for the good of the greatest number, then morality would have to be denied to animals, for they are unable to formulate principles. But, then, how much morality of this second sort is there among the lowest human societies, and how much among the lowest members of civilized societies?

Be this as it may, it seems in any case incontestable that a broad foundation of human morality is present in emotional responses made by the animal to his social milieu; it may even be argued that primitive man does not exhibit any new moral propensity. Affection, sympathy, mutual helpfulness, loyalty, courage, disinterested devotion, generosity, gratitude, righteous indignation—one may, perhaps, add respect for tradition —are observable in the higher animals.

The argument may be taken a step farther: Whatever the superiority of the social behavior of mankind, it need not have arisen from an improved emotional endowment; it may, instead, have been an extension, to new objects and situations, of emotional tendencies (egoistic and altruistic) present in our distant ancestors—an extension made possible by greater intelligence or greater knowledge and a more favorable economic situation. If, for instance, the tendency to take care of the young and immature has spread among us to the helpless adult, so that instead of killing off or neglecting the old and incapacitated we provide for them, it need not be because of a superior innate endowment in emotional reaction. Similarly, our humane management of prisons, factories, and schools need not be the expression of an innate disposition superior to the one present in the apes. It may be rather an extension to new situations of the original, animal reactions, under the influence of a fuller knowledge of the consequences of ruthless behavior and of a much softened struggle for life. If it should be so, our moral progress would be due to intellectual and economic processes. That this, and not an improvement in the innate foundation of morality, is what has taken place within humanity has been maintained by eminent sociologists.

The conclusion to which we have been led is this: The endowment of the higher animals constitutes a substantial foundation for human morality. If to that foundation be added language and tools, together with the higher intelligence they imply, it becomes easy to account for whatever superior features are exhibited in the social life of primitive man and —we shall venture to say—of civilized man also.

No sharp separation can be made in respect of moral endowment between the animal and the human world. Here continuity is as obvious as it is with respect to anatomical structure and physiological functions.

CUTTING THE HEART OUT OF GRATITUDE

BY JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

THE Japanese garden on the roof of the lofty Fifth Avenue apartment house in which my friend Worldly Wiseman is domiciled is the most secluded piece of aërial landscape gardening in the metropolis. One finds him at this season of the year at ease there after five of an afternoon in the midst of dwarfed foliage, stone lanterns, rock work, and fountains all in the best Nipponese manner. His privacy is inviolate, he says, since he is invisible save from an aëroplane and such echoes of traffic as penetrate the retreat but serve to italicize his isolation.

"Rather an opulent gesture for a Spartan," I remarked surveying the ornate plantation. "Half the price would have put that Y.M.C.A. drive over the top. Only the other day you declared that the multiplication of gold-plated dinner services in parvenu homes was a provocation to bolshevism."

"There have been so many stock dividends recently and bonds are so high that I had to do something for the birds," he replied a shade apologetically. "Besides, I don't buy first folios, keep a yacht or a chorus girl, and my limousines are hired by the month. Considering my services to the community, I'm entitled to at least one major luxury and an occasional inconsistency. I spent the whole morning with museum curators and attended two hospital board meetings this afternoon."

"Then you must be crammed to the eardrums with scandals," I remarked irreverently. "You assured me yourself that institutional trustees were the best gossips in town."

"A perverse distortion," Mr. Wiseman replied with a show of indignation. "I intimated that the type of distinguished men who devote their time and skill to the direction of our great charitable foundations, by reason of their position close to the hearts of things, know the facts of which newspaper reports are but the shadows. The information they exchange is authentic. Anyway, it's better than their tips."

"You have not been bitten?" I queried with mock alarm.

"Heavens no," he assured me. "I give tips and take only my own medicine. Besides, among real friends tips are out of date. If there is a good thing going, one is declared in and not always told until the check appears."

"And the losses?"

"In Wall Street, my young friend," said my host severely, "good things are sure things. Big bankers always clinch their profits before they part with their cash."

"It's a better world than I dreamed," I remarked sadly, helping myself to a smoking hot muffin the Japanese butler had just brought in. "If someone would confer on me a slice of that kind of easy money I should be forever grateful."

"Gratitude, how I hate the word," Mr. Wiseman protested in a tone of concentrated bitterness. "It's a relic of the Slave State and reminds me of my respectable childhood. Besides, there's no greater nuisance than being pestered with thanks. A year ago young Brown —he married old Grainger's daughter— asked me to speak a word for him to Howard of the Confectioner's Trust

when they amalgamated with the Sorghum crowd. He wanted a vice-presidency, and I got it for him. Well, the fellow has written me three letters of obligation and sent flowers to my wife on her birthday—since I've never been able to remember that date, I don't see how he knew it."

"I should interpret that as exhibiting decency and good feeling," I interrupted. "What did you expect him to do—complain because you had not made him president?"

"That would have been a stroke of genius and far beyond poor Brown," Wiseman explained, "but perhaps I'm a bit over your head."

"Not if it isn't where I think my feet are," I returned, "but what you say does sound like an amendment to the Constitution passed while I wasn't looking. You seem to have kicked a cherished virtue into the street. What ailed it? And why, if Brown had exhibited dissatisfaction, would it have amounted to genius?"

"The younger generation looks at life and doesn't see it go by," declared my host a bit pompously, taking a hitch in his backbone preparatory to oratory. "You know that big business has gone in for research and that we are now ahead of all other nations in the efficient application of mechanical power to large-scale production. In the last decade we have scrapped more old notions and antiquated plants than ever before in history. When a revolutionary development of this dimension sets in it can't stop halfway. The engineers and the chemists having done their job, we set psychologists and sociologists at work on a scientific investigation of that age-old riddle, human nature. Man is no less a power plant than an automobile, generates energy from food instead of gasoline and, though he seems to be self-directive, his performance is subordinate and related to natural law as is that of a dynamo or any other mechanism. Let us cut out cant, we said, and get down to the facts. We all have to work, and there must be fundamentals the observance of which will yield synchronization of our several functions. Well, sir, we got more than we asked for."

"You discovered that human nature included you I suppose," said I, sarcastically. "That must have rocked your superiority rather painfully."

"It did," Wiseman responded ruefully. "Of course we could not apply at once the set of drastic findings unloaded on us in the true scientific spirit; but we have put a number of them into work, and you'll have to admit that the relations between employers and employees throughout this country have never been more harmonious."

"Coal mining seems out of sorts, not to mention plumbing," I ventured, "but otherwise some adjustment of greeds appears to have been effected. Admirable though it be, I don't get its bearing on gratitude."

"Our scientists applied laboratory processes to the set of shibboleths called morality and the virtues by way of getting at realities, and a number of our most pious beliefs had to walk the plank as superstitions," my host explained in the manner of a man bursting with important disclosures. "Truth they discovered had no basis in tradition, was not consensus of opinion, or even a majority vote; it was something one ascertained with a measuring rod, or a scales, or a test tube. Temperature and perspective figured in it. Honesty isn't merely ethical or even the best policy: it's smeared with mathematics and trotted out alongside gravity as a natural compulsion. Charity is perverted economics or confused optics; sin the consequence of biological maladjustment; faith is initiative and the basis of the credit system; hope, the self-starter; benignity and generosity discharges of an over-expanded ego. As for gratitude, it's the toll the superiority complex exacts from inferiority. Or the tribute a lower organism accords the higher—much of the same order as the wagging tail or the licking tongue of a hungry or

overfed dog. Anyway it's a survival of the feudal state."

"Is that all," I exclaimed indignantly. "Sounds to me like Judas Iscariot broadcasting."

"I haven't told you an eighth of the first half. It's a massacre." Mr. Wiseman rubbed his hands ecstatically.

I looked at him horror stricken.

"Am I to gather that these scientific rippers mutilated the entire fabric of human relations, hacked out all the kindly amenities and generosities that make life sweet and livable? Of course friendship is scuttled, and love—not to mention courtesy. And you wear an air of approval."

"There's a lot in what they say," Wiseman expostulated. "You'll have to admit yourself that courtesy and good manners are just lubricants, easers of social relations—equivalents to roller bearings. You seem unable to grasp the fact that it's a step in advance to get the foundations of human intercourse put on a sound basis. We've been carrying a terrible burden of false obligations for ages, and it's time the so-called virtues tasted the knife. Primitive man believed that thunder was the rage of the gods and a cyclone the visitation of their wrath. Now even the Fundamentalists accept the weather reports. The discovery that the moon is little more than a planetary encumbrance—trailing our earth like a tin can tied to a dog's tail—does not detract from her beauty. Proof that we are linked with the apes does not discount the marvel of our being. Sooner or later the Race had to look itself in the face and give its traditions the acid test. Why carry a lot of baggage that bows the back and encumbers the footing? All we have done amounts just to putting our civilization in the dry dock and scraping its bottom of accumulated barnacles."

"Thank heaven, the bitter truth has not affected your hospitality," I interrupted, munching a luscious caviar sandwich which the butler handed me as accompaniment to a suave cocktail. "It's ages since I had as fine a Jack Rose. Surely this is traditional and not bootleg apple jack?"

"The contents of my cellar were not affected by the findings of our Commission," Mr. Wiseman assured me. "Indeed, they served to justify my conviction of the error of prohibition."

"Your views on that subject need no justification," I interrupted. "Tell me more of the new atheism and especially its bearing on the crime of gratitude."

My host drained his glass, took another and, balancing himself as nearly as possible on his shoulder blades, resumed:

"When I turned the microscope on myself in the light of the information that had been imparted to me," he said, "I tackled first my relations with my friends, my business associates, and the general run of humanity. I had always figured myself as a decent type of man, generous, helpful, and kindly in my dealings with all comers. Indeed, there are occasions when I felt I should be decorated for nobility or pure altruism. Under the lens the gallant structure collapsed, and I discovered that the actuating motive in all these lofty contacts with my fellows was just self-interest."

"Tokio riven and Yokohama in ashes," I scoffed.

"It was a shock," he admitted. "To get the point you must follow the reasoning. Let us take Vice-president Brown for instance—the chap who has been deluging me with his thanks. When I pulled the strings to get him the place he coveted it was not to favor him but to placate his father-in-law with whom I had been scrapping over policies in a beet-sugar property in which we are mutually interested. Brown's wife is my godchild and knew nothing of our squabble. Thereafter Grainger swung his stock to my view, and I was abundantly compensated for what poor Brown regards as my benevolence. So his gratitude puts me in wrong with myself. When I told you that if Brown had complained he deserved the top-hole

job, I'd call it a stroke of genius, I meant that his pretension would have excited my personal interest. Then I should have forgotten his connections and figured on him as a tool. Business is not done without hands, remember. Where you see a great corporation I see a hive of workers. When the *Leviathan* steams proudly down the river you think of a stunning spectacle; I am aware of a dead bulk of steel animated by trained professionals on whose skill depends the fate of thousands of lives and millions of dollars. The horsepower of every large institution is man power. Now my responsibility is in direction and management and my duty to find youngsters with speed and stamina to keep the concerns to which I am related making money. I am ever on the lookout for sound parts—men who will be good governors, fly-wheels, pistons, spark plugs, batteries, or what not. My contemporaries are saddled with similar liabilities and, as there is a community of interests, we keep track of and exchange our finds.

"Consider further the case of Brown. He is one of the group of vice-presidents of an enterprising corporation in which I have a block of stock. Who will do his work? Not I. He determines his own fate. If he shows scope and speed he'll be serving himself first and me laterally. He may make a career for himself but he cannot escape carrying part of my load. I did not endow him with brains, only with a task. My coal dealer does not confer an obligation on his teams when he picks them to deliver his tonnage—nor need they make obeisance to him when he fastens the feed-bags to their noses. When I contract with a grocer for food supplies for a hospital I take care to secure the lowest prices and to see the stuff is as specified. Emotion does not enter into the transaction. We close quits. It's straight business and clean thinking."

My host lowered his voice to a more confidential tone:

"You see the trend," he suggested. "Once Brown records success he no longer derives from me. He is on his feet, an established identity functioning under his own power. Our positions are reversed, for his victory reflects credit on my judgment and incidentally ensures my dividends. Some day his boss will compliment me on my shrewdness as a man-picker and, as I pride myself on knowing a winner, I'll experience a spasm of self-satisfaction. The only kind of thanks that are worth while are those that help one to think better of oneself. Thereafter Brown becomes a face-card in my plays, and I shall see to it he has further opportunities to enlarge my own prestige by the exertion of his proven capacity."

"Camouflage the goodness of your heart until it is completely blanketed but the fact remains that but for your push Brown would never have risen from the ground," I argued. "He would be an abysmal brute not to be grateful."

Mr. Wiseman registered indignation. He spluttered:

"It is obsessions of that character we are being released from. The power is in the cartridge not in the trigger finger. It's its own motor that lifts an aëroplane. If Brown is a failure shall I accuse him of ingratitude? I shall be sorry but not affronted. If I buy coppers and lose my stake shall I take it as a betrayal of my faith? Nonsense—I shall blame my judgment—perhaps change my statistician or consult an alienist. Let us cut out sentimentality and all false quantities and face the facts. I preach to my associates that no one can do anything for anyone. Watches keep time, not watch-makers. Power is in the brain that generates it. Push and pull are only starters—electric buttons by which you switch energy into action. If the capacity is not there it cannot be evoked by invocation or complaint. The measure of my perversity or ignorance is the degree to which I credit myself for other men's performances. Half the world's woes are due to the hideous habit of adulterating business

with personality. I know no worse wreckers than directors who demand from their subordinates incense and flattery. The man who is a hero to his valet is getting more or less than he pays for. Why not deal with human entities in dynamic instead of emotional terms? It puts things on a basis of reality and cuts out all that infernal cant about loyalty and philanthropy which in truth are no more than wage sweaters. Loyalty yes—but to a cause or an institution which yields you a fair living, but not to individual foremen, general managers, or chairmen of boards."

"If we were all confined to our deserts there'd be short shrift for most of us," I argued, recovering from this cold douche. "The whole structure of human relations is based on mutual aid. Without good will, friendship, tolerance for one another we might as well be robots."

"If you prefer charity to justice your points are well taken," returned Wiseman. "Remember though that most self-respecting people want to stand on their own feet and not be beholden to anyone. Give them a square deal and insure that they get what they earn, and they'll willingly dispense with your good-will or any other kind of patronage. Do you recall John Patterson's experiments in uplift conducted at the Cash Register plant in Dayton? He fitted out his place with recreation rooms, gardens, gymnasiums, and all the other paraphernalia of philanthropy. His employees struck, and he denounced them as ingrates. In truth the uprising was not against the agreeable accommodations he provided but at the idea of being done-good-to. Be he ever so humble no man likes to be dry-nursed, and he suspects an employer who makes him presents of taking them out of his pay envelope. Give him a fair wage and he'll provide for himself better amusements than you can fit him with. How much saner the methods of Henry Ford, who keeps his affairs on the sound basis of high wages for better work. For his employees there are hospitals and even grocery stores but all on the cash-and-carry basis. Nothing for nothing. Above all, no gratuities."

"What about the lordly bonuses that Wall Street distributes at Christmas or the pleasant practice of holiday gifts? Surely these are gratuities and in violation of the hardware principles you propound so eloquently."

"Why not include profit sharing—or the practice of great corporations of inducting their employees into stock ownership at below market prices?" retorted Wiseman sarcastically. "Bonuses are not hand-outs but dividends on supplementary effort. If it were not for profit sharing, in lots of shops there would not be any profits to share. It's the best device invented to reduce wastage. Employees who are stockholders are working for themselves as well as for wages and set up standards of output that keep their fellows on their toes; and they object to strikes. All these are points out of the new bag of tricks—to enlist more selfish self-interests in the general community of interests whose object is revenue. It's the touched pocket nerve that makes the whole world kin. Incidentally, insurance against bolshevism isn't to be construed as charity, is it? Reciprocal back-scratching discounts obligation. What you call love and friendship are kept alive by mutual service."

"There is such a thing as service without hope of reward," I countered. "I have known you, before this bitter draught paralyzed your heart, to go the limit to help friends and associates out of entanglements. What's the new derivation of deeds of kindness and mercy?"

"I have a right to give myself a present—as long as I don't fool myself as to the motive," returned my host. "This garden is a gift to myself, and when I got the bills I was indignant at my generosity. I have a pension list, but it is only an admission that I owe to certain individuals who worked for me more than I paid them. Every sound business shoulders its derelicts without

looking to Carnegie for a medal. I appropriate a stipulated percentage of my revenues to putting certain picked youngsters through college, but that, as in Brown's case, is a speculation in brains. So far, such adventures have shown me a profit either in prestige or dollars. My gifts to the standard charities are in accordance with my social and financial position, and all such expenses are deducted from my income tax. In total a substantial tribute, dispensed by my Trust Company according to schedule and representing my subvention to the God of Things as they are. Nor can you term disinterested service the pleasant task of rescuing friends from the consequence of their rashness, credulity or folly. Digging someone else out of a hole into which you did not fall is the most ecstatic of self-indulgences. In fact my doctor compelled me to relinquish good-samaritanism last winter because my blood pressure had got out of bounds. When the superiority sense becomes over excited it unbalances the entire metabolism. Nature sets a limit on self-exaltation."

"Then John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are no more than philanthropic addicts and the world is thereby released from obligation to either for their magnificent endowments," I ventured ironically. "Exposing the several institutions for research, the General Education Board and the great foundations as no better than the discharge of over-stimulated benevolence glands is at least a strange viewpoint."

"Straight thinking is always a novelty," returned Worldly Wiseman sententiously. "You are not so simple as to imagine that John D. Rockefeller seeks a gratitude bonus on his scientific or sociological investments. He is applying the same kind of genius as a disburser that he exhibited as a creator of millions, and his pleasure is derived from the exercise of the mechanics of an exceptional mind. His return is his identification as the world's greatest giver. There was a childish vanity about Carnegie and he was tickled by adulation, but the character of his endowments indicates his motive as higher and finer than any catering to contemporary praise. Rich gifts are the fruits of the trees that bear them. After all your obligation is to nature—not to the individual who is her instrument."

"If you drag in the cosmos," I complained, "I'm blocked. It may be true though I prefer to deny it, that the entire range of our actions is but the unfoldment of our individual chemistries, but there's no authority for so banal a conclusion. Personally, I propose to be grateful to whosoever lifts his voice or his hand in my praise or aid. I shall adhere to the conviction that it is spontaneous goodness of heart that makes me give up my seat in the subway to a woman. If I help Roberts to find the job he is seeking I shall attribute it to my own nobility of soul; whether my boss likes it or not it entertains me to be loyal to him. I decline to adulterate my own pleasure in lending a hand to a friend or even loaning him money with filthy reflections that I am actuated by nothing better than self-interest. It is not true anyway. For instance what imaginable profit have you out of this conversation of ours?"

"Have I not aired my own wisdom and listened to myself talk?" replied Worldly Wiseman.

DIET YOUR MIND TOO

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT MAY be only through the working of the law of compensation that as soon as the dining table ceases to groan the library table begins, and that greed, denied to the body, seeks its new outlet in the mind. Perhaps gluttony must have a vent somewhere just to keep that respectable Deadly Sin in good standing. Certainly an outlet for it has been found. It may be a pleasanter world to look at since it is somewhat less of chin and thigh and stomach. But it is not, on the whole, a pleasanter world to listen to. For everywhere now are the fat minds, the over-weight intelligences that function so badly and confusedly, puff and sigh at any bit of uphill thinking, and yet keep on stuffing and stuffing themselves, with that false appetite which indulgence stimulates.

There has been no general criticism or fear of this condition. Popular psychology, on the other hand, has been entirely sympathetic with it. The great mental shame of the past few years has been "narrowness" and its running mate has been to be "uninformed." It hardly mattered whether one broadened into distortion or what information was picked up, just so there was plenty of it. A great and alarming variety of knowledge has been made available. Gluttony, either mental or physical, is possible only in the midst of abundance, and never have there been such opportunities for filling the mind to repletion.

The tremendous literacy of this country, spread so wide and so very thin, has built up almost overnight both a great clientele for knowledge and an uncounted number of brokers and dealers in it. These last are of all kinds, honest and fraudulent, distinguished and tawdry, solvent and bankrupt, as is always true and, no doubt, inevitable when any want of a great public is to be served. Competition between them has been largely centralized on ways to make what they have to offer cheaper and easier to obtain, more attractive, or, since there are always dealers who prey on snobbery, rare and exclusive. The effect on the consumer has been the usual one. His natural effort in seeking what he wants and needs is minimized; his taste is confused by the variety of things offered him and the arguments of the dealers; and what restraint or sense of fitness he may have had in the beginning is gradually lost in the excitement of acquisition.

It is probable that many people begin to be bewildered and to learn to gormandize during their educational years. The school system is often enough based on a theory of broadening the individual, giving him a hint or a peep-show glimpse of each of many kinds of knowledge. The variety of subjects introduced either in the course of study or associated with it is amazing even in elementary schools, and in secondary schools, colleges, and universities the piling up goes steadily on. But that is not all. In cities of any size dozens of extra-curricular advantages are offered and pressed upon school children —concerts, glimpses of touring royalties and popular heroes, visits to factories and museums, lectures by visiting celebrities, exceptional motion pictures, all recommended and allowed because "it would be a pity to let the children miss them."

Subject to discipline and correlation by very skillful instructors, this may be very well. But it teaches no control of the mental appetite, and every year thousands of people are released from formal academic discipline into a world which proposes quite definitely to see that they add to what is already stored in their crowded minds. They have by this time acquired a taste for collecting information, and that is almost enough to stamp them as intellectual citizens in any commonwealth in which a great deal of time is devoted to asking and answering "another." The vague ideal just now in fashion is well enough expressed by the equally vague phrase to be "up on things," and here again the word "things" is just about as selective as the attitude which seeks knowledge concerning them.

Of course a great deal of machinery has been devised to do the selecting and distributing of knowledge. It is very modern, highly improved machinery, and you have to look at it piece by piece to realize its intricacy. Some of the parts are inter-dependent and some function by themselves, but they all serve a common end, which is to feed the human mind. The terrific, driving daily press, legitimate and tabloid, not only creating news but creating opinions by the million, with disaster, heroism, power, and corruption all dramatically materialized in people and events, comes first in importance. It is beyond doubt the greatest machine for distribution of facts, and it is always working, day and night. Other publications, the periodicals of all types, which analyze the significance of every happening, discovery, invention, and public mood, make another large and very expensive group of machines for arranging and distributing knowledge. There are motion pictures, hot-foot on the trail of events, vivifying the gestures and smiles of every prize fighter and statesman, making strange countries and peoples familiar, and vending, not always too honestly, methods and habits of life, morals and sentiments with which it used to be impossible for the common mind to become acquainted. No adventure is too remote, no public man too great for the cinema to bring them visually to Main Street.

Books follow, thousands upon thousands, in such a liaison with publicity now that it is possible to taunt a million church-goers with *Elmer Gantry* overnight, or make bywords of a blonde or a green hat. There is the theater of the spoken drama, less potent directly but every now and then demanding the foreground of the popular mind by some *coup d'état*. There is that frightening piece of machinery which is not yet even equipped with controls, the radio. There is the recent popularization of travel, so extensive that every year junketing in foreign countries slips down a peg socially. There are uncounted lectures and lecturers, healers and philosophers, each with his little hand-operated machine for grinding out facts or theories of some sort. All of these, either singly or in conjunction with one another, have for their purpose the dissemination of information such as it may be. Their customers are the minds of men, and the dealers struggle with one another to build up a prosperous trade.

II

There is, of course, the hermit point of view, the reluctant, frightened vision which decries all these things as evil and retreats from them. But hermits have gained their dramatic value because of their essential rarity. There are only a few who would give up the modern world, swift, violently colored, and destructive as it is. We have recently learned a better way than giving it up. As bodily exhaustion began to be frequent and physical breakdowns at an early age rather alarming, as fatness began to creep over a nation which no longer sawed wood or did its own washing, we began to adjust our bodies to the world they lived in. Just when that

word "fit" crept into common use is unrecorded. But there it was one morning, and the nation was morbidly conscious of its surplus flesh and flabby muscles. This condition was taken quite seriously. All the machinery was set in motion to combat it. Newspapers, magazines, books, radios, music machines, all took up the matter of keeping the body healthy. There was a great deal of false and foolish information broadcast, but gradually, out of the chaos of advice, one idea became dominant—which was that control of the appetites and physical exercise are the true methods of keeping fit. Everyone said that in such an exhausting age the only safe thing to do was to take care of oneself. Bedrooms became gymnasiums, and spinach grew popular. Thousands of men walked to work in the morning or played golf after four o'clock, and fashionable luncheons became frugal. This did not affect the whole of the world, but it may not be exaggeration to assume that, in this country at least, it did affect those people who had been the most tempted by an age of plenty and who could most easily avail themselves of its abundance.

But while the hullabaloo went on about how dangerous the times were for those who were not in full control of their bodies and regulating their physical appetites, no one thought much about the mind. It rapidly became unfashionable to stuff the body, but it remained very much in fashion to stuff the mind. It is curious that fitness of the body should have become almost a religion and that the simple principles of restraint and control should be so ignored in regard to the intelligence. Perhaps it is because no one thinks of a mind as showing its shapelessness. But it does. Every conversation, every attempt at thinking shows it for what it is, or has become, reveals either fine and disciplined proportions or the lack of them.

Alarmingly often it is the lack of them. The number of people who are unable to hold to one subject for an hour is appalling. But they cannot. It tires them too much. There are only a few who are completely informed on any subject. At a point far this side of conclusion, most conversations run into the darkness of ignorance, and the people who are talking cannot lead themselves or others through it. Through lack of energy and fitness they have never mastered the subject under discussion, and the facts they know concerning it are only a few stray pieces of a puzzle.

I cannot tell what the conversations of a former generation may have been. I have an idea that many of them were tedious at the time and vastly overrated afterwards. They seem, from what one can pick up from hearsay, books, and the slow-moving dialogue of their contemporary drama, to have been flowery, dogmatic, and cluttered with quotations. This generation has thrown away the flowers and scrapped the dogma. All it has kept is the use of quotations, and they are by no means the same quotations, unless they are used upside down. But however pretentious talk formerly may have been, it was at least coherent and directed, and the notable qualities of most of the conversation one hears now are incoherence and irrelevance. Irrelevance is one of the funniest things in the world in the hands and on the tongues of experts, who have a genius for amusing juxtapositions. But with most of the people who use it, it is nothing but a symptom of the fatigue and incapacity of their brains when faced with the problem of making a mental connection between two thoughts. There is usually no connection offered. One thought is dropped, and the fat mind does not bend over to pick it up. It reaches out for another idea.

III

The overweight minds have all the usual defects of their condition. It is not only that they cannot sustain action or exercise, but they are often absurd,

for they are inclined to feel lighter and more graceful than they are. No person is so easily deceived as to his appearance as the fat one. The analogy goes better than ever here. Think of the last person you heard trying to do an Aldous Huxley or to amuse in the Max Beerbohm fashion with a mind that could hardly drag itself around—a mind bulging with travel in Africa, child-study, Halliburton, Eugene O'Neill, Robinson Jeffers, and the last good sex novel. That combination is not as fantastic as it sounds nor especially unusual.

It is the fat mind which often gets sleepy and cross, does not want to hear any more or see any more of anything, dozes off in apathy, and wakes up feeling sure that it wants more to eat. It has lost the habit of resistance. Sugar, of course, generates a hunger for sugar. So does sex, even mental sex, and most of the fat minds have far too much literary sex in them for health. But they cannot resist the next highly spiced book placed upon the library table.

The shocking library table! I know of two, at least, which are not gluttonous. One of them belongs to a person who is interested in only two subjects, and the books which surround him, the magazines he buys contribute something to those interests or they will not be in his house. The other library table which gives me satisfaction of a kind is certainly not my own, which is entirely deplorable. No, it belongs to a lady who says that her books must suit her rooms, and often buys them for their charming or decorative jackets. She gets some excellent effects, and no one ever reads in her house anyhow, so it may be fair enough. All the talk in her house is also arranged to suit the rooms, for—one might say—the jackets. No doubt the guests are, too. It is a stringent point of view, to be respected, if not emulated.

But that is not the common case. In the library or living room of the average person who is called educated, look at the array of things spread for the greedy mind. There are a dozen periodicals: the blue one because everyone seems to be buying it, the pink one because of the amusing story in it, the white one for politics, the checked one for smartness—all jumbled together. There is a stray book of poems, that saga of the prairies that one must not miss, the book prescribed by the book club, the one which says that everything is hereditary, the one which says that nothing is hereditary (one must know both sides), the novel in the worn cover which goes just a little farther than any novel has gone before. It is an ill-balanced, greedy, almost hysteric collection.

This is not caricature. It is not putting the matter half strongly enough. If one leaned to caricature one could mention the painful incongruity of certain books in the hands of certain people, books placed there by the forces of advertising, fashion, or gossip, or picked up through mere lack of control. One could ridicule the general fumbling rush after history, religion, psychology, and philosophy, not singly, not successively, but with a vague desire to know something about everything all at once. No one tries to eat everything all at once or have every kind of thing on his dining table. The analogy is becoming altogether too tempting and has to be kept strictly in hand. For, quoting a certain James Ward, who, as far as I am concerned, takes his immortality simply and securely in the dictionary, "an analogy is a good servant but a bad master; for when master it does more to blind than it has previously done to illuminate."

So with my analogy. The point must be re-stated at once to keep it in proper servitude. There is just one way to get fat, if your system is normal, and that is by taking more food into the body than is needed for its maintenance and growth. If the mind takes in more than it needs for upkeep and development apparently the same thing happens, and thousands upon thousands of people are consuming far too many facts and too many opinions.

There is one explanation offered me which is illuminating. It is, to be sure, says my friend, an age of plenty, but such times are comparatively recent. Hard times and pioneer years preceded them. Perhaps in those days a hunger developed which has been passed on to a succeeeding generation, a hunger to broaden the horizon at any cost, a hatred of the narrow outlook, a pathetic physical and mental desire to find out about things irrelevant to one's own life. There are all the people who have heard of an artichoke and want to taste one just once, even if they do not eat it all up, even if they do not like it. They hear of gay ladies and want to see one in the same restaurant in which they are eating. Though God-fearing, they want to read just a little of what that man has said who defies the Bible. These things have nothing to do with their regular lives. But they are tired of restrictions and eager to find out about what lies beyond them. And having tasted and satisfied one curiosity, another springs up. This may be what an artichoke is like, but what is bread sauce?

Well, kindly or irritated as your point of view may be, it does not shake the facts. If the principles of control of the appetite and of exercise do not reach the mind soon, we shall have not only a great many ill-shaped minds and many lazy ones, but a shocking number which are really in poor health. There are more than a few now in everyone's acquaintance. The dangerous symptoms are obvious if you come to look for them, there for anyone to diagnose.

Usually the discomfort of the fat minds shows in their discontent, their eagerness to discard the old idea for the new one, and the new one for a newer one. They want to feel satisfied and, since they do not and cannot feel satisfied, they keep on stuffing themselves. Mental exercise becomes more and more impossible with the mere weight of the facts they have to carry around, and soon they stop thinking for themselves. They are sluggish and often depressed. They try patent cures of various kinds, always diagnosing their ailment as any other than the right one, or they go to specialists and ask what is wrong with life that it cannot manage to please them. And eventually comes invalidism or some breakdown of the nerves which try to keep pace with intemperate minds and cannot.

IV

There is no more use in fighting your generation than your luck, but there are all sorts of ways to get around it, especially if you see your times for what they are, conditions in which you are the more variable and adjustable factor. It used to be that knowledge was difficult to acquire and the pursuit of it developed mental muscle. That period has apparently passed, and nothing and none of us will bring it back. Certain functioning in education is still necessary, but not the former struggle, nor great personal effort. Knowledge is offered everywhere in cheap and super-convenient forms. There are delicatessens, cafeterias, automats of it. You can pick up a tray of facts, take home a paper boat filled with a salad of history and opinion, put in your quarter, and a new philosophy will slide out of the automat. Up and down every Main Street are brilliant and provocative displays of the things you should know, and their advertisements confront you everywhere. There are chain book stores and magazines not only for a bourgeois public but for the self-knighted literary aristocrats, and a growing number of clinics which offer the final luxury—to choose books for a lazy public, to select (with a guarantee of satisfaction) the books one must not miss if one is to be well-informed. The ghosts of the books come out in the cinemas for those who will not read. Writers and thinkers boil down their ideas into an essence which can be contained in sixty minutes and serve them in a lecture room. For a dime—a dollar—ten dollars, and up you can

find out all about history, psychology, religion, heredity, glands, and the sex indulgences of those above and below your station. Why should anyone go hungry? Nobody does. How can people keep from putting on mental flesh? Few do.

And yet, when we come to look at facts, all the great thinking of the world has been done by those who kept themselves on a mental diet. Great athletes, great fighters have never applied the principles of control or restraint more strictly than have great thinkers. Such men and women have never been greedy, never gluttonous. It did not occur to them that it was necessary or advisable to try to know something about everything. Much learning they went without. They knew what their own minds needed and went after that regardless of the welter of other knowledge. They were specialists. They were men and women of ideas.

That past tense is a blunder. I hardly know why I used it, for it is manifestly unfair. There is no real dearth of clear controlled thought yet. But I think it slipped into the sentence rather bitterly because it is such a common sorrow to see minds which should be fit and active fall a prey to this terrible broadening. The past tense is only their epitaph.

It is not the part nor the ambition of every man to be a great thinker. But as the best physical diets pattern themselves somewhat after the regimens advised by those who get men into physical condition for great exploits, so the mental diet can get some idea of how it should be shaped by considering the habits of those whose thinking commands respect. In nearly every case one finds no great diffusion of interest. One does find direction and strict limitation of the mind again and again and a clear consciousness of what it individually needs.

For well-being is a personal business. Nearly everyone knows now that the remedies prescribed for his neighbor may not suit his ailment, and will not take a chance on them. We know that the food we need for maintenance varies, from person to person. We have been taught by doctors and dentists and dieticians that we are physical entities. Yet by some curious lack of logic we seem to assume that our minds are cut from one piece. We are still not convinced that we are mental individuals. When we hear someone say that "everyone should read this" or "see this" or "hear this" we are apt to bow our minds and obey. Before we diet we must learn better than that. We must learn to say "it doesn't suit my case" with the same pompousness with which we speak of our bodily needs.

V

This matter of diet never becomes really interesting until it resolves itself into a discussion of methods. I have tried a good many on myself, having the kind of mind that fattens easily, is nearly always overweight, and needs to be under constant discipline. It can be done by taking an enormous amount of exercise, by writing or teaching, lecturing or concentrating on some special interest to the point of exhaustion. It can be done by entering classes, a kind of thyroid way of keeping the mental weight down. But neither way is very satisfactory. In the first case the work done has to be more than is normal or healthy and the reduction is slow and not permanent, for the first vacation sends the weight up again. The second method has the usual dangers of drugging, of introducing into the system elements which do not belong there. Most of the classes which do the work of mental reduction for you leave you in a dangerous mental state. You are apt to rely on them and be unable to get along without them.

The final way, and no doubt the best, is to cut down on the amount of sustenance taken into the mind and to do it scientifically. Even at the risk of letting the analogy get its head again, there is another comparison which must be made. The sugars and starches are

the serious things to consider in physical diet. In mental diet sex and new philosophies are quite as important. They are the things to be limited first. The quantity taken in must be cut down.

There are plenty of people who will say at once that they have no interest in sex. Refer them to their bookshelves, to their motion-picture houses, to their popular magazines, and see if they can repeat the assertion in cold blood. I sometimes think we have no notion how drenched our entire thought is with sex, how great the preoccupation of the majority of the world for the past few years has been in this one interest, how great our mental if not physical indulgence. Its harm is definite. It is the most fattening of all mental foods. It vitiates the natural appetite for life and it creates a taste which only more of itself can satisfy. Some of it is necessary to understanding of life. But we are getting far too much, the majority of us.

Too much of sex and too many new philosophies. It is high compliment to call them philosophies, for they are really only rules of living touched up by novelty or daring or both. They are new religions, new governments, new ways of making marriage safe, or at least plausible. People who would shrink from a potato and have forgotten or never known the taste of pie consume these mental starches in great quantities. They need some of them, no doubt. Enough new ideas to keep the mind alert are essential. But if there are too many the mind ceases to be alert and soon becomes sluggish. It simply collects new ideas and does nothing with them. They go into fat.

In any form of diet the question always is when to begin and how much to cut down, and the answer is to begin at once and to cut down gradually but consistently until the proper normal weight is attained. There are no scales subtle enough to weigh the mind. But I think sometimes that it is possible to watch your mind in conversation or even in its thought and see if it seems overweight. It is possible, if you can regard it dispassionately and without vanity.

A temporary diet, at least, would do no harm to most people. Each person must figure it out for himself according to his age, his mental habits, and his natural interests. For it is those interests whose fitness should and will be increased by a diet. They are, often enough, imbedded in a mass of other people's ideas which must be sloughed off before the individuality moves easily.

The big problem—at least during the first diet—is the one of control. The things denied never seem so tempting or so omnipresent as during the period they are put aside. The displays of desirable things are maddeningly seductive. There is nothing to do except to go without and to do no tasting. So much knowledge you can allow yourself for maintenance and no more can you permit yourself to take in. You alternately feel absurd and abused, and nothing but will power will see you through. At first you will be hungry more than once and often you will be irritable.

There is also the matter of exercise. With the prevalence of street-cars and automobiles few of us need to walk. But even if we can ride, many of us have learned to choose to walk. If we want to go to a place we can either be taken there by machinery or we can walk to our destination and thereby keep our bodies in condition. If we want to arrive at a mental conclusion we can either get someone else, in print or person, to take us there, or we can think the matter through for ourselves, stretching every mental muscle as only hard thinking will do. It is tiresome in the beginning. It is laborious, and the unused mind will ache sadly for a time.

But, after a little, when you begin to feel lighter in your mind, it is worth it. The loose fat, other people's ideas, goes first. Irrelevant ideas of your own, half-developed ones, useless ones, disappear, and one day you find your mind working

faster, feeling younger, more as it did before you began to know so much about so many things. That sensation is entirely worth the severe discipline.

It does not matter in the least what you find your mind, with its new litheness and spring, turning to. It may be cabbages or kings, humor or philosophy, to painting the lily or writing a new novel. The diet will not make your mind a remarkable instrument unless it was one in the beginning. But it will make it competent and fit, according to its capacities. It is sure to increase its health.

Of course that is not the end. We all know. We diet once and then we have to do it again. The age of plenty is our joy and our undoing. But there is great satisfaction in being able to pick and choose in an age of plenty, to become, without excessive indulgence, an epicure of a sort, who can make even a diet a pleasure. Not too many new ideas; not too much sex; not more than one major interest; all the humor we can find, for that has no mental calories—a limited amount of everything else you like—that is the balanced diet for the average mind. And, in the end, when control has become to some extent automatic, it means the possession of a mind which is not "afraid to go home and think," a mind so lithe that it can bend over and touch its toes twenty times without stopping.

EVANESCENCE

BY GEORGE STERLING

I MUSE upon the passing of the days:
Sunset has fled, and all the gracious land
Lies in a trance of twilight, as I stand
Before the evening star's uplifted rays.
It floats above the purple ocean-ways
As pure, as lone as thou. But here the strand
Bears not thy footprints on its glimmering sand—
The very star is drifting from my gaze.

Love, all things pass—tell me thou wilt not go!
For what is life without thee? What am I?
Ah! Sweet! within the lost Hesperides
To walk with thee where winds of sorrow blow,
When harps to unreturning sunsets cry
The loneliness of stars, the grief of seas!

The Lion's Mouth

AND HOW ARE THEY ALL?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"I SAW Jimmy Barnard to-day," said I brightly to my wife one evening last winter.

"Really?" said she. "And how is Helen? And did little Tommy get over the whooping cough all right?"

"I don't know," I confessed. "I forgot to ask."

"What!" exclaimed my wife. "But surely you remembered that Tommy had whooping cough and that Helen Barnard's mother had to come and live with them and help look after things. Is she still with them? You must have found that out."

I hung my head. "I don't know," I repeated meekly. "I forgot to ask."

"But what on earth did you talk about, then?"

"Well," said I, "we talked about Al Smith's chances, and about the rate of production on the new Ford, and—let's see—Jimmy had sprained his back playing squash, and we discussed injuries and muscles, and that got us around to doctors. I told him about a case I knew—"

"And you never even thought of asking about Tommy's whooping cough?" said my wife severely.

I hung my head again. I was always forgetting to ask after people. In my shame it seemed to me that this was a private and personal weakness of mine.

But that was on a Thursday night. On Saturday I met Helen Barnard on Fifth Avenue.

"Hello," said Helen. "How's the family?"

"Flourishing, thanks," said I.

"Did Jill get over the flu all right?"

"Yes," said I. "She's in fine shape now."

"And how's your Aunt Gertrude?"

"She's all right, thanks."

"Oh, and where are you going this summer? I want to know all about your plans."

I told Helen all about our plans. Then I remembered my wife's admonitions. I was just opening my mouth to say, "And how are all *your* family?" when Helen went on, "I'm so glad I saw you. Jimmy said he had lunch with you the other day, but I couldn't get a thing out of him about you. I asked him how Jill was, and he said he hadn't inquired. I asked him whether you were going to Cape Cod again this summer, and he said he had forgotten to find out. Isn't Jimmy funny?"

"Jimmy's a scream," said I.

So there were two of us.

Since then I have made a discovery. There aren't just two of us. By diligent inquiry and observation I have arrived at the conclusion that there are millions of us. A whole sex, in fact. Every evening, I have figured, hundreds of thousands of good American men come home and report that they have seen So-and-So, are asked how all the other So-and-So's are, and confess that they didn't find out.

How marked is this failure of men to accumulate personal data, and how great is the corresponding prowess of women, may easily be demonstrated by performing a very simple experiment which requires no apparatus but a tea-table and two cigars. Place two women

acquaintances beside the table, and at the end of an hour the experimenter will note that they have learned everything about each other's families, servants, and friends, and about all tonsils, adenoids, school programs, wage-problems, and misdemeanors pertaining thereto. Place two men acquaintances at the working ends of two cigars in the next room, and in an hour they will have learned nothing about each other except each other's opinions about the stock market, the campaign, and Gene Tunney.

It is an appalling discovery. Manifestly something should be done about this masculine failure. I am making a small beginning myself. Every morning when I leave home I say to myself, "To-day I must not forget to ask, 'How are they all?'" Once in a while I actually remember to ask it. But it's uphill work. And, I argue with myself, what shall I accomplish if I make over one member of the sex in this respect, leaving the rest still unregenerate? Sometimes it seems hardly worth while.

Perhaps it would be wiser for us males simply to sit in passive admiration. Women excel us conversationally in so many ways. In getting off from a standing start, for instance.

Every now and then I find myself seated at dinner next to a woman whom I have never laid eyes on before, whom I don't know a thing about, whose name I have forgotten, and whose place-card is lying upside down behind her soup plate. The awful moment arrives when we must engage in badinage. How to begin? My mind immediately becomes a whirling void. The weather? It's too obvious. The identity of that funny-looking man at the other end of the table? Too obvious; besides, he's probably her husband. Literature? Art? Companionate marriage? Everything I can think of is too obvious. I open my mouth and close it again. . . . By this time I feel as one feels when confronted with an ear-trumpet: clearly a rather brilliant epigram is the least that the situation calls for.

Then the woman speaks. "Have you been to the theater lately?" she asks.

Nothing more epigrammatic than that.

How easy! It is so easy that I should never have thought of it. That woman was under no silly illusions about avoiding the obvious. She knew what every woman knows: that the first requirement is to get things going, no matter how. Well, she gets them going, and me with them. Pretty soon she has learned what plays I have seen, why I don't go to the theater oftener, how a commuter lives, how many children I have, and what we did when the children got ivy-poisoning. And I have found out nothing about her. It's a gift, strictly feminine.

Women, I submit, are the master-mechanics of conversation. They can always start it, no matter how faulty the ignition. My only criticism would be that some of them think their job is done when the conversational car moves out of the garage hitting on all six cylinders.

Take Mrs. Benson, for example. Mrs. Benson is what they call a model hostess, meaning that she is a super-mechanic. She is like one of those expert mill operatives who can look after a lot of machines all at once. She listens to the general hum, and when her expert ear tells her that one machine is slowing down she attends to it with her oil-can and then moves off and leaves it. A remarkable feat, but sometimes annoying to the machine.

Mrs. Benson turns to me at dinner and gets out her figurative oil-can. "You're just the person I'm looking for," she says. "Can't you tell me what all this Mexican business is about?"

I tell her that it's a pretty complicated business and that I wish I knew more about it.

"But you know ever so much more about it than I do," says she. "And I'm so interested. Do explain it."

Amazed at Mrs. Benson's thirst for information, I begin. For a moment she

is all attention. Presently, however, her eye wanders. There are other machines to listen to and mine has got up a satisfactory momentum.

"Oh, *do* have some more fish, Mr. Sprague," she suddenly puts in, just as I get to the framing of the Mexican Constitution. "Mary, please pass Mr. Sprague the fish. . . . Mr. Sprague, I know that Mrs. Turner is just aching to hear all about your new play—oh, it's a novel, is it? . . . Excuse me; do go on."

I go on. I get to the end of a sentence and pause to take breath.

"Ella, you simply must give us all the inside information about Geneva," cries Mrs. Benson before I can begin again. Another machine has stopped, you see, and must be oiled. She turns to me as if the Mexican problem were comfortably settled and draws me into this new topic. "Ella Nash has been spending *weeks* at Geneva studying the League and has just got back. (Fill the glasses, please, Mary.) Ella, is it really true that the League has outlived its usefulness?"

There is nothing to do but fall to and discuss the League of Nations. This we do for about two minutes, while Mary fills the glasses and is asked to open the window a little if Mrs. Sprague doesn't mind. "You're sure you'll tell me the minute you feel it, Mrs. Sprague? Go on, Ella; and do tell us, too, what you think of Mussolini."

So it goes all through dinner. Mexico as a topic has perished in early youth; the League joins it among those untimely slain; Mussolini is good for five minutes. But what cares Mrs. Benson for Mexico or the League or Mussolini? To her they are merely tools with which she can get conversational machines started. She has other tools, a whole kitful of leading questions like "Do you think standardization is the curse of American life?" and "Would you regard Eugene O'Neill as the hope of the American theater?" She isn't interested in the answers; she never pays attention to more than the first few sentences of them; she's a mechanic pure and simple, and her machines must be kept running.

Sometimes I wish some of these feminine mechanics were a little less restless with their tools. Suppose six or eight people are dining together. After a few preliminaries the conversation becomes general. Now a good general conversation to which half a dozen diverse minds contribute is something to live for; but it will never get anywhere unless you give it its head. It is also lamentably true that in a general conversation there is never more than one person speaking at a time. This is what gives the born mechanic her dreadful opportunity. Just as the talk begins to take wings, she looks about her and discovers a man who at the moment is doing nothing more than listening. "Why, hello," she seems to say to herself, "here's a perfectly good machine lying idle! This will never do." And she turns to it solicitously, "What have *you* been doing with yourself lately?" The poor man is helpless. The general conversation falters, goes to pieces. But what is that to the mechanic? She has started up an idle machine with her little oil-can, and she knows that she has done her womanly part.

But this, after all, is captious criticism. What would any machine do without a mechanic to get it moving, and what right has a hopelessly unmechanical male to talk about conversations taking wings when he can't even remember to ask how other people's Aunt Gertrudes are? Manifestly he had better attend to the beam in his own conversation.

Well, as I said, I am making a start. In fact, I am progressing. The other night we had Jimmy and Helen Barnard to dinner. Here was my big chance to show that even a male could make the proper personal inquiries. The talk turned to weddings.

"Ours was an ordeal for Jimmy," said Helen. "You know what an enormous lot of cousins I have. Jimmy told me afterwards that he'd never shaken so many family hands in his life. We

figured out that he had met two hundred relatives of mine."

"Two hundred relatives!" I murmured in awe. Then I saw my opening. "*And how are they all?*" I asked.

Two hundred. That ought to do me for a while.

FUGUE OF A SATISFIED HOUSE GUEST

BY DEARING WARD

WHEN I was left facing the world the day after my graduation from boarding-school, with only a large week-end case full of clothes, a wrist-watch, several bar pins, and some silver picture frames, there arose the old question: what to do? In the morning mail that very day there came a large square envelope from one of the girls. I answered it, and that was the beginning of my career. I became a house guest.

Guests have come away even from week-ends of late and written so slurringly—especially in the humorous weeklies—that it seems pertinent to offer a few ideas, or tried plans, of one who has found the house-guest racket full of busy, happy days. Often I have lain in pleasant guest-rooms, consuming delicate breakfasts, and read bitter, accusatory accounts of being a guest, and wondered: Why? It is all so simple, so delightful—the one occupation still open to the Untrained Woman. It is hard to think of any mode of life requiring less unpleasant effort, when rightly understood.

The main querulous complaint is often made that one is constantly dragged into fatuous chat, but this may be easily dismissed as it can be avoided with a little precaution. One good way is to jot down while on the train a few of the best things you have never said. (Some people include in their regular repertoire things other people have said, but I always feel that this is a little Latin, as distinct from being British and, therefore, not quite correct.) Work in all these good remarks at the first meal after arriving. At luncheon six or eight will do, but for dinner ten or twelve should be managed. This will establish you as a witty, or at least very, very alert person, and after that you can relapse into dumbness and even snub people who do not appeal to you, without loss of prestige, for the rest of the visit. Nothing further will be necessary, you will find, and hence only a spontaneous animation need come into play—manifestly a delightful situation.

The house guest as far as material comforts are concerned is in a position second only to that described in Plato's *Republic*. Everything but the physical functions of life becomes automatically somebody else's responsibility. What delicious naps I have had on early golden afternoons under pink guest-room comforters, drifting off to sleep just as the distant voice of my hostess came faintly, telephoning to a fourth bridge player or pathetically describing an impending trip to a relentless automobile mechanic. For the guest there are the same excitements, the same parties, but no trouble, no arranging, no efforts. Just have a few clothes on by the time the car comes around to the front or soup goes into the dining-room—that is all.

It is well from first to last to avoid showing too much respect to any older people who may be in the house. This would seem a needless platitude, but it is surprising even now how many people will revert to type and begin showing deference to older women. It creates unpleasant feeling at once. And very little thought is required. Some people of course have a firmly ingrained tendency to spring forward and light cigarettes, pull up chairs, etc., for older people—even of their own sex—which cannot be too severely condemned; but

the old method of counting ten will be found to be a gradual corrective if persisted in. And, at any rate, in ten slow counts the oldest will have lighted their own cigarettes, or someone else will have dashed forward and incurred their faint dislike or lasting hatred.

Finally, in the event that any tiresome and annoying people really cannot be avoided, the ruse of a wire calling one away can always be used. It is old, familiar; but so are Birth and Death, etc. The big, natural instincts hold in every generation.

Personally I have employed the telegram method of departure even after a week or more. It is especially valuable with relatives who insist in an informal way on one's staying; and in these cases doubtless comes as a relief to both sides. I have no doubt that the time will come when the Western Union will have forms for Being Called Away in addition to their present Greeting Messages. Then it will be a simple step to call up the nearest telegraph office, mention a form number and a plausible sending address to be inserted in the proper place, and within half an hour and without risk of complication receive a well-phrased wire for the sympathetic perusal of one's hosts.

In any such cases the plainest wording is safest, and all maudlin temptations to give the telegrams dramatic effect should be curbed. Wires such as "Aunt Martha ill. Return at once" only store up future difficulties, and even mental strain. Much better is something like: "Return by first train. Imperative. Will explain at station." Then all *you* have to do is to show it and get your bags packed, lightly turning over the whole thing to your Subconscious.

The first moment of responsibility comes in getting your bags off. The old idea handed down by our ancestors that if you leave things behind in your room it will put your hostess to a lot of trouble sending them to you is altogether wrong. If you have anything you want to keep it is best to be sure it is in your bags when you go. But this is trifling, especially when you consider that it is the sole instant of effort. It is even possible to leave without tipping any of the servants, except of course the chauffeur if your hostess accompanies you to the station. It is unthinkable that the servants in decent houses should report on this kind of thing, and I have always thought that an occasional sharp surprise would make them enjoy the next tip they do get all the more.

THE DECLINE OF CREDULITY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

IT IS a hackneyed boast that we, the children of the twentieth century, are living in the most wonderful age which mankind has ever known. With the telephone at our elbow, the radio at our ear, and the mail-plane throbbing at our city's doorstep, we are encouraged to pity those ancestors of ours who, through innumerable generations, wrung their living from a hostile earth, while they raised dull eyes to an unattainable atmosphere, and died at last in ignorance of all the secret forces that had surrounded them. Theirs was a prison life, we are assured, hedged in by walls that have vanished for their children. Science, it is complacently affirmed, has opened infinite horizons to the mind of man. Revelations of archæology, of biology, of astronomy, of psychology, and of all the other studious activities of digging, peering, calculating men have sorely strained our powers of believing; but strength has followed strain, and science has taught us that nothing is too marvelous for belief. Ours is, preëminently, the age of wonder.

So say the prophets of progress, the apostles of enlightenment. But their glowing story may be opposed by a sad,

true tale—the tale of how humanity has been pilfered of a precious heritage, of how our imaginative powers have been crimped and cabined, lopped and trimmed, until the faculty of credulity is at a woeful pass.

Science has taught us that nothing is too marvelous for belief? What poppycock! The first men on earth learned that lesson, and their descendants have been gradually unlearning it. What was there that the savage could not believe? What is there that he will not believe? Science has really commanded that we have faith in only a few things while denying us the pleasure of credence in a million and one alternatives. Every *fact* that it has fished from the sea, dug from the earth, or plucked from thin air thrusts itself as a barrier across a dozen avenues of speculation which were previously open and inviting.

But human credulity has fought a noble though a losing fight. The victory of knowledge—that arch-enemy of belief—has been won in a slow war of attrition. One by one, mankind has been ravished of its cherished faiths; but in every generation the soldiers of knowledge, while laying about them doughtily, have been guilty of unconscious treason by accepting and disseminating convictions that another age was to demolish. Pliny's *Natural History*, for example, reveals an experimental passion that was dangerous to the credulity of its author's day; but it also perpetuated for some hundreds of years a mass of highly imaginative misinformation. Pliny had a sneering way with other people's magic, but he was thoroughly in earnest about his own. He was skeptical regarding the powers of basilisk blood, but he was quite certain that when a physician employed the peony in one of his compounds it should be gathered at night "lest the woodpecker of Mars try to pick the digger's eyes out." And of course there was no doubt that bedbugs, properly employed, were an antidote to nocturnal fever.

Yes, it has been a shifting war. The multitude has stoutly defended its beliefs, and it has secured startling though temporary victories. It was a great day for human credulity when eight hundred victims perished at the stake in the bishopric of Würtzburg. Their crime was witchcraft, and their guilt was plain. Picture the wonders of that age. In every city, town, and hamlet, in every home and every shuttered room the forces of light and the forces of darkness were waging an implacable warfare. The man who doubted the existence of evil spirits was a fool; life would be a poor thing indeed without them. Had not all the philosophers of old, save only the hopelessly optimistic Epicureans, admitted their existence? What family could boast that no one of its members had ever been possessed by a devil? What family would be proud of such a record? No man could tell when the mumbled charms of some withered crone might bring swift death to his favorite cow, ruin to his cherished sister, or destruction to his home. And as for vampires, what a marvelous history they had. We find them appearing in the United States as late as 1875.

At this point certain persons may protest that the world is well rid of such troublesome wonders. But what of the more diverting creatures, beliefs, and experiences of which science has defrauded us? Elves, fairies, nymphs, and dryads have had their hosts of mourners; but they were only small inhabitants of a whole world that is lost. Transatlantic flights thrill us to-day over our morning coffee; but we have been robbed of the ocean above the earth that was familiar to our forefathers. We hear no more of that marvelous land of Magnonia, whence aërial seamen once sailed their ships far and wide over the cloud-littered sea.

Yet, regarding that ocean and those ships, there was once no doubt whatsoever in the minds of ordinary men. Had you lived in a certain English village early in the twelfth century you might have relied on your own senses in this

matter. For Gervase of Tilbury relates (according to a later authority) that "as the people were coming out from a church in England, on a dark cloudy day, they saw a ship's anchor fastened in a heap of stones, with its cable reaching up from it into the clouds. Presently they saw the cable strained, as if the crew were trying to haul it up, but it still stuck fast. Voices were then heard above the clouds, apparently in clamorous debate, and a sailor came sliding down the cable. As soon as he touched the ground the crowd gathered round him, and he died, like a man drowned at sea, suffocated by our damp, thick atmosphere. An hour afterwards, his shipmates cut the cable and sailed away; and the anchor they had left behind was made into fastenings and ornaments for the church door, in memory of the wondrous event."

Can our feats of aërial navigation compensate us for losing the seamen of Magnonia? Remember that Gervase recorded no isolated incident. Centuries earlier, Agobard of Lyons had seen three men and one woman who had fallen from these aërial ships; and more than four centuries later, the inhabitants of Poins Town, in Ireland, witnessed "divers most strange and prodigious apparitions seen in the air," which were thereafter attested by no less than sixteen reliable persons. It is true that we may still see apparitions in the air, and anyone who was fortunate enough to glimpse the silver dirigible that floated serenely over New York City, early one morning after voyaging from Germany, is not likely to forget the vision. But knowledge robbed the phenomenon of half its wonder; wireless had announced the ship's departure, wireless heralded its approach. We knew precisely how the great contraption worked; we knew its gas capacity to a cubic inch; we knew the first names of its crew. Imagination was throttled by fact.

Miracles cannot survive explanation, and the scientist is determined that no miracles shall go unexplained. So gradually he is denuding both nature and invention of their wonders. He explains the gorgeous plumage of tropical birds in terms of utilitarian functions; and his elaborate description of how photographs may be transmitted by radio is so dull as to kill any amazement that the process might naturally evoke. Havelock Ellis has somewhere lamented that insistence upon uniform orthography has destroyed the "grand manner" in spelling among all save the illiterate. And in the same way science has destroyed the grand manner in believing; for individual beliefs, like individual systems of spelling, are forbidden. "When the Emperor Tiberius inquired of the grammarian what song the Sirens sang," writes Compton Leith, "he asked to prove his wit and was gratified when no man answered." But in that age, at least, everyone was free to repeat the imperial query for himself, and each could hazard his own "wide solution." To-day not even the bare question is allowed us, for science has long since numbered sirens among ancient lies.

There remains but one comforting thought for those who deplore the passing of credulity and all its wonders. It is possible, just possible, that some future generation will look back enviously upon our own as one in which imagination had full play. Living amid the "facts" of inter-dimensional space, familiar with natural laws that would astound an Einstein, and accepting a cosmography that would bewilder all our professors of astronomy, the people of that generation may gaze wistfully upon us as the inhabitants of credulity's golden age. To them our world may seem as wonderful as Ptolemy's. It is a meager hope, to be sure, but in it there is consolation.

Editor's Easy Chair

UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THEODORE DREISER has been to Russia. He was a good man to go because he is intelligent, observant, articulate, and not any too well pleased with the world that now is. To that extent he is sympathetic with the efforts now making in Russia to develop a new civilization, the chief aim of which is improvement in the life and intelligence of the great mass of the Russian people.

It is an enormous job and has not been overdone in times past. There are said to be one hundred and forty millions of Russians spread over an expanse of country in Europe and Asia that makes most of the other geographical divisions of those countries look puny. These hundred and forty millions are the job. Most of them live by agriculture, which is the way that civilization begins. Animals roam in the prairies and forests and flourish as long as they get enough to eat. Primitive men do much the same and record progress by coming to be farmers. The mass of the Russians have got that far. They are farmers. They seem to be mighty tough, hardy people who can stand a lot of dirt, cold, exposure, vodka, and bad religion without succumbing. They are going to stay, and doubtless stay in Russia, but the Soviet government does not propose that they shall be mentally static. On the contrary it is pouring new ideas into them sixteen to the dozen by all the most modern means of advertisement and instruction.

What one gets out of Dreiser's pieces and reports from other people is the impression that the Soviet rulers are making rapid progress with their job of developing in Russia mass production of thought and capacity for serious world-disturbance. Dreiser, though not the first, is the latest outsider to penetrate Russia. He seems to have been well received and allowed to go around and see what he could. He saw a great deal and was profoundly impressed with the strength of the effort now proceeding there and its very considerable accomplishment. The vast activity of the proceeding seems to have impressed him—the colossal aims of the successors of Lenin to carry education and the reasonable comforts of life to the Russian people. He reported Russia as crammed with propaganda—the scene of an intense effort to make over the minds of a race and imbue it with Bolshevist and Communist principles. He found some improvement in the condition of industrial life but not much yet in agricultural life. He does see a great new spirit, a new activity of mind, new hopes, new incentives running through the Russian people. He also confirms reports from other sources of military preparations. They impressed him deeply. Everywhere he saw soldiers, on all the Russian frontiers on land and sea. To him they looked like pretty good soldiers, well clothed, well armed, and equipped with all the modern improvements in military destruction. He found constant dissemination by every possible modern means of the idea that the capitalist

countries were out to bite off the head of Russia and that the whole adult Russian population must be organized to resist them. He found a condition of nervous military excitement even beyond what existed in Germany before 1914.

All these observations are very provocative of reflection. While Dreiser's stories were in the process of publication the emissary of the Soviets at Geneva proposed universal disarmament. That suggestion being rejected, he made it again in a modified form. The trouble with such proposals is that nobody trusts Russia's rulers. They have seemed in a way to reject all political morality. Their great aim is to destroy capitalism throughout the world and make all civilizations subscribe to the maxims of Karl Marx. Universal disarmament then would seem likely to leave Christendom bare and open to a vast and active force constantly practicing to destroy it. Of course the powers cannot accept Russia's disarmament proposals. They will not dare to.

IN all negotiations of the powers of Western Europe between one another and with the United States the condition of Russia and, indeed, of all Asia and part of Africa, are great factors. A writer in the *Round Table* discusses the fizzle of the naval conference between the United States and Great Britain. He thinks it was a profound mistake for the two governments not to have consulted each other about what they have been doing. "If London," he says, "had said to Washington, 'we are building these ships because Europe is still a potential volcano and we must secure our communications in view of what other powers are building,' it would have prevented the legend growing up that these cruisers are being built against the United States." True enough it is absurd that in the present condition of the world Great Britain should build against the United States or the United States against Great Britain. There are other fish to fry than that. The great fact, as the *Round Table* writer says, is that Europe is a potential volcano, that Asia is full of rumblings, and that in Africa too there are serious problems, notably just now in Egypt.

These things are not hidden. They are plain on the map for anybody to see, and that they affect more and more the counsels of Europe is plain enough in the news. The European house is trying to set itself in order. One reads of impending measures to get the war debts on a more definite and feasible basis. France seems to be in a better case, much stronger on her fiscal side, less apprehensive, better to work with in the effort to secure peace in Europe, in which indeed M. Briand is the prime mover.

Government is passing into new hands. It is fourteen years since 1914. Men who were thirty in that year are forty-four; men who were sixty are seventy-four. All that implies emergence of new strength, as well as the passing of some oldtime reliances. Control of mankind, so far as it is effected by government, is passing to minds that have developed in the new era which began with the World War.

It may be the conclusion of our children and grandchildren that the greatest, the most important man the Great War produced was Lenin. Of course that is the opinion in Russia now. The whole Marxian program may go to pot in Russia and still leave the statue to Lenin as much respected as ever. As an instrument to make the Russians think, to get their minds out of static, he was tremendous and, of course, in spite of all the horrors that he was associated with, he was immensely useful.

Mr. Lamb's story of Ghengis Khan is a timely book reminding us as it does what ruthless genius has sometimes accomplished in Asia. Recounting what happened seven hundred years ago, it helps the imagination to grapple with the possibilities of our own time. We don't know how great a man Asia may produce, but the notion that that great continent is harmless because it has not sufficient industrial development to wage modern

warfare grows less impressive every year, and Dreiser's reports make their contribution to dispel it.

The upshot of all of which is that it becomes thoughtful people whose minds run on international problems to take large views, and when they discuss such things as agreement about naval construction, to think less about their immediate neighbors and more about the more remote ones. In these times one has to think about the whole world, so close are continents and countries to one another and so involved and implicated are their destinies.

JUNE, when all the colleges are commencing, is particularly the month in which to discuss education. Nobody seems satisfied with the kinds we are getting now, which is probably a good sign. We go on more or less with our educational processes because they are a habit, but discussion of them is candid and continuous, and probably knowledge of what they ought to be is increasing.

The most important thing for us to acquire seems to be the understanding of life and, if it is concrete, so much the better. Christ evidently had understanding of life. He knew all about it and when he spoke, clarification of human existence came from him readily and always. He did not have to think about it, it was in him. Various great men have had such an understanding of human life as was necessary for their several jobs. Ghengis Khan understood the life of his time and environment. He knew what to do under such circumstances as he met, and he always did it. It is evident that he was a tremendous person with a first-rate mind, and courage and energy equal to any predicament that he had to meet. It is a little early to make confident assertions about Henry Ford, but he seems to have had understanding of life sufficient for his purposes at any given time, and it has been an understanding which has seemed to increase as he went along. One cannot doubt that Henry's mind is a very good one, and his courage and his energies and his powers of direction and application have so far been equal to what he had to face. In all that he is like Ghengis Khan.

Young people are not sent to school primarily to get understanding of life. Incidentally, they go for that, but the immediate job is to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic and so much of what are called the higher branches, as Latin, trigonometry, football, salesmanship, and advertising as is convenient. There is also nowadays in the schools, colleges, and universities a vast amount of technical knowledge some part of which most pupils must assimilate, and on branches of which some of them may profitably concentrate the main parts of their efforts. The big universities and some of the colleges undertake nowadays to ground students in such pursuits as chemistry, physics, biology, and any other kind of knowledge that one can think of, and fit them to go on farther in the great laboratories that are now maintained by some of the big industrial corporations. That is all right, necessary, timely, and important, but it remains that the greatest subject of all is man, and though even that subject may be studied to advantage in books, the laboratory practice which is so necessary to achievement in it must be got in the open, in contact with one's fellows and with the practical problems of life.

Intelligent educators nowadays are pretty well agreed that the main purpose of education should be to teach students to think. Criticism of current education is considerably directed to the limited success of contemporary education in achieving that result. One such critic observes, "The schools and colleges of to-day do not educate; they simply prolong a period of acceptance in the minds of young men and women; wasting valuable years. Acceptance is something that people should avoid unless the propelling fact to be accepted comes from within through conviction. In other words, schools should not organize

memory classes, but in giving boys and girls opportunity to think along organized lines, make possible the ideation which must come from within out. Any fact which comes to a person from without is knowledge; applying this knowledge makes it wisdom, and that comes from within. The whole system of cramming knowledge down throats of unwilling students is detrimental. Moreover colleges to-day are post graduate high schools. College training should be a privilege that few rightfully enjoy and which they can only receive as a result of their own endeavors."

If nobody could achieve that education which is the understanding of life except by perfect methods, our world would be in a bad case. There are no perfect methods. Some are better than others; that is as much as one can say. Getting understanding of life is a catch-as-catch-can job. No doubt capacity for it is in some degree inherited, though in a good many cases where the exploit seems to have been performed the inheritance is very obscure. For rich boys the contact with actual life seems rather more difficult than for poor boys, nevertheless, both kinds win it and both kinds miss it. President Coolidge, for example, is something of a mystery. What he has and what he lacks have been much discussed without general acceptance of any conclusion. The truth probably is that he has understanding of life in the particular domain in which he operates—that, being what he is, knowing what he does, he knows what to do under the circumstances which confront him. So many people think that his sagacity lies mainly in keeping off the ice until it is strong enough to bear him, that his advancement is often attributed by the near-wise to luck; but there is Mr. Morrow, in whose career luck is seldom thought of as a determining factor, who even in his college days had the sort of understanding to see the something in Calvin Coolidge which encouraged a large expectation.

There is a lot of mystery left in this world. Let no one suppose that humanity has lost its propensity to cut up capers, or that knowledge is more than at the beginning of unfoldment. When Genghis Khan was whooping it up in Asia, beating out the Mussulmans, conquering everybody including the Chinese, it was the conclusion of the Mohammedan authorities, as also at Rome, that the jig was pretty well up and that the Almighty had lost patience with mankind and the end of the world was imminent. We are quite likely to feel a little that way in our time when jolts so much abound and expectation is so precarious, but the world is probably going right along. There is a new theory in science that it constantly receives infusions of energy from other planets, which keep it stimulated and refreshed, and that the idea that it is playing out is not worthy of practical consideration.

Certainly our world is likely to last out the mundane existence of everyone alive on it, so that it behooves us all, just for our personal advantage, to try to understand as much of its behavior as we can and to revise previous understandings in accordance with the newer and better views, if we can get any, or even with older ones if we find them applicable; for while many new facts are brought to our attention, new thoughts about human life do not so much abound. We live considerably by conceptions thousands of years old and as to which our best hope is that we may live in closer accordance to them than did our predecessors when they were new. When we feel ourselves most up to the date we are usually merely catching up with the more thoughtful of our precursors. These lines that follow are not absolutely new, but they seem to fit our times pretty well:

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Personal and Otherwise

EVERY now and then the gentlemen whom Elmer Davis calls the whither-are-we-drifting boys announce with consternation that morality is bound for the scrap-heap. Science is destroying it, they inform us. But perhaps science is doing something quite different—contributing the basis for a new moral code. If so, what may we expect of it? For an answer we turn to ***J. B. S. Haldane,*** one of the ablest of the younger British scientific investigators and interpreters of scientific thought. Mr. Haldane, a nephew of the former Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Haldane, is reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge. Many readers will recall "The Last Judgment," his remarkable account of the end of the world and the colonization of Venus, which was published in HARPER'S for March, 1927, and has subsequently appeared in book form. Mr. Haldane is also the author of a new Harper book entitled *Possible Worlds.*

After completing the manuscript of *Meat,* which ran serially in this Magazine from November through March, ***Wilbur Daniel Steele*** went to Charleston, South Carolina, for the winter. He has now begun work on a new novel; but in the interval he wrote two short stories for HARPER'S, the first of which appears this month. Mr. Steele's record as the winner of several O. Henry Prizes for short fiction is by this time too familiar for repetition.

Eight years ago conservative Harvard graduates were berating President Lowell for his refusal to discharge or discipline a young Harvard lecturer in history, a "dangerous radical" named ***Harold J. Laski.*** At that time Mr. Laski was only twenty-six years old but had already written two significant books, *The Problem of Sovereignty* and *Authority in the Modern State.* Since then he has returned to his native England, has become professor of political science in the University of London, vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education, and member of the Council of the Institute of Public Administration, and has written *A Grammar of Politics* and other books. As one of the most brilliant of English political philosophers we have asked him to survey our American political system.

Harvey O'Higgins, playwright and novelist, whose *Julie Cane* appeared serially in HARPER'S three or four years ago and who has subsequently written *Clara Barron,* is very closely acquainted with the Mr. Anderson whose impressions of the fierce light that beats upon European thrones are recorded in his article.

Frankly and with a fine humility the Reverend ***James Brett Kenna*** sets forth the dilemma in which he and many other ministers of this day find themselves. Born in Mississippi, Mr. Kenna took his A.B. degree at the University of Tennessee; studied also at Garrett Seminary in Evanston, Illinois, at Northwestern University, and at Union Seminary in New York; had pastoral experience in East Texas, in East Tennessee, in Illinois, in New York City, and in Newark, New Jersey; and in 1926 became pastor of the First Methodist Church of Wichita, Kansas. No one who is aware of the range of Mr. Kenna's experience will dismiss his article as representing merely conditions in one local field.

Everyone, we believe, does well to be reminded now and again of what the realities of modern warfare are, stripped of the sentimentalities and evasions of propaganda and censorship. ***Peter Gething*** tells the story of the landing at Gallipoli exactly as he saw it and lived it. Here is his war record in his own words: "Served in the Australian Imperial Forces from August, 1914, until the end of the war; winding up as a senior officer

in the Machine Gun Corps. Was present at the landing and fought through until the evacuation of the Dardanelles campaign. Served as a member of the Australian Light Horse through the Sinai Peninsula campaign from January, 1916, until February, 1917, and from this time forward served in France and Flanders, thus completing a splendid Cook's Tour, and collecting a few more holes in my body than I have use for just as souvenirs."

A distinguished American critic and man of letters is the author of the third and last of our series of anonymous articles on the future of America.

Ruth Suckow, author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl,* is owner and manager of the Orchard Apiary of Earlville, Iowa, and writes with quiet understanding of the rural and small-town Iowa life which she has observed at close range. Her most recent HARPER story, "Midwestern Primitive," appeared last March; it was the little tragedy of a tea-house-keeper whose guests from the city preferred her mother's uncouth genuineness to her own painful efforts to appear well-bred and up-to-date.

Who needs to be reminded that ***André Maurois*** is the author of *Ariel, or the Life of Shelley,* and of *Disraeli?*

Daniel Gregory Mason is one of the leading American composers and music critics. Last winter his symphony was performed by Mr. Koussevitsky's orchestra in Boston and by Mr. Gabrilówitsch's in Detroit, and his "Songs of the Countryside" were performed by the Friends of Music. He has written several books of musical history and criticism, and will bring out a new volume next fall, *The Dilemma of American Music.* Mr. Mason is now in Europe on sabbatical leave from his position as head of the music department at Columbia University.

After many years of experience in retail business in Newport News and San Antonio, ***Jesse Rainsford Sprague*** settled down in New York not long ago to write about business. In a series of recent HARPER articles (including, among others, "Big Business on Trial," "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," and "Putting Business Before Life") he has drawn attention to many of the absurdities and exaggerations of American business methods. This month Mr. Sprague shows what sometimes happens when everybody tries to beat last year's sales record.

Two or three years ago ***C. E. Montague*** closed a term of distinguished editorial service on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* and settled down in the picturesque village of Burford in Oxfordshire to give his time to writing. His novels include *A Hind Let Loose, Rough Justice,* and *Right Off the Map.*

What sets man apart from his relatives, the animals? ***James H. Leuba,*** professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr College, thinks it is not that supposed monopoly of the human race, a sense of moral values; and many a reader will find himself able to parallel from his own experience with animals the evidence which Professor Leuba draws largely from the observations of professional investigators. A Swiss by birth, Professor Leuba came to this country at the age of nineteen, was appointed professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr only two years later (in 1889), in due time secured his doctorate at Clark University and studied in Germany and France, and has subsequently contributed a number of important books in his special field.

John O'Hara Cosgrave, born in Australia, educated in New Zealand, and trained as a newspaper man in California, was for some time editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and later was Sunday editor of the New York *World.*

The HARPER audience is well acquainted with ***Margaret Culkin Banning's*** short stories, a number of which have appeared in this Magazine, and many will recall her article calling to account "The Lazy Thirties." She has also written several novels, including *The Women of the Family* and *Pressure.*

The poets of the month are ***Elizabeth Morrow,*** member of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of Smith College and wife of the Ambassador to Mexico; ***A. E. Johnson,*** of Syracuse, a newcomer to the Magazine; ***Granville Paul Smith,*** Charleston schoolmaster, whose verse often appears in our pages; and ***George Sterling,*** whose recent death robbed Cali-

fornia of one of her most distinguished men of letters.

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The Lion is sustained this month by ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the editorial staff of HARPER'S, whose "Psychology to Order" appeared last month; ***Dearing Ward*** of Lynchburg, Virginia, a new contributor; and ***Ben Ray Redman***, author of a book of verse and a volume on Edwin Arlington Robinson, translator of many French novels of importance, and occasional contributor to the Lion's Mouth.

❦ ❦ ❦

There are many connoisseurs who place ***Arthur B. Davies*** second to none among the American artists of our day. Neither conservative or modernistic in the accepted sense, he has developed a highly individual style, drawing inspiration from the designs of the Greeks but applying it in his own romantic way. We are glad to have him represented in HARPER'S by a reproduction of one of his newest etchings.

❦ ❦ ❦

Professor Frederick G. Detweiler of Denison University takes issue as a sociologist with the anonymous author of the biological forecast with which we began our series of studies of the future of America:

Your first article in the April number, the one called "The Future of America," contains much with which we all will agree. Yes, we ought to have eugenic marriage laws; yes, we ought to go on restricting immigration.

I regret to say, however, that the author, like many other men interested in biology, has not sufficiently informed himself of certain social facts. When he says, "It is estimated that there are 2,000,000 mental defectives in the United States who need institutional care," he is taking a very high estimate. Not only this, but one wonders what that "good evidence" is that American intelligence has been declining. If he bases his conclusions on Brigham's *Study of American Intelligence*, the book that is most often referred to in this connection, it would be well to read that book again and with a more critical eye. Its fallacies have been pointed out more than once.

It is, however, more important to note in this article the rather confident assertion that the immigrants we have received in this country belong generally to an inferior race-stock. So much has been written lately by our American anthropologists against this idea that nobody who has not gone over the evidence carefully should make this statement so confidently. To be sure the author quotes some statistics, but he is apparently unaware of the great mass of statistics that contradict his conclusions. I should like him to tell us, for instance, what nationalities in America show the greatest incidence of insanity, which ones show the greatest amount of drunkenness, which ones are longest-lived, which ones predominate in the numbers of public paupers, and so on. Also, what happens in the second generation of immigrants? Do they have the standards of their parents or of the native-born population?

America is in the position of a house that should not receive any visitors because we have all we can do now to keep our family in order. But this is not to say that we should despise the people already in the house. We ought to restrict immigration without unnecessarily accusing the immigrants we already have here. They may be cheap labor in the sense that they have been willing to work for a low wage. But they are not cheap in any real sense. The minister or college professor who works for a low wage is not thereby a cheap man. It may be said with greater truth that the American employer who pays only a bare subsistence wage to foreign labor is a cheap man. The laborer is not cheap.

Doubtless the author of this article would repudiate the view that those who are poor are necessarily of inferior stock. There were too many poor people among our original colonists for him to say that—he believes that they were superior! But in some subtle, insidious way, the feeling that recent immigrants are poor stock because they are poor economically underlies the whole drift of popular opinion about the immigrant. America has gone a long way in the direction of aristocracy when it takes for granted that the rich, who limit the number of their children, are still the most desirable race-stock!

❦ ❦ ❦

Sigmund Spaeth, who expressed a low opinion of primitive music in our March issue, is vigorously supported by an American reader in Japan who confesses that he had been wondering whether he lacked "some subtle quality that enables one to appreciate what would otherwise be called noise":

It seems that there is something esoteric about any kind of a squeak as long as it comes from a race that does not live in trees and throw cocoanuts, and I for one am more than fed up with the bilge that has been pumped into primitive music by the worshippers who tiptoe about in silent admiration of a noise that would not be tolerated for a moment in a civilized gathering.

Here, in the so-called flowery kingdom (another piece of unadulterated hooey) I am asked to listen to, and be mystified by the *samisen*, a three-stringed banjo that has all the tone of a kettle drum that has been soaked over night. I am told that it takes thirty years to master one and that the tones are capable of great range of shading, etc., and yet if my kid brother could not make exactly the same tones after thirty minutes' practice, I would throw him to the lions.

They have a bamboo flute, the *shakuhashi* (literally 19.90 inches) which is capable of a full tone but at times gives out a wail which I am asked to believe is something very beautiful and difficult to produce, but I know that it is merely the performer's lip slipping into neutral, and if there is a singer holding forth at the same time she sustains a nasal tone until the flutist can get his lip back into gear.

The final argument to my mind is that the more intelligent persons, the minute they become even slightly educated, are bored to death with their native music and devour Occidental music.

The same hocus-pocus has been packed into the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, archery and what not. These things all have an element of beauty, but the sooner the Occidental ceases to be hornswoggled by the false whiskers the sooner something really worth while will come from them.

* * *

It is clear from a number of letters which we have received from parents that the lot of the American child in foreign schools is not always as hard as Hesper LeGallienne found it to be. Here is an excerpt from one representative letter sent us by the mother of a ten-year-old boy who was placed for a year in the École Alsacienne in Paris:

The first afternoon a very discouraged boy came back to the French home where we were living. The boys had jeered at him and had walked on his toes. They were all in the close-cut French "shorts," and Dick's baggy knickers looked to them like girls' wear. Our kind, quick-witted Madame comforted him with a bit of good advice: "Never mind, when recess comes to-morrow, and the boys begin to tease, grin at them, and say '*Cochon, cochon!*'"

So next morning he set out, carefully repeating "*Cochon!*" and came home at five, radiant. The boys had thought it a great joke. The next week I was glad to make a concession to a boy's natural longing for conformity and in shorts and a beret he quickly found his place as one in a crowd.

But to his teacher, M. de St. Etienne, the little American was never lost in the crowd. By his rare gift of sympathy and insight he made those first hard weeks a joy to a bewildered youngster. Without a word of English, he established a happy fellowship with Dick from the first day, and to see Dick finish the year's work third in the class was a genuine delight to him.

At the end of the year Dick was asked to go with a troop of French Boy Scouts for four weeks' camping in the Jura. Only one other boy in the troop of over sixty could speak English, and Dick emerged with a large and varied stock of argot and an understanding and liking for French boys that will last all his life.

The Council fire at which my boy took his oath as a Scout will always stand in my thought as a most beautiful expression of international goodwill and brotherhood. The Scout-leader, a splendid young student of twenty-two, spoke to his boys of what Dick's coming into the troop meant to them, and turning to clasp Dick's brown young paw, "You will be our interpreter," he said, "when you go home to help the boys over there realize that we are all brothers."

This letter can give only a small suggestion of the constant courtesy and helpful friendliness which made our year in France unique in our lives. Nowhere have I found more sincere kindness. We came back more than ever sure that it is we, in our "splendid isolation" in America, who have most to learn—it is we who are insular and narrow.

Immediately on our return to the States, we visited a New England town, and we went for a walk one morning, Dick wearing shorts and beret. Passing a high school at recess, we were very thoroughly booed by the young Americans, who probably supposed they were greeting a French boy. Dick's comment was, "I never got anything like that in France!"

The Empire Builders

What the Public Utilities Are Doing for Production and Prosperity

TO forecast the new movements of mankind, to change with the changing world, is to follow Napoleon's formula of success — "ride with the course of events and the nature of things."

We know that the world has changed since the war, that the old order of slums and industrial strife, of increased distribution and other costs due to the separation of manufacture and agriculture, and of panics and depressions, is passing away, and that everywhere individuals are ceasing to pay political or economic tribute to some central power or section.

The economic course of events is toward that self-determination of individual lives and local home-rule which the founders of this country established when they broke away from the Old World; which was turned by the Industrial Age into a centralized, top-heavy, and inhuman system; and which the Power Age is now changing into a decentralized, ground-strong, and locally self-reliant system of production and of life.

The economic "nature of things" calls for plentiful production and proximity of producer and consumer. The Power Age takes over the reins of empire because it puts the nation once more in harmony with the nature of things and the course of events. No other age or system can cope with the armies of silent toilers which it places in every county of the land.

The Power Age means a return to independent areas of balanced industry and agriculture, because power in every county means wealth and opportunity at every cross-road, for factory owner or farm boy alike. These new economic empires are small enough to assemble materials and distribute goods economically, thus saving time and distance costs, and large enough to provide ample resources and recreation for all.

In the building of these empires, the public utilities are taking the lead, because their territories correspond roughly with these natural areas. Empire building is an epic tale that needs space to tell. We can but sketch here the fundamental importance of the public utility to the daily and future welfare of you and me, and mention only the most striking features of the development work being done by some of the more active companies.

The Central Illinois Public Service Company exchanges news of industrial progress between its 362 communities through a monthly bulletin and personal visits, has made thorough industrial surveys for 41 of the larger localities, furnishes true facts on industries or communities to each about the others, and in the last three years has helped in the securing of 70 new industries and the expansion of 60 more, for a total of 6,000 new jobs, capable of supporting 25,000 people, whose wants, and the wants of their employing industries, bring increased opportunity and wealth into every part of the great strategic and diversified area which this company serves — an area where industry and agriculture are both strong and near each other.

The big power companies of the South, with interconnected facilities ensuring limitless power, are energetic empire builders because their empires are young and their rich resources yet bountifully open. The Tennessee Electric Power Company in the last five brief years has sold 62% more power to serve the new shoe, textile, dairying and other interests it has helped bring or start there, including also enormous rayon plants in its labor-laden hills, better crops in its fertile valleys, and the increased buying power they all mean. It makes community surveys, advertises nationally, follows capital and industrialists through every means, and is now planning more

(*Continued on next page*)

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

(Continued from preceding page)

power developments along the Tennessee River, which waters a truly imperial valley.

The Alabama Power Company's activities are based on a thorough survey of the State and on power at almost every strategic cross-road, and include community promotional and publicity work, mobilization of capital, data on individual industries, national advertising and personal contact. These brought in 1927 over $15,000,000 of new capital and 5 millions in payrolls, to say nothing of the local self-reliance and ambition fostered by this company in village and on farm, and the balancing of industry and agriculture.

The Georgia Power Company, in emphasizing that it is "a citizen wherever it serves," has hit the true key-note of empire building, which is a fusion of interest with every part of the area. This has necessitated helping communities to know their resources, to aid their present industries, and to present their local advantages to others. The company's own motion pictures, research and publicity, and its community cooperation — for example, its participation in Atlanta's successful drive for industrial expansion — has caused the largest industries in the land to locate great plants in Georgia after careful investigation, there and elsewhere.

The Duke Power Company is an empire builder because it was founded by one — a barefoot boy who became a great magnate, and then ploughed back his wealth into that healthy, verdant plateau in North and South Carolina that has taken world leadership in textiles and tobacco manufacture.

Through rapid diversification of industry, through the close relationship of factory and farm, through first-class roads and improved education, and above all through the aid of labor-saving machinery and power, this region has developed so that today (as shown by the Duke Power Company in its broad publicity program) it possesses what after all makes prosperity widespread and permanent — buying power and the opportunity to enjoy what is bought.

Other utilities are also doing important things. The Public Service Company of New Jersey, located in the heart of industry, has completed a super-network of electricity and gas to meet the demands of industry and population, and conducts the world's greatest territorial bus system. The Central Maine Power Company is doing notable work in furnishing management and financial advice as well as promotional activities to a state which is showing a decided increase in industry. The Utah Power and Light Company has almost completely electrified the farms and the factories of a rich, self-contained, diversified mountain empire. The Kentucky Power Company of Augusta, Ky., is opening up 2,000 square miles fronting on the Ohio River and laden with untapped wealth.

Coöperation between economic areas is shown in the development work of the great holding companies, which can offer to an industry a variety of locations according to its particular problem. The Associated Gas and Electric system, for example, includes important centers in central New York State, coal and lake areas in western Pennsylvania and western New York, and strategic Staten Island, in New York Harbor. Incidentally its simple financial structure reduces capital costs, and enables it to extend lines into rural areas and build for the future. The National Electric Power Company makes surveys, analyzes particular industries, and locates industries scientifically.

The New England Power Company, the Boston Edison Company, and others, are coöperating to use the latest development methods and capitalize the heavy buying power and skilled workmanship of New England. The Public Service Company of Northern Illinois is doing a big job — last year they were an important factor in bringing fifty-seven new industries to the territory serviced by their company. The Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company of Baltimore is helping develop a great transportation center and seaport. The Louisville Gas and Electric Company has its part in the speedy growth of the Ohio River Valley metropolis. The Monongahela West Penn Public Service Company is populating the ranges and rich valleys of Northern West Virginia. The Central Hudson Gas and Electric Company has an industrial department that coöperates with communities along this water-level route from the nation to its biggest market.

Thus everywhere the public utilities are building economic empires and bringing the opportunities and conveniences that mean a fuller and happier life.

Additional information on this important subject will be found in Mr. Paul Tomlinson's article — "The Useful Utility" — on the third page following.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Useful Utility

By PAUL TOMLINSON

WE take so many things for granted in this modern world. When darkness comes we press the electric switch button, and our homes are flooded with light. When we want to cook our meals or provide ourselves with hot water we turn the handle, and the gas flame supplies the heat. We do our washing by electricity, for three cents an hour; we clean our floors by electricity for two cents an hour. Electricity runs the fan, heats the toaster, the chafing dish, or the pressing iron; it even washes the dishes, tends the furnace, and winds the clock. It may surprise many people to learn that three out of every four rides in any kind of vehicle in this country are rides in electrically driven trolley cars. When our factories open in the mornings electricity furnishes most of the power to drive the machines which produce the necessities and comforts of our lives. Electricity enables us to send telegrams across the country and cablegrams across the sea. An astonishing amount of business is transacted nowadays over the telephone; calls between New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis, Detroit—these are commonplaces of everyday business routine.

WE take it for granted that the telephone, the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the house-lighting system, the factory power connections all are going to function perfectly. And the bitter complaints heard in the rare instances when something does go wrong are in themselves the very best evidence that we do. Also, these complaints are evidence of our dependence upon what the public utilities have to sell. When our telephone is out of order we feel as if we are isolated from all the world; when a summer storm temporarily incapacitates the lighting systems in our homes we feel as if some dreadful thing has happened. Nothing gives a greater impression of helplessness than the sight of men standing about on a factory floor, the machines idle from lack of power.

STOP for a moment and consider what modern life would be without public utilities to supply us with light, heat, power, transportation, facilities for communication, and—more vital than all—water. If these useful utilities should suddenly cease to exist our civilization would be set back almost beyond belief.

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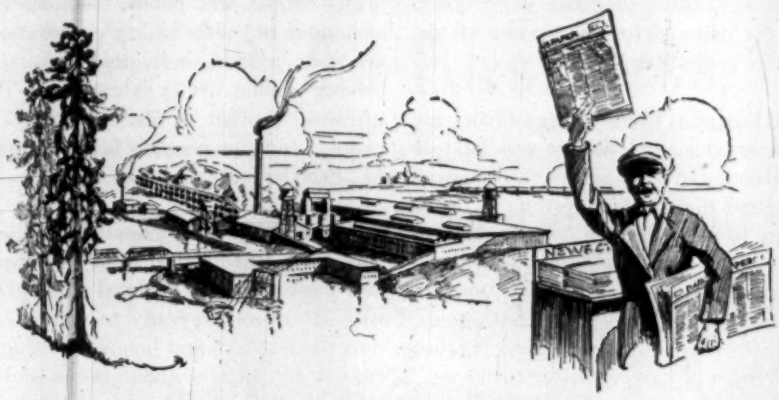
What if we were dependent upon candles and oil lamps for our light, wood- or coal-burning stoves for cooking, mill wheels for our power, horse cars for transportation, letter writing as our quickest method of communication, and the pump or the mill sweep for our water. What chance for growth and prosperity would any town in this country have if it could not enjoy the benefits of the service rendered by some public utility company?

PUBLIC utilities have been unthinkingly attacked because they operate under what virtually amount to monopolies, and are not subjected to competition. Such attacks are not justified. Competition would mean duplication of equipment—very expensive equipment—excessive rates to consumers, and a fluctuating, inadequate service. As now operated, the utilities are privately owned enterprises, benefiting from individual initiative, but under local and state regulation, which protect the customer and assure him equitable rates and good service. With the approval of the utility commissions, isolated plants earning little and giving indifferent service are being linked together into efficient systems of great capacity, and as interconnected systems service is improved, dividends are being earned for millions of customer-owners, and patrons are saved expense through lower rates. All of our cities are thoroughly electrified, and the high-tension lines connecting plant with plant and city with city are reaching out in all directions, carrying the comforts of city life to the most isolated hamlet and farm. There are seventeen million homes in America wired for electric service; fifteen million homes have gas connections. In these homes are millions of electric washing machines, electric irons, vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerators,



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and gas ranges. The number of these useful appliances increases every year, and the demand for the service of the utilities grows steadily.

THE capital needs of the utilities are enormous, and always will be. It costs money to build plants, transmission lines, and distribution systems; it costs money to maintain and operate them so that they can meet the demands made on them. This money cannot be supplied in sufficient quantities out of revenues, for in the public utility business it takes an average of five years to "turn over" the capital invested. The utilities must look to the investing public for their capital requirements, and the constant extension and expansion of their facilities is proof enough that they have not looked in vain. Those shrewdest and most careful of all investors, the banks and insurance companies, own more than two billion dollars' worth of public utility stocks and bonds. Among the customers of public utility corporations are five million individual investors owning public utility securities. The utilities, in other words, belong to the people, and the people's faith in them has been entirely justified.

CONSIDER for a moment the essential nature of the utility business, and it is easy to understand why investors have been so ready to put money into their stocks and bonds: we simply cannot get along without them, and in bad as well as in good times the demand for their services persists. When we are feeling poor we may do without new overcoats, but we can't do without light, gas, and water. Money invested in the utilities has not only earned handsome returns, but made it possible for us all to live our lives and do our work under in-

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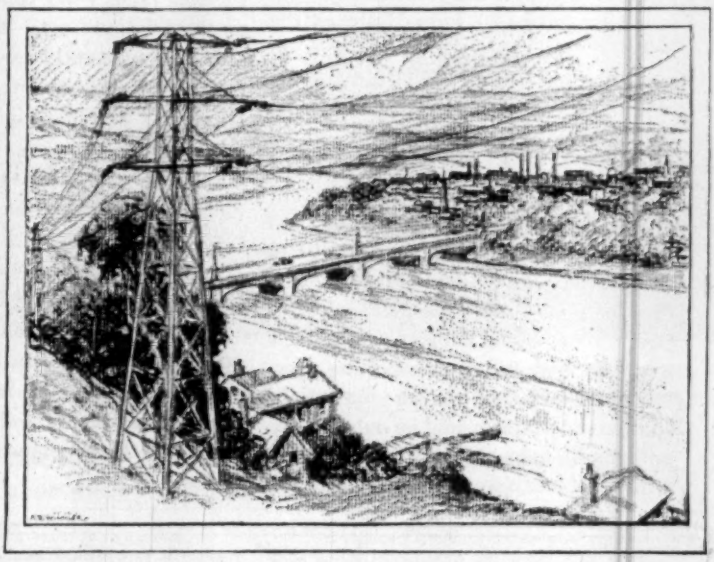

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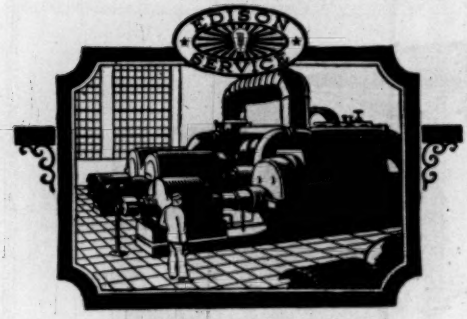

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IN case anyone feels that the past record of the utilities, the increasing demand for their service, and their proved earning power are not sufficient warrants of strength, it might be noted that the United States Supreme Court has taken its stand on their side, and decided that these companies are entitled to a fair return on capital devoted to public use. Of course all public utility capital is devoted to public use; so that while no satisfactory definition of what constitutes fair return has ever been given, the fact remains that the Supreme Court has assured investors that it will permit no legislation or commission rulings to interfere with the earning capacity of the property behind their investments. This does not mean that the United States Supreme Court guarantees dividends and interest on public utility securities, but it does promise the utilities every opportunity to earn a fair return.

THE utility is useful to millions of individuals and tens of thousands of industries by reason of the service it renders; it is useful to millions of investors by reason of the opportunities it offers for the profitable employment of their funds. Utilities provide work and the means of livelihood to thousands of people, and contribute to the prosperity of the communities they serve not only in service but in the dollars they pay in wages and salaries. When a utility

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comes to town it builds a plant, rents an office, constructs transmission lines, employs operatives, and in many different ways invests a large amount of capital in the community where it plans to do business. Further, it pays taxes and in this way swells the local, state, and national governmental funds. Then there is another aspect of the matter to be considered: public utilities are always eager to have their customers join their organizations as partners, and stock in their corporations is offered to those who make use of their service. This means that customers not only have an opportunity for profitable investment, but by applying their dividends against bills for service, can cut down the cost of their gas, water, telephones, and electricity. In other words, they can secure a share in the profits of the utility they patronize.

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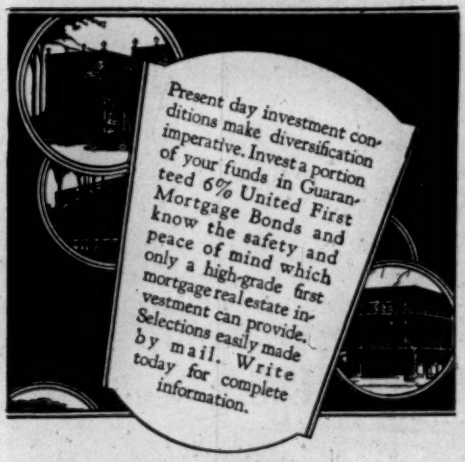
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some ruined city in Syria. Consider the millions of dollars that business men would lose in the event of such a catastrophe; think of the millions of dollars that would be lost by property owners; the thousands of men out of work, and the thousands of families suddenly faced with want. Fortunately no such thing is going to happen to Atlanta or to any other of our cities, towns, or hamlets. The public utility corporations will take good care of that, but if such a fantastic picture calls attention to what would happen to a city deprived of its utilities it should also emphasize the impossibility of any city's hoping to grow and prosper without having public utility service available. Any community in this country lacking the services of a utility has about as much chance of keeping up with its rivals as a one-legged runner in a quarter-mile race. A utility needs a community, of course, but no more than a community needs a utility; they are as dependent upon each other as the Siamese twins. Utilities are as useful as the clothes we wear, and much more profitable and enduring investments.

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THE CONTENTS FOR JULY 1928

Frontispiece in Color	VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE	
What Is the Matter with Preaching?	HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK	133
The Emerald. *A Story*	GORDON ARTHUR SMITH	142
The Mockery of American Divorce	STEPHEN EWING	153
Group Practice in Medicine	JOSEPH COLLINS	165
Grandfather. *A Poem*	JACQUELINE EMBRY	174
The Murder at Moosetail. *A Story*	HARVEY O'HIGGINS	175
Shall We Fly the Atlantic?	CHARLES J. V. MURPHY	183
In Defense of Cynicism	ERNEST BOYD	195
Mussolini and the Vatican	HIRAM MOTHERWELL	201
Cold Death. *A Story*	ROARK BRADFORD	208
Liebeslied. *A Poem*	ALFRED KREYMBORG	216
An Apology for the Puritan	BRENDAN LEE	217
Longevity of College Athletes With Diagrams	LOUIS I. DUBLIN	229
Americans Are Boys	SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA	239
Dirge Without Music. *A Poem*	EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY	245
The Rise of the Cities	GERALD W. JOHNSON	246
The Lion's Mouth "Declining the Nomination," by Baron Ireland — "A Noble Language," by Daniel G. Mason — "Houdini," by Melville Cane — "What Is Your Garden Complex?" by Almy Rodgers Walker. Drawings by A. B. Walker		251
Editor's Easy Chair "Choosing a President"	EDWARD S. MARTIN	257
Personal and Otherwise		261
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
Where to Shop Section		*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Community and Industrial Opportunities		*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Travel News and Steamship Sailing Dates		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

FISHING, camping, hiking, touring—all kinds of outdoor activities now demand attention. Reading fits in with everyone; the country club, the camp, the quiet hillside, the cool evenings when everyone relaxes—all invite reading. Hence the slogan, "Take Along a Book," which may have been devised by someone with a commercial instinct who had plenty of books to spare for a trifle, and who, nevertheless, was conferring a boon on many. There are few persons nowadays who do not slip a book or two into the kit bag on a jaunt. I know one man who seizes the opportunity to take a book on English usage; for words, strange, glittering, odd, fantastic and accurate words, are his hobby. Another prefers the dictionary of quotations and proverbs, and a third always travels with Shakespeare. When I glanced at all the books that lay about the steamer chairs on a trip of last season I found that new and old books commanded allegiance; biography, detective stories, novels, and classics were among those awaiting owners who had gone inside for lunch. This season the reader may carry heavy tomes, such as *Tammany*, or slip the latest numbers of Everyman's Library into his pockets as he leaves for the dock and the train, or climbs into his motor car to indulge in the great American sport which Charles Merz has described so well in *The Great American Bandwagon*.

If we must have an appropriate word or phrase to describe a new book so that he who runs may not have to stop running, let us call the two outstanding books of this month "challenging." George Bernard Shaw's new work—variously described as his testament and his *magnum opus*—is called *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, which is another of his little jokes. The other book which deserves to be called challenging is *Europe* by Count Hermann Keyserling. Both books deal with tangible matters; with the state of man here below and hopes for its improvement; with political conditions, rulers and subjects, national and international points of view. They should, conceivably, challenge the attention of the reader who is not lulled to sleep by the hum of the birds, the bees, and the motors on an even road.

Mr. Shaw's book is published by Brentano's and has already been given wide circulation by one of the book clubs. No doubt it will have the largest body of readers of any one Shaw book, and this despite its clumsy title; for it is unlikely that anyone is going to buy it because it happens to be, or rather because Mr. Shaw says it is, an intelligent woman's guide to socialism and capitalism. It has a great deal of socialistic discussion in it, and its chief proposal is equality of income, which, coming at a time when everyone is doing his best to achieve an inequality of income, should appeal mightily; yet no one will read it solely for that. You will read it because it is Shaw, now, at seventy-two years, a brilliant, fascinating, ironic, and "challenging" writer, one of the finest products of modern journalism, if by journalism we understand an awareness of modern desires and needs and the ability to provide readers with mental food.

Take along a Book on your Vacation

Count Keyserling is just as sure of himself as is Bernard Shaw, but the result is very different. Shaw writes with a geniality that makes friends even of his worst opponents; Count Keyserling says he writes for the reader with a sense of humor, capable of being amused, but, nevertheless, he disguises his ironic humor under a deadly earnestness. *Europe* is the continent dissolved into its component nationalities as light is broken up by the spectrum. Count Keyserling's object is to achieve a degree of spiritual unity which shall bring Europe into a higher state of culture, but actually he takes each nationality, analyzes it, comments on the habits, thought, and achievements of its people, and deduces his own idea of what it will contribute to the new order. It is Europe as seen through the eyes of Keyserling—a very different Europe, perhaps, from that known to most readers. Through it all runs the implied assurance that Keyserling knows, and that what he says is the last word.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH
Author of a play, "A Balcony"

This book should create a great deal more discussion than did *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* because it deals concretely with nations most visited by Americans and about which Americans have preconceived points of view. Count Keyserling seems possessed almost of the astuteness of Shaw, especially in challenging attention, for he places first his estimate of England and the English, and stresses their animal instinct and intuition, which he believes determines the course of their lives. "He is the animal-man," he says of the Englishman; he is completely ignorant of "the driving-shaft of the unconscious"; he believes to a certain extent in his ideals without being aware that his ideals always coincide with his own selfish pursuits. "If they are intellectually inferior, they are all the more gifted psychologically. Their skill in handling human material is extraordinary." The key is in their ability to make use of the free will of those they rule; to operate not with force, but with sympathy and respect and the authority that derives from them. England stands on the threshold of the mass age. It has little in common with its colonies. Its own culture may survive for mankind as the Hellenic culture has done. But as a temporal power the homeland is doomed.

I am merely giving brief hints of the argument developed in this book, for a just summary of what it contains is impossible in this limited space. The Frenchman has attained harmony between intelligence, soul, body, and the world; however, he personifies the psychological type of the emotional introvert. The French are the cultural nation of Europe; a representative and authoritative group of their *élite* makes this possible. Unable to understand what is strange to them, the French, nevertheless, err rarely in broad, human judgments. Keyserling speaks of the great role of Paris, because of her æsthetic judgment, her extraordinarily rich experience, her unerring good taste, her logical reliability, the remote perspective on all things foreign, and so on. Finally, France is to-day the last refuge of love, when all the rest of the world is becoming too objective to understand or practice it as an art. His study of Fascist Italy will call for much argument and perhaps evoke controversy. The Fascisti are more primitive, more near to the savage than their predecessors, according to Keyserling; the Italians, anarchic by instinct, demoralized politically by an era of liberalism uncongenial to their nature, needed the living impulse of Fascism, which will be useful until it becomes rigid. Italy is a family, a matriarchate; its family life provides an unequalled stability and explains the tenacity of its people in holding fast to their traditions and ways of life. The chapter on Germany is naturally more complete;

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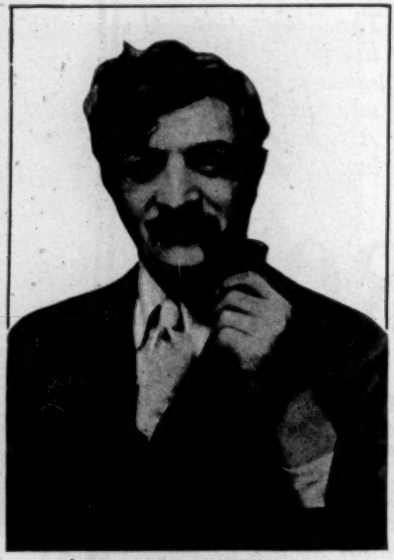
the reader will find a detailed explanation of German objectivity, which in Keyserling's eyes makes Germany the "conscience" of mankind. The task of Europe is "to guard the sacred fire of the spirit from extinction during the long night of the spirit which now lies before mankind." In this connection you will be especially interested in his comment on America. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

"BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES"

Anita Loos has carried the story of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* forward into a new volume called *But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. The book is illustrated by Ralph Barton and published by Boni & Liveright. It deals entirely with the life of Dorothy, told by Lorelei, although in the first chapter we get a glimpse of Lorelei as a mother. She and Henry await the coming of "Little Mouse," who turns out to be a boy. Dorothy has no "reverants" for motherhood, but Lorelei finds it useful, "for nothing makes a husband become so sentimental in a financial way as the day he can call a girl 'Little Mother.'" The life story of Dorothy has many hectic moments and some colorful spots. Dorothy's first memory is of the Greater Pacific Street Fair and Carnival Company—her father's occupation was to jump off the post office roof into a tank of water wherever the company exhibited. She acquired a stepmother and was wooed by the snake-eater, who was, after all, a diffident sort; the deputy sheriff was a more aggressive suitor. In later years Dorothy joined the Follies and fell in love with Lester, who played the saxophone in the jazz band; after marrying Lester she discovered that he had no conversation and that the only way he could be entertaining was to play the saxophone. The plot thickens as Charlie Breene, a very rich young man whose mother is in Society, falls in love with her. Dorothy cuts up at Mrs. Breene's party in the accustomed comedy manner, and the family packs Charlie off to Europe to avoid Dorothy, and later sends him around the world. But true love triumphs in the end, and Lorelei and Henry play a part in the final rejoicing. The book has many of Miss Loos's quaint characterizations, and Dorothy's remarks and doings are entirely in character. If the story does not seem so funny as that of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* it is perhaps because the novelty of the first tale had much to do with its tremendous success. Dorothy's naïve way of telling the story permits a number of vulgarities to slip through as humor; there are plenty of laughs in the book, and if read aloud it is bound to give the company a good time.



ISIDOR SCHNEIDER
Author of "The Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems"

"HAVELOCK ELLIS: PHILOSOPHER OF LOVE"

Houston Peterson has written an admirable life of a great living philosopher in his *Havelock Ellis: Philosopher of Love*. (Houghton Mifflin Company.) It is an interpretation of the man as well as his writings and demonstrates anew the old saying that what we write is invariably a part of ourselves. Like so many other philosophers who were at first discredited—G. Stanley Hall, the psychologist, was an American example—Mr. Ellis has lived to find his theories accepted by the world and his writing treasured both for its thought and its expression. The new book explains carefully how Mr. Ellis has come to be regarded as a mild philosopher, one who has never engaged in the wild battles over theories and methods, who has never entered acrimonious disputes. Then it tells how the boy and man developed, and how Mr. Ellis came to be interested in sex in a way that was completely antagonistic to the attitude of the seventies and eighties of the last century, when sex was either regarded as vile or discussed in the dark, and certainly not regarded

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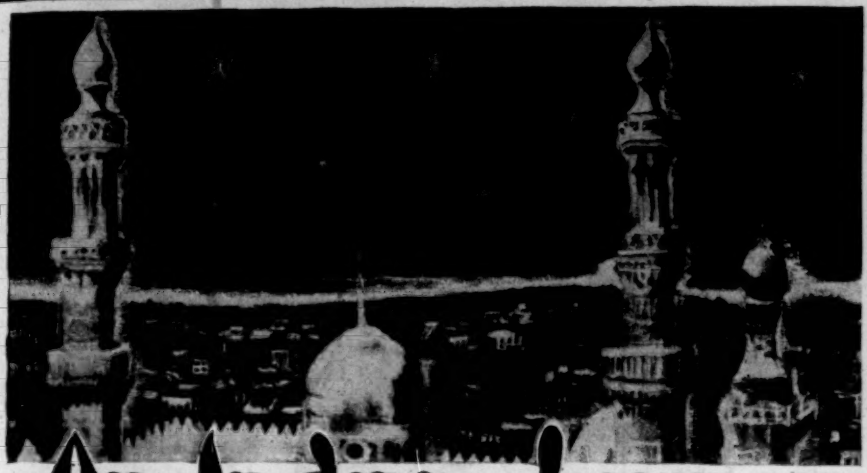

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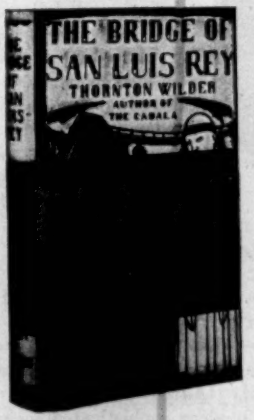

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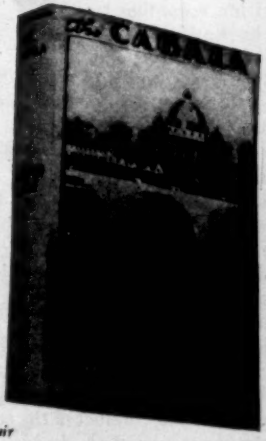

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as having any effect on the mind and character of man. It becomes apparent that Mr. Ellis himself is an excellent example of sublimation, and that he turned into intellectual pursuits those vital energies which other men use up in mere living; the remarkable fact about him, however, is that he did not have the mind of the reformer or the propagandist, but that of the student who is curious about cause and effect; thus he anticipated Freud in many of his discoveries in sex at a time when the whole subject was considered unfit for discussion by uninformed educators. Mr. Ellis never founded a school, which is fortunate, for had he done so he would have used up his time in endless fighting for a viewpoint, whereas he was enabled to let his mind range over the whole field of the arts, and to become a commentator on literature and life according to "the new spirit," which, however, did not lead him into the "æsthetic cultivation of sin" of the Beardsley period, nor cause him to interpret "the new spirit" as "the new voluptuousness."

KARL K. KITCHEN
Author of "Pleasure If Possible"

Mr. Peterson explains that Mr. Ellis is both the scientist and the mystic, but he is not dogmatic nor circumscribed in his religious thinking. "He is so moved by the wealth of existence in its countless manifestations that he attains a measureless tolerance which no ordinary moral position could possibly comprehend. The conduct of the active moralist is strenuous, persistent, decisive, solemn. He is blind to the absurdity of the world and the jests of God." Mr. Ellis writes of morality as an art; his is the pursuit of beauty in all of man's activities and inside himself. An excellent characterization is contained in the sentence: "He has, to an immeasurable degree, taken the leer out of love's language," reminding one of Shakespeare's "the leer of invitation." Writes Mr. Peterson: "It is not easy to be persistently and passionately curious, to compel sympathetic understanding in a realm of antique shadows and imagined monsters. That is the method as well as the magic of Havelock Ellis." Mr. Peterson's book serves a double purpose: those who know *Affirmations, The Dance of Life, Impressions and Opinions*, and all the fine literary comment of this man will here discover how they are associated with his personality; those who have yet to make the acquaintance of Havelock Ellis can do no better than to read this book first, and then proceed to the key volumes described in Mr. Peterson's text. This is a very able and well-balanced book which has been prepared with Mr. Ellis's cooperation and in a sympathetic spirit.

THOMAS BEER'S NEW NOVEL

Thomas Beer's position and following are astonishing; they are based on his point of view, which is most welcome in an age when puritanism is fighting its last battle, hypocrisy is being attacked savagely, and iconoclasm is in the saddle. Mr. Beer is best in his study of Stephen Crane, which is as much a study of Crane's age as a memoir of the author, and in *The Mauve Decade*. His novels are not so happy, but they have the quality of individuality. *The Road to Heaven* has just been published. (Alfred A. Knopf.) It is the story of modern sophisticated society seen through the eyes of a man who has no share in it, a young man from the Ohio farmlands, Lamon Coe. Coe has served in the War and has some strength of character, but his individuality is hemmed in by the memory of his father's browbeating, back in Ohio, and everything he does is a torture because the opinion of the folks back home is on his mind. Lamon visits his cousin Abner Coe, who moves in the sophisti-

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cated circles of New York, and gets rather bewildered by the heterogeneous society around Abner, including men and women trying desperately to avoid boredom. Like Lamon, they have their own set of fears, and prefer not to let the old folks at home hear about the details of their lives. In this odd circle Lamon meets Mrs. De Lima, a former vaudeville actress, who calls herself De Lima because she hails from Lima, Ohio. He gets into an affair with her, thereby upsetting Costello Ryan, a hysterical youth, also originally from the farm country. Ryan kills the lady, and a great game of hushing things up results, the whole being done in Mr. Beer's best ironic manner. Somewhat bewildered, Lamon returns home, marries the girl who lived next door and whom he has also met in New York, and is welcomed by his father, who sees the young man returning to his senses. Mr. Beer's story has much point, and in certain passages he becomes eloquent; in others his writing is forced, and there is much straining after effect in his figures of speech. There is a gem of prose in the conversation between Lamon and a truck driver in the first chapter, and a fine group of passages at the very end of the book describes Lamon's state of mind as he meditates upon the Ohio countryside.

"CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND"

A prison is a cruel place under any conditions, but the French penal colony—known to the world as Devil's Island because Captain Dreyfus was confined there, although there are other islands—is perhaps the worst. Blair Niles has done a fine work of reporting and writing in *Condemned to Devil's Island*, which has been published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. France still sends an old convict ship to Guiana, an old hulk often carrying as many as seven hundred convicts, who enter a long period of servitude in the torrid regions of the colony. Taking one of the condemned as an example, she traces his experiences in the prison, and thus gives a vivid picture of the suffering, the mental distress, the punishments for infractions of the rules, and the attempts at escape, most of which fail and cause the men to be condemned for long periods to solitary or to hard labor. One of the prisoners is Rousseng, who has been in the colony fifteen years and has put in four thousand days in the black cell for various reasons. He has been writing a poem, "Hell," for years, and as he lies on his plank in the dark dungeon he mumbles the lines. The prisoners are subjected to abuses by the guards, and to browbeating by older prisoners; the men suffer from scurvy, fever, hookworm, and other tropical ills; lacking the ordinary outlets of expression, they become abnormal creatures, or merely brood and maintain "the mask of impassive pain." A very colorful book this, with the emotions capably reported, and not so horrible as to be unreadable. Another book that may interest readers who seek to understand man's inhumanity to man is *The Road to Buenos Ayres*, by Albert Londres. (Boni & Liveright.) Londres is a French journalist who investigated the white slave traffic from Europe to South American ports. He talks with the girls in France and in Buenos Ayres, meets the men who lead them across the ocean, and reports fully the details of their adventures. We find that families in Poland often make contracts with the procurers, placing their daughters in their keeping, when the girls have only a vague notion of where they are going. In France it is more a matter of volition on the part of the girl who takes ship at Marseilles; she is poverty-stricken and gradually permits the agent to send her abroad. In Buenos Ayres girls are of many types—few, we take it, are innocent of their destination, some are virtually slaves, but others refuse to leave the life. Londres has made the great human enigma plain to all who are interested in it; he believes that much of the international traffic can be stopped by the abolition of poverty in Europe.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

For residents of the Eastern states who are planning a vacation near home there is *Trails and Summits of the Adirondacks*, by Walter Collins Okane. (Houghton Mifflin.) This book is intended for those who love to tramp. It tells where the best trails wind, and where the best views are, adds something about the history of the mountains and their names, the best localities for camping, and the distances. You will learn how to climb Mount Marcy, which rises 5,344 feet above sea level, how to traverse the Gothics and the Great Range, how to discover the Giant and the Giant's Wife, and why "Poke-o-Moonshine" is believed to come from Indian words meaning broken and smooth, something the Indians discovered long ago. The book is written from the standpoint of a man who has actually covered the trails and should prove most useful.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

For several months we have been searching for a short story which was requested by Louise Stanley, Superior, Wisconsin. Our correspondent gave us a brief outline of the plot, but put us off the track with the wrong author. After writing to several sources, we have at last been able to locate the title, author, and magazine in which it appeared. It was called *Dreams Do Come True*, is by Kathleen Norris, and came out in the March, 1927, issue of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Perhaps Miss Stanley can obtain a copy of this by writing to the Cosmopolitan Magazine Co., 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York City. As far as we can learn, this has not been put into book form as yet. We wish also to thank those who have helped us in our efforts to find this story. . . . Another lost, but well-remembered, short story was requested. This time our writer was sure that the author was Guy de Maupassant, but was uncertain about the title. William H. Seton, Ambler, Pennsylvania, gave us the outline and the title under which it had originally appeared, but recalled that it had since been changed. Search through the collected short stories of this author proved fruitless, and so he appealed to us to find it for him. It appears in the set of De Maupassant published by Alfred A. Knopf Co., New York City; cloth binding at $2.00 per volume. Volume 9 of this set, called *Day and Night Stories*, contains this one under its old title, "Happiness." . . . An ex-soldier of the late War writes to us from Gisborne, New Zealand, to learn where he can market a manuscript—the first magazine edition of Dickens's *Bleak House*, in monthly numbers, complete. Our suggestion is that Mr. A. Riddick send full description of his edition to James F. Drake, 14 West 40th St., New York City, or to Charles E. Lauriat, 385 Washington St., Boston 3, Mass. These are both rare book shops and may be glad to learn of this manuscript. . . . The only way which we can suggest for the David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Illinois, to get in touch with Blanche Fisher Wright, is to write to her in care of the Rand, McNally Co., 270 Madison Ave., New York City, as they are the publishers of books illustrated by her. . . . Books on Abraham Lincoln as a man are asked for by Lona Colquitt, Mira, Louisiana.

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The two which Miss Colquitt may find the most interesting and useful, written on the human side of Lincoln, are the biographies by Ida M. Tarbell and William E. Barton. The former is published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, in two volumes, at $10.00 the set. The latter is done also in two volumes, at $10.00, and in a one-volume edition for $4.00, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana. . . . We are sorry to be of so little use to Horace Bowman, Atlanta, Georgia, who wishes to know the name of the translator of the Princeton edition of *Don Quixote*. There is nothing in the book to give any clue, and if A. L. Burt Co., the publishers of this edition, know his name they are keeping it a well-guarded secret. Perhaps someone will be able to reveal it to us and thereby satisfy our correspondent whose appeal is too strong to be totally ignored. . . . A writer, whose name is withheld by request, asks if there is an English translation of a book written by a German (other than famous generals or memoirs of noted men) on the Great War during the Great War. Our search seemed in vain until we came upon a new book which was published several weeks after we had received the question. The English title is *Way of Sacrifice*, and the author is Fritz Von Unruh. It is put out by Alfred A. Knopf Co., 730 Fifth Ave., New York City, price $2.50. . . . A new book by Major V. W. Page, U. S. R., called *Everybody's Aviation Guide*, $2.00, has just been published by the Norman W. Henley Co., 2 West 45th St., New York City. This, we feel sure, will answer the purpose of another writer who shall remain nameless. . . . Mrs. H. C. Beattie, Columbia, S. C., writes for a list of fiction on the World War written by American authors. The following are some titles but by no means a complete list of such books. *Aw Hell* by C. Venable, $2.00, Reilly, Lee & Co., Chicago, Illinois; *A Helluva War* by Arthur Guy Empey, $2.00, D. Appleton Co., 35 West 32d St., New York City; *The Tired Captains* by Kent Curtis, $2.00, also an Appleton book; *War Drums* by H. R. Sass, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, New York; *Sergeant Eadie* by Leonard Nason, $2.00, *Three Lights from a Match*, also by Nason, $2.00, and *Me, Henry and the Artillery* by W. H. Upson, $2.00, all three published by Doubleday, Doran; *I Escape* by J. L. Hardy, $2.00, Dodd, Mead Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York; *Chevrons* by Nason, and now in the 75-cent edition published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York City.